Liberty

JULY 24, 1943 10c

Book:
William Saroyan's
The Human Comedy

GEORGE GALLUP
ANALYZES
THE 1944 ELECTION

·BOTTLED-IN-BOND·
OLD FORESTER
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKY
This whisky is distilled by us only, and we are responsible for its richness and fine quality
Its elegant flavor is solely due to original fineness developed with care
There is nothing better in the market
DISTILLED BY BROWN-FORMAN DISTILLERY CO. INC.
AT LOUISVILLE IN KENTUCKY
100 PROOF
BROWN-FORMAN-KENTUCKY
There is nothing better in the market

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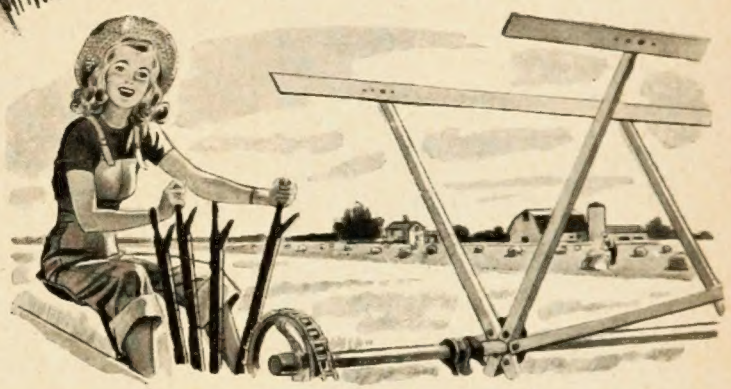
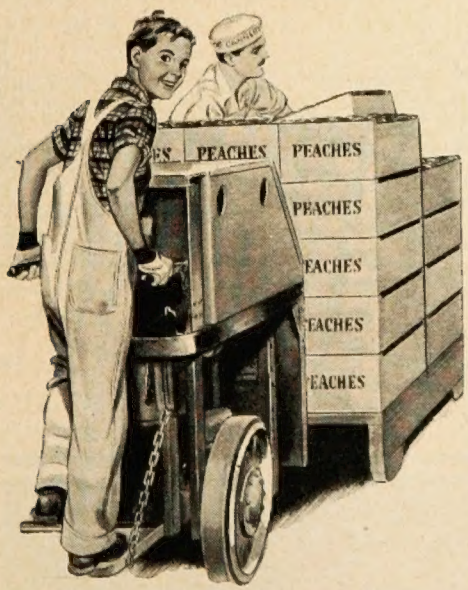
What's in a name?

Says **FRANKLIN:** "My name means *a farmer*, and the U. S. Crop Corps will be a life-saver for a lot of us. There just isn't enough farm help available, and Crop Corps recruits will help make the difference between enough food . . . and not enough."

Says **MAUDE:** "My name means *mighty battle maid* —and the battle of food is one of the most important ones in the war. I have a regular job as a stenographer in town, but I spend my week-ends on the farm. I use my pay as a farm worker to buy extra War Bonds."



Says **THERESA:** "My name means *a harvester*. I figure that operating this reaper is the next best thing to driving a tank. Food will help win the war, so I'm helping Dad in daytime and Mother at night."



Says **CARL:** "My name means *strong; manly*. I'm too young for the Army, but I'm doing a man-size job in this canning plant. I know this 'fighting food' is going to our own soldiers and to the nations who are helping us lick Hitler and Tojo."

Says **ETHYL:** "My name is the *trade mark* name of a fluid that is helping America's armies travel faster by truck, jeep and car. It is Ethyl fluid, which today oil companies put into all their high-octane fighting gasoline to prevent knock and to step up power

"After the war my trade mark name and emblem will be your guide to better gasoline than you've ever had before . . . and to best performance from the automobiles of the future.

"Remember this when occasionally your service station may be unable to supply you from the pump marked 'Ethyl.' Remember, too, that Ethyl fluid is made only by the Ethyl Corporation."

FREE BOOKLET TELLS WHAT YOUR NAME MEANS

The meanings and origins of over 900 masculine and feminine names are given in the fascinating illustrated booklet, "What's in a Name?" It's free—no obligation—just mail coupon.

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that man is here again to say, make your drink a cool
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DUBONNET
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E. A. Piller, *Books*
Sid L. Hydeman, *Art*
Lee Pasquin, *Management*
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Staff: David Brown • Elsie Christie • Harry E. Dounce • Virginia Eiseman • Harriet Gould
John Keavey • Otto Kurth • Margaret Mochrie • William B. O'Brian • Daniel E. Wheeler

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COVER BY GORDON GRANT

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LEE WAGNER, CIRCULATION MANAGER

CAN THE JAPS TAKE IT WHEN THE GOING'S TOUGH?

J. B. Powell, the editor who survived such a horrible ordeal in Shanghai, knows a little more about the characteristics of the Jap than most of us. He believes the Japs, despite rumors to the contrary, will crack up fast, like a weak-hearted pitcher in a ball game. His opinion of the ultimate outcome of the Pacific war is too detailed to print here, but you can read it next week. Mr. Powell will give you a real insider's slant on that theater of war.

ACTION IN THE PACIFIC

Countless words are written and read about courageous men. Details are given of the valorous deeds on sea and air taking place every hour, every day. What do these men think about as they go through hellish tortures as human targets? Next week Liberty will have a remarkable story, told by a naval officer who lived while men died around him.

WHAT THE MOVIE CENSORS CUT OUT

Film critics often assail picture-makers for "prostituting" the so-called art of the cinema. Liberty has asked Sam Wood to present his side of the picture and Mr. Wood admits there is much truth in the accusation. He says some other things that will interest every moviegoer, and you may or may not agree with his analysis. We'll leave it up to you.

BILL STERN FANS, ATTENTION!

NBC's sports director says the next World Series may be won by some kid fresh out of high school. There are a number of these youngsters getting a chance in the big leagues today, and we'll have our attention drawn to their abilities next week.

BOOK CONDENSATION

A Coffin for Dimitrios, by Eric Ambler. A story of an international criminal, packed with chills, mystery, suspense.

Amazing, Simple Invention . . .

Automatically RE-KNITS HOSIERY JUST LIKE NEW!

Right in Your Own Home!

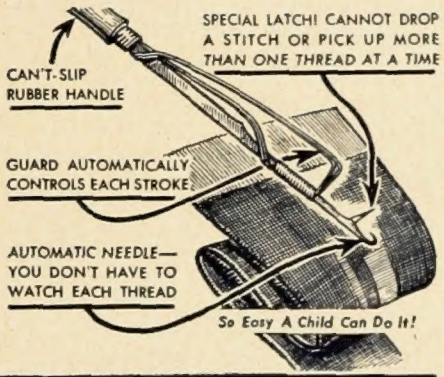
MENDS PERFECTLY... RUNS, SNAGS

MENDS ALL HOSE SILK — NYLON RAYON — COTTON — LISLE

RUNS IN HOSE

Ladies and girls! Here is how you can make your precious Nylon, Silk and Rayon hose last you until the end of the war. We are closing out direct by mail the remaining supply of Simplex Hose Menders formerly sold in leading department stores all over the country. If you act today, while supply lasts, you can obtain this easy to use Hose Mender at a close-out price that is almost a complete gift!

SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER


SPECIAL LATCH! CANNOT DROP A STITCH OR PICK UP MORE THAN ONE THREAD AT A TIME
CAN'T-SLIP RUBBER HANDLE
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AUTOMATIC NEEDLE— YOU DON'T HAVE TO WATCH EACH THREAD
So Easy A Child Can Do It!

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You Can't Replace at Any Price

And no need to pay expensive hosiery mending bills. Now, thanks to this amazing invention, you can actually re-knit your own fine hosiery right at home, in just a few seconds time . . . so perfect they look good as new. This is an actual hosiery mending machine so small and convenient, it fits right in your hand, and you can carry it in your pocket or purse. So EASY and SIMPLE to operate everyone can use it with instant success. You don't need to know the first thing about sewing or knitting or weaving. The automatic needle does all the work. Special latch guard prevents any *possibility of dropping stitches or picking up more thread* at one time. Made of finest steel and rubber, so you know they are scarce and once gone, *there will be no more for the duration.* So act now. Mail the coupon this very minute!

EASY, QUICK, SIMPLE

100% SATISFACTION GUARANTEED

Don't waste those nylon, silk or rayon hose! Fine hose cannot be replaced. And don't spend another needless dollar for hosiery mending. Instead, just mail the coupon for your HOSE MENDER, while close-out supply is still available, and you can be wearing nylon and silk hose that otherwise you might have had to throw away! You take no chance because if a 10-day trial doesn't prove beyond doubt every word is true, simply return the HOSE MENDER and you will have paid nothing!

RE-KNITS HOSE WITH THE ORIGINAL THREAD AND STITCH

You ladies know that when a thread in your hose breaks and a run results, there is no thread lost. The thread is still there. This amazing, simple to operate *hose mender* picks up this thread and the automatic needle re-knits this thread back up the run with the same original stitch. Works perfectly no matter how long or how wide the run may be. And so perfectly does it re-knit this thread into the run the closest inspection will not show where the run had been. Once again your precious nylon, silk or rayon *hose has that new, sheer, glistening look. It is the same* way department stores and hosiery repair shops do the job, charging 50c or more per stocking!

IF YOU VALUE YOUR SILK, NYLON OR RAYON HOSE MAKE CONVINCING TEST TODAY

You can mend away all runs, snags and tears in those old hose you are about to throw away, making new hose out of old! And you can re-knit runs in present fine hose, insuring your fine hosiery supply for the duration. Works perfectly *no matter whether hose is sheerest or coarse service weight.* Can also be used on any material knitted with chain stitch, such as sweaters, lingerie, silk underwear, etc. But this is a close-out offer and you must act promptly. Mail coupon today, sure.

TEST IN YOUR OWN HOME 10 DAYS

Just Mail Coupon . . . Inspect . . . Use Completely At Our Risk

See for yourself just what this *HOSE MENDER actually* is, see how easy and simple it works and why it re-knits runs in nylon, silk and other hose so they wear and look *like new. Mail coupon and pay* 98c plus COD postage thru postman when your HOSE MENDER arrives. To prove to you how amazed and delighted you will be, we ask you consider your HOSE MENDER on approval . . . yours to use 10 days at our risk. In just a few minutes time you may make new hose from old, you will protect your present supply of fine hose to last the duration. Notice the special protective *latch, the guard arm that insures proper strokes,* the automatic needle that re-knits hose quickly, surely, perfectly without any special attention. Yes, if a 10-day trial doesn't convince you in every way . . . if you can bear to part with your HOSE MENDER, return and we will refund your money in full. But, warning, act now. Supply is limited. This is a closeout offer and may not again be repeated during the war. Now, today, mail the coupon!

SEND NO MONEY MAIL COUPON NOW

HOSE MENDER CO., Dept. 140 CLOSE-OUT COUPON
207 N. Michigan Av., Chicago, Ill.

Send HOSE MENDER and I'll deposit 98c plus COD postage on arrival on your guarantee I may return HOSE MENDER in 10 days and you will refund my full purchase price. (Send 98c with order and HOSE MENDER COMPANY pays postage).

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☐ Special group offer, 3 for $2.49
(In CANADA $1.25 cash with order)

VOX POP

"The Voice of the People"

WHAT? NO SERIALS?

SAGAMORE, MASS.—Why does Liberty cling to the practice of publishing serials that run on and on for so many weeks? With the book condensation you run every week, would it not be a good idea to drop the serials and give the readers more short stories? Few of us these days have the time or the patience to follow a story from week to week.

I like stories that I can read at one sitting, not stories that keep me waiting. There must be other readers who feel as I do and would be even more eager to get next week's issue full of new material. How about it?—*Mrs. G. L. Morris.*

HOUSEWORK NO TRIFLE

ROCHESTER, N. Y.—In June 12 Liberty there's a story with lovely pictures of the "drudgery-free" homes somebody is designing for us. I read that story all the way through, but I couldn't tell who was cooking it all up, anyhow.

I am hoping that Mr. Markey simply forgot to tell us that the people working on these ideas include a sensibly picked lot of practical women. Otherwise there are sure to be serious catches to some of these wonderful schemes to make housework just a mere trifle.

I think all of us women ought to be asked for suggestions. Couldn't we send them in to the government, or couldn't you publish them in Vox Pop?—*Mrs. J. M. Tickmay.*

Vox Pop will be glad to consider any ideas submitted.

CAN'T TAKE A JOKE?

MODESTO, CALIF.—Is The Care and Feeding of Husbands, by Gracie Allen (June 5 Liberty), supposed to be funny? Did you pay her money for it? Not that it particularly matters, but I am curious.—*Charles L. Thwing.*

TROY, N. Y.—Why can't we have a humorous article as good as The Care and Feeding of Husbands in every issue of Liberty? This whole issue was a super-dooper, but that article really went to town.—*Robert F. Hitchcock.*

WRITE 'EM AND GET 'EM

NEW YORK, N. Y.—In June 12 Vox Pop is a letter from A. C. W., who says he would like to get more mail.

It's not hard to get letters. All you gotta do is write 'em, and you'll get 'em. I've found that by writing ten different people I can get nine letters.

Correspondents are easy to find. It's up to you, A. C. W., to start the ball rolling. At USO and Service Club dances we can meet a dozen girls in one

evening and easily find one we would like to correspond with. Girls answer letters, but few of them will start the correspondence.—*Sgt. Al Eglash.*

JUST A STARTER

NORTH HATLEY, QUE.—I congratulate you on getting Paula LeCler to contribute Let Them Eat Snails (June 5 Liberty). I always admired her interviews in the Sunday Times and other papers. When I had the chance in Rome in 1940 to watch her in action, it increased my respect for her.

She is one of our most competent commentators and an excellent writer besides. I hope this article on France is the forerunner of many others. Having been in Germany and eastern Europe during this war, she has a fund of information and anecdotes that I, for one, would be glad to see in your pages. —*Charles Upson Clark.*

We are glad to tell you we have another article by Paula LeCler scheduled for the near future.

BUTTON YOUR LIP

VISALIA, CALIF.—We have all read about the black market until those of us who consider ourselves proud and loyal Americans are as wary of it as

we would be of a poisonous spider. There is one angle of the black market, though, about which very little has been said. That is the harm that can be done an innocent storekeeper by the passing along of idle rumor and gossip.

A housewife doing her morning shopping overhears a conversation that goes like this: "Isn't it terrible about the traffic in illegal meat? X Market is a good place to go. You can be sure of their meat." Mrs. Housewife, hearing only the words "illegal meat" and "X Market," dashes home and telephones her closest friend. From there the rumor spreads like wildfire. If you hear, or think you hear, a rumor to the effect that a store is dealing with the black market, don't tell your friends; tell the authorities. The storekeeper, if he is honest, will thank you for allowing him a chance to clear himself in the eyes of the law and his friends.—*Doris Ralphs.*

MEMO TO A FIRING SQUAD

COOLIDGE, ARIZ.—We are fighting because we have to, not because we want to. Ours is the rottenest business in the world—to kill, destroy, maim and wound. Few if any of us like or want to do this work, but it is necessary and must be done.

It is the opinion of the fellows in my barracks that men employed in an industry necessary to the war effort who go on strike are just as much our enemies as the Axis. They are fighting against us and are killing us just as ruthlessly as if they had guns and were

shooting us down. They prolong the war and rob us of supplies. Shooting would be too good for them.—*Pfc. R. Farnsworth.*

OBEY GOD'S LAW

CHICAGO, ILL.—On the important symposium Religion's Stand on Axis Punishment (June 5 Liberty):

Though not fully agreeing with Rabbi Wise, I like what he has to say by far the best of the three.

Though recognizing that Mgr. Ryan is a vastly better informed Christian than I, I am unable to reconcile his statements with what, to me, are important tenets of the Christian faith.

Mgr. Ryan says: "No government attempts, or could, to administer its domestic affairs on the basis of brotherly love alone." When Mgr. Ryan uses that *could*, does he intend to indicate that the Christian doctrine is not wholly practical and must be used only in part?

Though Protestant, I find myself disagreeing with the Protestant speaker even more than with Mgr. Ryan. Rev. Talbott says: "The aggressors in this war should be punished by the United Nations until they are truly repentant and have brought forth 'fruits meet for repentance.'"

When Jesus was crucified, He did not

say that those responsible for the deed would or should be punished. He said, "Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do." (St. Luke 23:34.)—*Grace May.*

WAR-WORKER WOES

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—I am a young woman war worker. My shift gets off at 12.30 A. M., consequently I want to sleep later in the morning than most

people do. But I cannot. From eight o'clock on, the phone is ringing with people who have something to sell. It used to be door-to-door canvassers; now it is the phone. Yesterday, between eight and eleven, two photographers, a lending library, two laundries, and, of all things, a pet shop interrupted my attempts to sleep. Can't something be done about it?—*(Mrs.) Vera Moore.*

GOOD SOUND SENSE

LONG BEACH, CALIF.—I like the New Liberty. Best of all I like Paul Hunter's fine editorials for their good clear style and the sound sense I find in them. The short features—Vox Pop, This Man's War, On the Beam, Colonel Stoopnagle's Fictionary—especially are appreciated. —*O. B. Copper.*

HEP KITTEN

DETROIT, MICH.—As a member of the younger set, I enjoyed Once I Was a Hep Cat immensely.

Mrs. E. M. Steele, even if she did consider it the worst trash she ever read (June 19 Vox Pop), must remember that every one cannot be pleased at the same time.

Give us more stories like it.—*John Miller.*

CREDIT TO DAD

SAMPSON, N. Y.—I do wish Liberty would print more mysteries and stories of peacetime rather than the novels about war. But I am really writing this letter to obtain some information on a statement made in Woman-Talk in the May 15 issue.

The statement made was: "That it is always the superior *male* parent who has superior offspring."

I have studied heredity and environment as a hobby, and would like to know just where this statement was found, because all the books I have read would seem to dispute that so-called fact.—*Eugene O. Sheehan, S 2/c, U. S. Naval Training Station.*

The U. S. Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C., was the source of this information.

The Prestige of a Great Name ...the advantage of exceptional value.

Those in the know... ask for

OLD CROW

A Truly Great Name AMONG AMERICA'S GREAT WHISKIES

There is in Old Crow a quality of excellence that appeals to generation after generation of people who demand the best.

WAR NOTE: Our distilleries are engaged in the production of alcohol for war purposes. This whiskey is 4 years old — made years before America entered the war.

BOTTLED·IN·BOND

Kentucky Straight Whiskey, Bourbon or Rye. 100 Proof
National Distillers Products Corporation, New York

The Navy Pre-Flight School at Chapel Hill boasts the heartiest appetites in the armed services. About 5,000 calories per day are in the diet, greasy foods omitted.

ON THE BEAM

BY WAYNE PARRISH

Sky Highways

How air traffic is controlled is usually a mystery to most laymen, and probably few people, except pilots and aviation folk, have any idea of the magnitude and complexity of the air-traffic control system operated by the Civil Aeronautics Administration. The ground system is all tied in along the 35,000 miles of airways by a 54,000-mile teletype circuit for quick reporting of meteorological conditions from coast to coast. There are 446 weather-reporting stations hooked into the teletype circuit.

Traffic is controlled from point to point along the airways by 23 control centers located at major airports so as to cover the entire United States. These 23 control centers use a 10,400-mile teletype circuit and a 35,745-mile interphone circuit to check and clear movements of aircraft along the airways. Traffic must be reported swiftly, for airplanes move fast.

At the busiest airports the CAA has taken over the operation of the control towers, thus relieving municipalities of this highly specialized burden. Right now the CAA operates the towers at 74 airports, but these will soon be increased to 120. It wasn't so long ago—1921—when pilots on the first transcontinental air-mail routes were being guided by bonfires set by obliging farmers.

Grounded Nazis

The Nazi air force has been playing a very cagey role in the European theater ever since U. S. fighter planes appeared on the scene. Month after month U. S. pilots have tried to engage Nazi fighters—without success. One such case is the new Republic P-47, high-altitude, high-performing fighter. The Americans were anxious to test it out in combat, but months were required for a good match, and even then it was only because the Nazis were after the accompanying bombers.

The Nazis for a year have stayed out of all possible combats with fighter planes, probably considering it an unnecessary waste of equipment and fuel. For fighter planes do not carry bombs (except when especially prepared) and hence can do no harm over Europe. The Nazis wait until bombers arrive at points beyond the effective range of Allied fighters, then stage a desperate fight to knock out the bombers. But they're taking no more chances than necessary.

Global Air Routes

American air lines have become globe-conscious since the start of the war, and indeed many of them are flying contract routes for the Army's Air Transport Command to far corners of the earth. It was a natural development that most of them should want to extend their commercial operations outside the United States after the war. Almost every air line has international plans up its sleeves.

Three important air lines have already staked out their claims through the medium of applications to the Civil Aeronautics Board. Northwest Airlines, which now operates between Chicago and Seattle, has filed applications for a network of routes from Seattle and Alaska to Chungking, to Manila in the Philippines, and to Calcutta, India, flying over the Arctic regions the short way. Northeast Airlines, which operates from Boston to Maine and Canada, has filed for a network of routes originating in Boston and extending to most of the capitals of Europe, including Moscow. Chicago and Southern Air Lines has asked for a route from its Chicago terminus to Singapore and Batavia, Dutch East Indies, which would provide through service from New Orleans to points on the other side of the world. But the route would go the short way—right over the Arctic.

Washington authorities have said no action will be taken at this time on the applications, but they are straws in the wind.

All-Around Man

Not all flying in the war is as spectacular as bombing Germany or dogfighting high in the skies, but most of it is just as important—and just as hazardous. Take the Tactical Reconnaissance pilot of the R. A. F., for example, who flies a swift American-made Mustang P-51. He has a three-fold job as the eyes of the army, for he must be a fighter pilot, a scout, and an intelligence officer all rolled into one. His job is to keep H. Q. informed as to enemy movements and equipment.

He must be able to map-read with an accuracy equaling that of the Army officer on the ground—and reading maps at 300 miles per hour is no cinch, especially when you have to keep a sharp lookout for enemy planes, and keep your own plane flying. He must keep in touch with H. Q. by radio, recording all messages so passed on a pad strapped to his knee. It is his job to get back at all costs with the "gen"—genuine information.

The Tactical Reconnaissance pilot may work over a portion of the battle area or at the front of a corps or armored division. He is truly the eyes of the army, and it's one of the toughest jobs of the war.

Movie Review

Aviation enthusiasts can put down on their "must" list of movies to see this summer a British film called Spitfire, produced and directed by and starring Leslie Howard. It is an earnest, sincere, and powerful story of the evolution of the famous Spitfire fighter, the plane that won the Battle of England in 1940. It is perhaps the finest aviation film to date, partly because the production itself is almost flawless. It's the first movie to portray the struggles of an airplane designer and the obstacles placed in the way of development of new planes and ideas. The story is built around the life of R. J. Mitchell, the designer of the famous English fighter, and the details are said to be essentially accurate.

If you liked Air Force, which ranks high as an aviation film, you'll like Spitfire.

JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES

THERE IS A BRIGHT new star in Liberty's crown with the addition of Margaret Fishback, whose flashing smile greets you at the head of this column. She will give Woman-Talk all the point and sparkle which has distinguished her poetry. We may remind you that she is the author of those volumes of gay verse, I Feel Better Now, Out of My Head, I Take It Back, and One to a Customer. Also, Margaret has indulged in a prose etiquette book, Safe Conduct, which it is good manners to read! Miss Fishback is well known as a writer of advertising copy, and is married to Alberto G. Antolini.

THAT JOHN JENNINGS wrote Next to Valor, which is an exceptional piece of historical fiction, is perhaps enough recommendation for you to get into his Wheel of Fortune, which begins in this issue. Before "taking up the pen" for a living, J. J. tried being a salesman and a lecturer, but he says he was a terrible flop.

MAY WE URGE that you don't miss Pattern for Victory—Round-the-Clock Bombing, by Rowland Burnstan, who recently returned from four months in England, during which he spent practically his entire time with A. A. F. officers and men at our English bomber bases, studying the results of his firm's equipment under combat conditions. He went as a representative of the Aero Division of the Minneapolis-Honeywell Regulator Company, which manufactures automatic pilots and other important instruments used on both Fortresses and Liberators.

THE EDITORS.

AUTO-LITE SPARK PLUGS

IN SERVICE ON EVERY FRONT

"He Jest Holds the Auto-Lite Spark Plug an' GOES... that's all ah know!"

...CLEAN SPARK PLUGS HELP PUT "GO" IN YOUR CAR

Oncle Rafe sure got hold of a good thing. Car owners should take the tip. Faulty spark plugs are taking the "go" out of too many cars.

Auto-Lite's "Plug-Chek" Inspection Service is the new, easy way to spot spark plugs wasting gas and power. Actual tests by the American Automobile Association show this new spark plug service can help increase gas mileage as much as 12%!

Get more miles of essential transportation. Ask your nearest Auto-Lite Spark Plug Dealer for "Plug-Chek" Inspection Service now.

THE ELECTRIC AUTO-LITE COMPANY

TOLEDO, OHIO · Merchandising Division · SARNIA, ONT.

Color and condition tell if plugs are operating properly. Matching your plugs with those illustrated on the "Plug-Chek" is the first step in getting new life for spark weary engines.

GIVE HIM A BREAK!

Evening is about his only chance to telephone home. He can get through easier if the wires aren't crowded—and his calls mean so much to him and the home folks. So please don't call Long Distance between 7 P. M. and 10 P. M. unless your calls are really necessary.

Many thanks.

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THE MAGAZINE OF A FREE PEOPLE

Karen looked again, standing in her stirrups and leaning forward.

WHEEL OF FORTUNE

The beginning of a breathless new novel of danger and intrigue on an island paradise in the West Indies. A beautiful girl, a torpedoed sailor, a host of evil men, and a sinister plot against America are all involved in this fast-moving tale by the author of Gentleman Ranker

BY JOHN JENNINGS

ILLUSTRATED BY JULES GOTLIEB

"HERE comes th' dirty louse!" It was one of the men who spoke. When the next long swell lifted the lifeboat, Alan Kent slewed round in the stern sheets to look where he pointed and saw the low sleek hull, slender and gleaming black in the lurid glare of the blazing tanker. She was swinging in their direction, and a hatch in the conning tower stood open. There were figures grouped around the heavy-caliber machine gun on the foredeck, and the weapon was trained upon them. For an instant Kent thought they meant to fire on the boat, and he braced himself for the impact of the bullets. But when they did not come, he looked away from the gun and saw the figure of the officer leaning from the miniature bridge.

He was plainly visible in the light of the flames. Kent could see the naval officer's blue cap with its insignia and the gold leaf, and he could see the shine of gold braid on the arm of the blue coat that rested on the rail. As the submarine drew nearer he could even make out the man's face: the naked eyebrows, the cold blue eyes, the thin nose, the mouth that drooped down at one corner, the chin too narrow for the face above it. When he leaned out to hail them, the officer's English was good. He had only the slightest trace of an accent.

"What ship wass that?"

"Th' Queen Mary!"

Two or three of the men grinned through their pain. The rest sat immobile. The officer bared his teeth.

"Hah!" he barked, and snapped a brief order over his shoulder to the gun crew.

The weapon began to chatter. A stream of tracers whined over the bobbing boat and hissed into the sea beyond. There was a hasty scramble for such shelter as the gunwales offered. The officer laughed and spoke again to his men. The firing stopped.

"You do not like that, gentlemen, hah?" the officer demanded. "Then let us no more of your inzolenze have. What ship wass that? Answer! Quickly!"

There was a long silence. The men in the boat looked at Kent. The submarine drew alongside and rasped gently against the boat's strakes. One of the U-boat's sailors reached out a boat hook and caught the forward ringbolt, holding, so that the boat came close in against the submersible's steel flank and ran with it into the long swell while the raider's commander in the conning tower looked down directly upon the men within.

Two more men appeared in the tower, one on either side of the commander, leaning their arms upon the rail and staring down into the boat below. One was tall and lean and dark, with thick black hair and brooding eyes and a cruel slit of a mouth under a hooked nose that looked pinched about the nostrils. The other was shorter and stockier, with wide high cheekbones and a mouth like a woman's. Kent noticed that neither wore a uniform. The officer spoke to them briefly, curtly, in German as they came up; addressed the taller as "Herr Vogel." Kent did not catch the other's name. The officer glanced down again into the boat.

"Well?" he demanded.

Kent spoke quickly. It was plain that he must say something. He gave the first name that came into his head.

"She was the Eureka," he said sullenly, lying, "out of Trinidad for Fayal."

"So? Andt her capacity?"

"Six thousand ton."

The officer shot a glance at the burning ship and then looked back. Apparently he was satisfied. He looked pleased. Kent thought he would be still more so if he but knew that his victim was really the twelve-thousand-ton Shoshone, out of Aruba with a cargo of fuel for the bombers that nightly dropped their loads on Bremerhaven, Hamburg, and Kiel. The officer spoke briefly once more

over his shoulder to his companion, and this time Kent heard the name "Herr Bosch" addressed to the smaller man. When he looked back into the boat the officer was smiling.

"So?" he said. "You are all the survivors?"

His eyes raked contemptuously over the six men below. Kent nodded briefly.

"Well, you are fort-unate," said the German self-righteously, "that you have Walther von Fries met. Many other commanders wouldt not zo eassy with you be. There are no offizers among you?"

There was no reply. The men in the boat only stared up at him, the whites of their eyes gleaming startlingly out of their oil-blackened faces. Kent was glad, vaguely, that he had shed his jacket with its chief officer's stripes while he was swimming, after the blast of the first torpedo had blown him overboard, and before the men in the one lifeboat to get away from the ship had come to pick him up. There was nothing on him to indicate his rank. Nevertheless the officer singled him out, doubtless because he had already spoken.

"You!" he snapped. "What iss your rank?"

"Bo's'n," Kent lied surlily.

Von Fries chuckled.

"So!" he grinned. "Then I will advice you how to zail! Go west andt you will in time to America come. Go east andt Afrika you will findt!"

He threw back his head and laughed, then turned and barked an order to the seaman with the boat hook, and the boat was promptly released. As it drifted back, the submarine commander followed it with mocking eyes.

"*Auf Wiedersehen,* gentlemen," he called. "Pleasant voyage!"

The submarine drew away. In the boat, they saw her turn and make a wide sweep about the burning tanker, and then stand away, into the southwest, to be ultimately swallowed up in the murk.

FOR a long time after the raider had disappeared no one spoke. The men sat like wooden images watching the distant vessel burn. After an hour or so the stern lifted high in the air, until the decks were almost vertical. A number of dull booming explosions came across the wind, and the pall of smoke above billowed fitfully with each. Then, with a sound that was almost like a sigh, the hull slid beneath the water and disappeared. The men in the boat echoed the sigh, and for the first time young Tony Gardella whimpered in pain. But though the ship was gone the fire did not go out. The pool of oil that had belched from the vessel's shattered vitals still blazed upon the sea. Presently one of the men lifted his head and looked to the east.

"It's comin' on day," he remarked flatly.

Kent stirred and looked up. The man was right. Already the black of the night was turning to sullen gray. There was a silver streak in the east and the sea was turning green. Quietly Kent began to take stock of the situation.

There were five men in the boat besides himself. As he looked at them, Kent's heart sank, for they were all in more or less miserable shape. Gardella, the crew's mess boy, a lad scarcely more than fifteen, was horribly burned about the face and neck, and his left arm hung twisted and useless. Keating, the second engineer, was burned severely from the waist up, and was clad only in pajama trousers. Lopez, the bo's'n, was a mass of blisters from the hips down and across stomach and chest. Schultz, the third steward, seemed to be injured internally, for he was vomiting blood; while Murphy, the big redheaded seaman, now had no hair at all, and his face and neck and shoulders were such a mass of blisters that it was difficult to recognize him.

KENT himself was probably the least harmed of all, he thought. A pain in his side warned him that he had at least one broken rib, where the force of the blast had flung him against the engine-room telegraph on the bridge. And his chest was laid open to the bone from the center up across the point of his shoulder, where a skimming sheet of deck plate had grazed him as he fell over the side into the water. But in spite of his painful wounds, he had still fared better than the others.

First aid seemed the most urgent matter in hand, and the little kit with which the boat was equipped was pitifully inadequate. Kent did his best, however. When he was done, the little store of unguents and disinfectants was exhausted.

Food and water were the next considerations. By Kent's estimate there was food enough for three weeks, if they were careful—ship's biscuit, tinned beef, some evaporated milk, and canned tomatoes. The water situation was not so promising. One breaker was full and fresh. But somehow the bung on the other had worked loose, and the cask was dry. Kent made a hasty calculation. They had enough for ten days. After that they would have to go dry.

In addition to the food, the boat was equipped with an ax, a compass, a mast and sail, eight pairs of oars, a steering oar for emergency, a boat hook, some rope, the boat cover, a lantern, half a dozen flares and some matches in a watertight box, two bailers, a pump of sorts, and a bucket.

With the help of Schultz, Kent stepped the mast and rigged the sail. Lopez, despite his pain, caught the tiller as the canvas filled and the boat heeled, and held her steady before the wind.

"Where away, sir?" he asked, his voice a croaking gasp that belied his grin.

Kent stepped back and took over the helm.

"Southwest by south," he replied. "We've a thousand miles, more or less, to go to the Leeward Islands. We'll have wind and current at our backs if we run for them. Bermuda's nearer, but it's easier missed."

There was a moment's silence.

"Think we'll make it, sir?" Murphy spoke through puffed lips.

Kent hesitated.

"With fair winds we should raise Puerto Rico or one of the Virgins in a couple of weeks," he said at length.

"A couple of weeks! Ah, God!" Murphy groaned.

"There's always a chance that we'll be picked up," Kent said.

No one said anything. Kent was as well pleased. He did not want to say it, but in his own mind he gave Murphy, and Lopez too, three days at the most. They were too badly burned to survive longer without proper care. For the rest—well, they might make it.

Kent shifted in his seat and checked his course. Behind them the wind was rising. It was coming on to blow. If it did not blow too hard,

"That's telling—sister!" he whispered. Then, "Water!" She raised his head.

and if the wind held fair, they might make it. But it was near the end of April. You couldn't tell—

OLD Dr. Christensen wiped his white military mustachios with his napkin, pushed the remains of breakfast aside, smoothed the wrinkles from his spotless white coat, and, rising, walked heavily out of the dining room, through the deserted lobby, and out onto the shaded gallery beyond.

The day was perfect. Low over the hills of Eastend Point the morning sun gleamed warmly, already bringing out the dusty fragrance of the mimosas on the hillside behind the inn. In the garden that sloped down gently from the gallery toward the coconut palms that backed the dazzling strip of white beach, the dew was still fresh on the ilang-ilang and the tuberoses, and the bright magenta of the bougainvillæa was a splash of vivid color against the white of the cottage on the left. Directly before the inn the waters of Round Bay sparkled bright blue in the sunlight, shading to ultramarine as they stretched out to meet the long procession of rollers sweeping down from the Atlantic through the Sir Francis Drake Channel between St. John and Norman Island. Somewhere the wild wood doves of the islands were calling, filling the air with cooing, soothing sound.

But the beauty of the day was not for Svend Christensen. He looked about him and saw the peacefulness of the scene, saw the trim arrangement of the garden, saw the efficient modernity and spotlessness of the little inn and cottages, heard the mutter of the Diesel light plant coming steadily from the cove beyond the hill behind the inn. And yet he frowned. Svend Christensen was worried.

To build an inn at this isolated spot had been one thing. To keep it running in times like these, with all the world embroiled in war and tourist trade at a standstill, was another. Back in the middle '30s, when visitors had begun to pour into the Virgin Islands and every one had begun to talk of making St. Thomas an American Bermuda, it had seemed a very good idea. And it was a good idea. Little St. John, rugged, wooded, beautiful and tropical, lay only three miles from Pilsbury Sound, from St. Thomas, on the outer fringe of islands fronting the Atlantic. Yet to all intents and purposes it might have been a thousand miles away. It had no roads, only trails, remnants of what in more prosperous days had been roads. It had no industries, only the picking of bay leaves for the bay-rum distilleries of St. Thomas and the making of charcoal for the primitive island cookstoves. There were no vast plantations, no extensive cultivation. Of its nine hundred-odd population, only eight were white, and of those two were the resident commissioner and his wife. Its myriad little rugged coves were fringed by the most magnificent beaches in the world—beaches washed by water as clear and pellucid as the air and overhung by drooping palms and rusty-leaved sea grape.

It had been ideal for their purpose. The neat, well equipped little inn, modern to the last detail, had

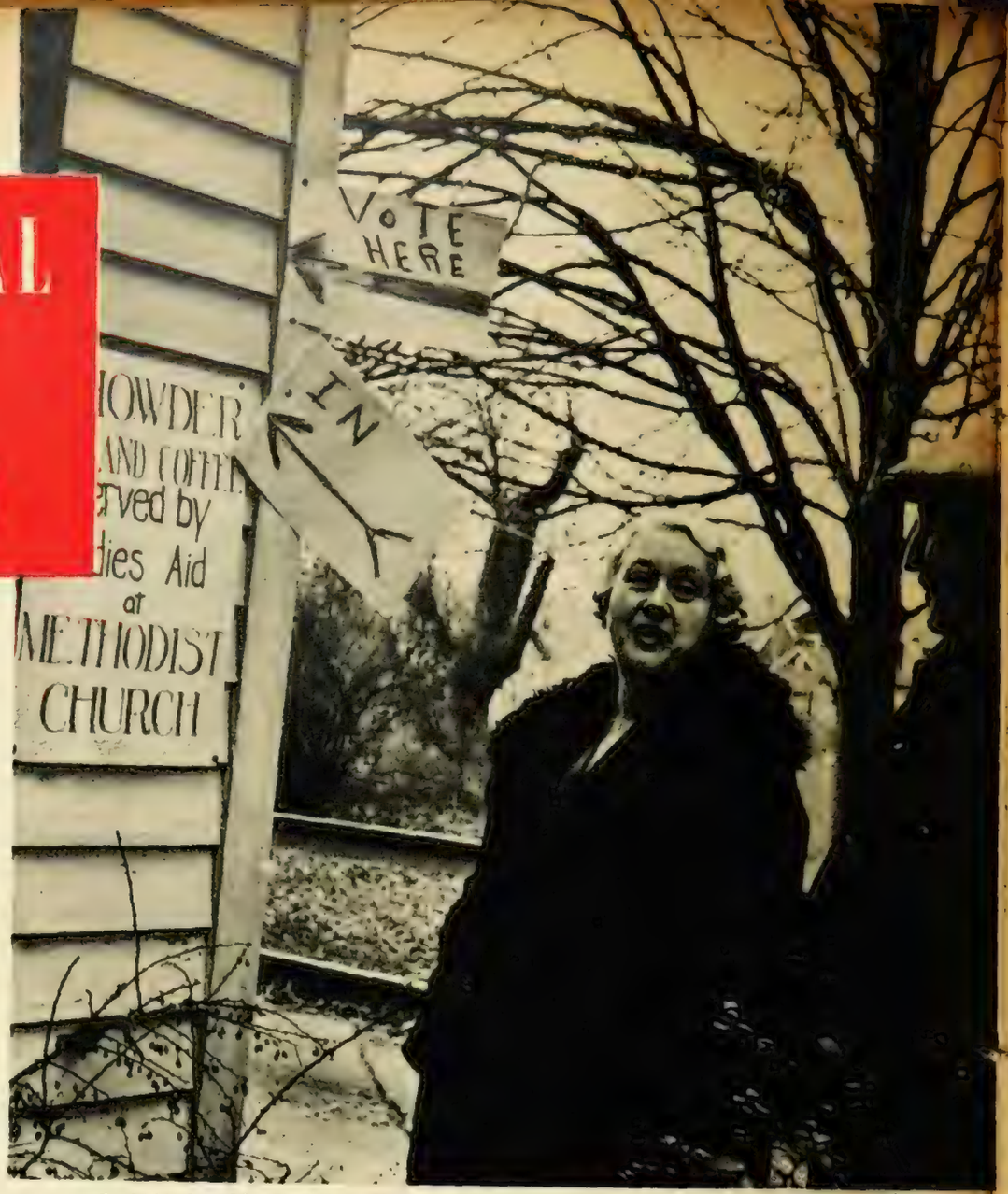
(*Continued on page 61*)

THE POLITICAL EFFECTS OF THE WAR

What factors will elect the next President? America's sampler of public opinion makes some interesting observations based on his endless question-asking

BY GEORGE GALLUP

Director, American Institute of Public Opinion



In 1944 the older people will have a lot to do with picking the next President.

ANY one who thinks that prewar patterns of voting behavior will continue in the 1944 Presidential election will be in for a rude shock. The war has brought changes which are having a marked effect on politics and which may upset the best calculations of old-time political prophets.

While it would be an exaggeration, nevertheless one might say that the women and the old men will pick the next President.

Certainly they will have more to do with electing him than ever before in history.

The young men of the country will be absent from the voting booths. Somewhere between 7,000,000 and 11,000,000 of them will be in the armed forces by next year. Judging by the experience of the 1942 Congressional elections, it would be a miracle if many of them were to fill out absentee ballots. According to one estimate, only 2 per cent of the men in the armed forces voted in 1942. Unless some unprecedented move is made to change the situation, the number of soldier ballots is not expected to be large.

The absence of the young men at election time will hurt the Democrats more than the Republicans. The young age groups, particularly those under thirty, have always been pro-Roosevelt by about 60 per cent or more, and in recent surveys have shown no tendency to change their viewpoint. The bulk of the armed forces is made up of men under thirty. Hence, for every 100 soldiers who do not vote next year, the Democrats stand to lose about sixty votes, the Republicans only forty. That is a rough estimate only, but it illustrates one definite political effect of the war.

While the young men in the armed forces are taking care of the bullets, the women and the older men left at home will have to take care of the ballots. Relatively speaking, the situation places a greater political responsibility on the women of the country than they have ever chosen to exercise before.

The political attitudes of women during the last war were important, but they had less direct effect on elections because there was no woman suffrage at that time. The importance of the women's views today is indicated by the fact that last November, for the first time since woman suffrage, *more women went to the polls and voted than men.* In other years the women of the country cast not more than about 42 to 45 per cent of the total vote. Last November the females accounted for 53 per cent of the votes cast for congressmen, or a clear majority. The absence of men was the chief explanation, although women do take a more active interest in politics than they did a generation ago.

The higher ratio of women voting than men is likely to be maintained in 1944. Even if the war is over—which seems improbable—the men in service will not have been demobilized in sufficient numbers to affect the election very much.

The women's vote is going to be highly significant in 1944 because the women are a little more Republican than the men. At least, they were in the 1942 election. The difference is not great, but it could be important in a close election. A cross-section sampling check which embraced interviews in all forty-eight states with 14,000 people who voted in the last election shows that the women were 2.2 percentage points more Republican than the men. When that difference, small in itself, is projected into millions of votes, it is clear that the higher the proportion of votes cast by women

next year, the more the Republicans stand to benefit.

Also of aid to the G. O. P. will be the higher-than-normal ratio of older people in the voting population. All the elections of the last twelve years have shown that, outside the South, the older a voter is, the more Republican. This is shown in the following simple table. It gives the percentage of people by age groups who voted Republican in the Presidential election of 1940 and in the Congressional election of 1942. Note how the proportion voting Republican rises step by step as the age advances:

Age	Per Cent Voting Republican 1940	1942
21-29	40	46
30-49	44	50
50 and over	49	56

It is clear that Republican leaders would shed no tears if a larger part of the electorate were comprised of older people. Will that be the case in 1944? With the war on, all the evidence indicates that it will. It was definitely the case in 1942, when there were far fewer men in the Army than there will be next year. People over thirty years of age cast 88 per cent of the total vote for Congress in 1942, although they constitute only 80 per cent of the adult population, excluding the armed forces.

Conversely, the younger age groups, those between twenty-one and thirty, cast a disproportionately small share of the vote. They form one fifth of the adult population outside the armed forces, but they cast only one eighth of the vote in 1942. Republican advantage among women and older age groups might not be a decisive factor in a one-sided election. But in a close election it could spell the difference between victory and defeat for the Democrats. It would be especially important in closely contested Congressional races in 1944.

Under the impact of war there is a growing movement to lower the voting age to eighteen. The argument is that if men are old enough to fight at eighteen, they are old enough to vote. Amendments to the state constitutions to lower the voting age have been introduced in thirteen states, and one state, Georgia, has already passed the measure, although final adoption awaits ratification by the people in August.

A lower voting age would have political implications which are not generally realized. So long as young voters remain pro-Democratic, as they are now, the Democrats have much more to gain by lowering the voting age than the Republicans. It would bring into the electorate more potential supporters for Roosevelt than for the G. O. P.

Once this fact is realized, it is likely that Democratic leaders will champion the lower voting age with much more enthusiasm than Republican leaders.

THE most puzzling factor, the big question mark for 1944, is whether the war workers will turn out at the polls and vote. This applies especially to the migrant workers—the millions who pulled up stakes and moved to new communities to take war jobs both before and after Pearl Harbor. It is estimated that between 5,000,000 and 10,000,000 working people have shifted their place of work because of wartime conditions.

A large number of these migrant workers failed to vote in 1942, either because they could not fulfill residential qualifications for voting or because they did not take advantage of absentee balloting procedure. Among workers in war factories, for example, only about two in every five took the trouble to go to the polls, and that was one reason why the Democrats lost forty-eight seats in the House. Most skilled, semi-skilled, and unskilled workers are Democrats.

If the working class turns out in normal strength in 1944, it will be a terrific asset to the Democratic Party. If the workers stay home, it will seriously jeopardize the New Deal. It is no wonder that Democrats are as worried over absenteeism at the polls as industry is worried over absenteeism in the factories.

In the coming months we are bound to hear much talk among Democrats about getting workers to the polls. Labor unions are already becoming aware of the political implications of the worker-turnout problem in elections. The New York Times reported early in May that A. F. of L. leaders in Iowa have developed and approved a plan by which union dues would be increased five to ten cents a month, and the money used to pay bonuses to members if they vote on election day.

(*Continued on page 40*)

John L. Lewis exhorting United Mine Workers to bolt the New Deal. If he does it again in '44, will they bolt?

"I've got a kid," Jim said huskily. "What's the job?"

BASEBALL BELONGS TO THE KIDS

When his child's future is at stake a man does things he'd never stoop to otherwise. A story of a baseball old-timer who played the game squarely, come hell or high water

BY BILL GULICK

ILLUSTRATED BY O. F. SCHMIDT

JIM TRACY scraped the scrambled eggs out of the frying pan and divided them into equal portions on two paper plates. He poured milk into one glass, then turned tap water into the other. He missed his coffee these days, but he couldn't afford both coffee and milk, and the kid needed milk if she were to grow right.

The tourist cabin was small and poorly ventilated. Like a stall in a barn, Jim thought. He shook the slight figure under the covers. "Wake up, Sally. Breakfast's ready."

The covers moved reluctantly. A

pair of round blue eyes opened, blinked twice, then glittered with sudden awareness. "Will we get to Oklahoma today, daddy?"

"We're there now, puddinghead. You slept all the way from Wichita. Now get up and eat your breakfast."

The little girl tumbled out of bed, made a hurried pretense of washing her face, then started bolting down the scrambled eggs. Her father ate more slowly, watching her, thinking: *You're a bust at raising a kid, Jim. Nine-year-old youngsters aren't pieces of baggage, to be toted around in a rattletrap car. She ought to be in school. She ought to have better food than you can give her. She ought to have a home. She ought to have—heck, she ought to have an old man who could get a job!*

He finished the eggs and stood up. "You get dressed, Sal. I'm going downtown. Be back in a couple of hours."

She looked at him solemnly. "Will you get a job here, daddy?"

"Hope so. I know some people," he said. "Used to play ball in this town."

"With the Indians?"

Suddenly he picked her up, kissed her, and said roughly, "Yeah, Sal—with the Indians."

He thought about the Indians as he drove toward town. That had been the name of the local ball club. His first shot at pro ball. That had been back in 1919—fifteen years ago. He'd had spring in his legs and steel in his money arm and sureness in his hands then. The hottest shortstop the Western League had ever seen. Covered more ground than a Texas ranch; hit .357 the first year, .380 the second. The Indians had had no trouble peddling him to the big show for a fancy price.

HE glanced up at his reflection in the rear-view mirror. The hair was still black and thick; the face, though creased with sun wrinkles, was still the face of a young man. Yet the wise boys said he was old. Old and washed up at thirty-five. He scowled and flexed his big hands on the steering wheel. There was some good ball left in those hands. Of course, the legs weren't so dependable any more. Still, if he could hook on with some club in an inland town away from the damp coast air, if he could find a club that didn't play so much of this confounded night ball—

He shut his mind against the wishthinking. Baseball was through with him and he was through with it. He wondered if C. R. Browne still owned the Times.

He found the newspaper owner in his office, and they talked for a while about the old days. After a bit Jim hit him up for a job covering sports for the Times. C. R. ran a hand through his thinning hair and winced. "You too?" he said wearily. "Have you tried hooking on with the Indians?" he asked. "Bert Leaming's managing them now, you know."

"I wrote him," Jim said. "He wasn't interested. I thought maybe the Times—"

C. R. shook his head. "I haven't got a thing right now. But I just heard of a job you might get. It's not much."

"I've got a kid," Jim said huskily. "What's the job?"

"The West Side Orphan Home needs a janitor. Forty a month, your meals, and a place to live. If you say so, I'll put in a word for you."

Jim didn't stop to think about what a laugh it was that a guy who had played in three World Series should descend to tending a furnace for forty a month and keep. He nodded and said, "Call 'em."

SALLY came bursting into the quiet basement room, jerked the newspaper Jim was reading out of his hands, and deposited herself possessively in his lap. "You promised to go for a walk with me this afternoon," she reminded him.

"Did I?" He grinned and rumpled her hair. "Well, I can't walk with you sitting on me."

They went out into the warm spring sunlight. They went through the gate into the pasture, and as they walked up the hill Sally pointed out the cows grazing on the hillside and told him the name of each one. "Miss Jennings says I can learn to milk one when I get older!" she exclaimed eagerly.

"Fine!" Jim said. He glanced down at her approvingly. Two months of fresh air, sunshine, and good food had done wonders. The paleness was gone from her cheeks and her eyes sparkled with good health. She was doing well in her school work, too. He had Miss Jennings, the gentle, kindly supervisor of the Home, to thank for that.

Hand in hand, they followed the path to the top of the hill. Jim started to turn to the left, but Sally pulled him in the other direction. "Johnny's playing baseball over at the diamond," she explained. "Let's go watch him."

"Who's Johnny?"

"Oh, just a boy."

"Is he a big-league prospect, puddinghead?" Jim asked banteringly. She tossed her head and wouldn't answer.

The diamond was alive with action as they came up. Out in left field a youngster picked up a rolling ball and threw it toward the infield. The shortstop scooped it up on the second hop and heaved it toward home. A skinny, desperate-faced kid racing down the base line threw himself in a headlong dive for the plate.

Sally jerked at Jim's hand. "That's Johnny!" she screamed.

A cloud of dust swirled around the plate, then a chunky youngster wearing a ragged belly pad leaped up and shouted, "You're out!"

"Safe!" the skinny boy retorted.

"Out!"

"Safe!"

Teammates of both boys added their voices to the argument, as if hoping to settle it by volume alone. Grinning, Jim moved closer and said, "He was safe by a mile."

Comparative quiet fell. Then somebody yelled, "An umpire! Jim can umpire for us!"

Jim stood grinning down at the eager faces. Funny, he thought. Not so long ago he'd been hearing a plea similar to this one in sound, louder, deeper, with different words—the home fans begging for a base knock. Now it was a bunch of dirty-faced kids pleading for him to umpire.

Eyes shining, Sally whispered, "Go on, daddy."

He laughed and said gruffly, "All right, boys. But just this once."

HE didn't mean to take over the job of coaching the team. But the Times published an item telling about the American Legion sponsoring a league for youngsters seventeen and under, and one of the kids at the Home saw it and showed it to Miss Jennings, and she called Jim in to see what he thought about it.

"The boys never have had an organized team," she explained, "because none of us could coach it. But you could."

It wasn't the extra work Jim minded. Mostly it was a reluctance

(*Continued on page 54*)

Beside him, he heard Sally's voice shrill above the tumult: "Johnny! Johnny!"

This remarkable series of photographs is dramatic proof of the deadly accuracy of American precision bombing from high altitude. Taken in close succession from a bomber flying at about 25,000 feet, the pictures show: (1) The Italian heavy cruiser Trieste lying snugly within its anti-torpedo net in Maddalena Harbor, Sardinia. The date is April 10, 1943. Bombs from the Fortress which is taking the pictures have just

PATTERN FOR VICTORY—

Day by day our mounting aerial offensive hammers the nails in Hitler's coffin. A close-up of the tactics, strategy, and theory behind the greatest experiment in the history of modern warfare

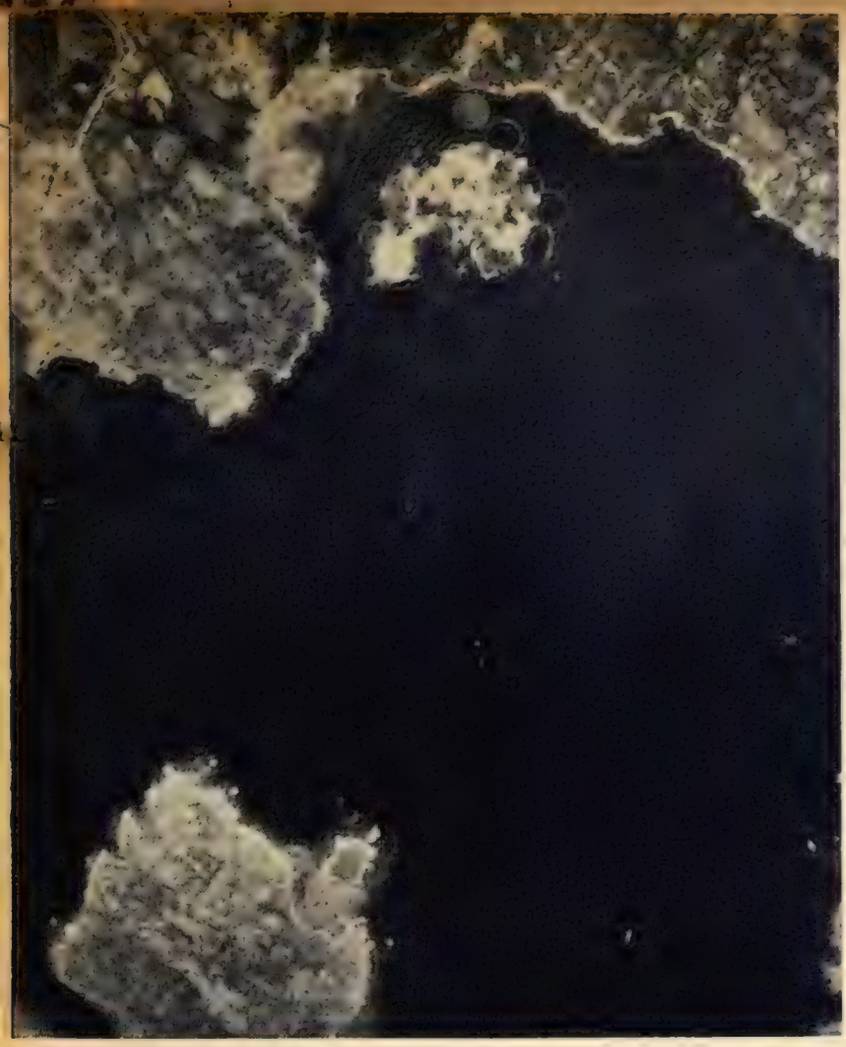
BY ROWLAND BURNSTAN

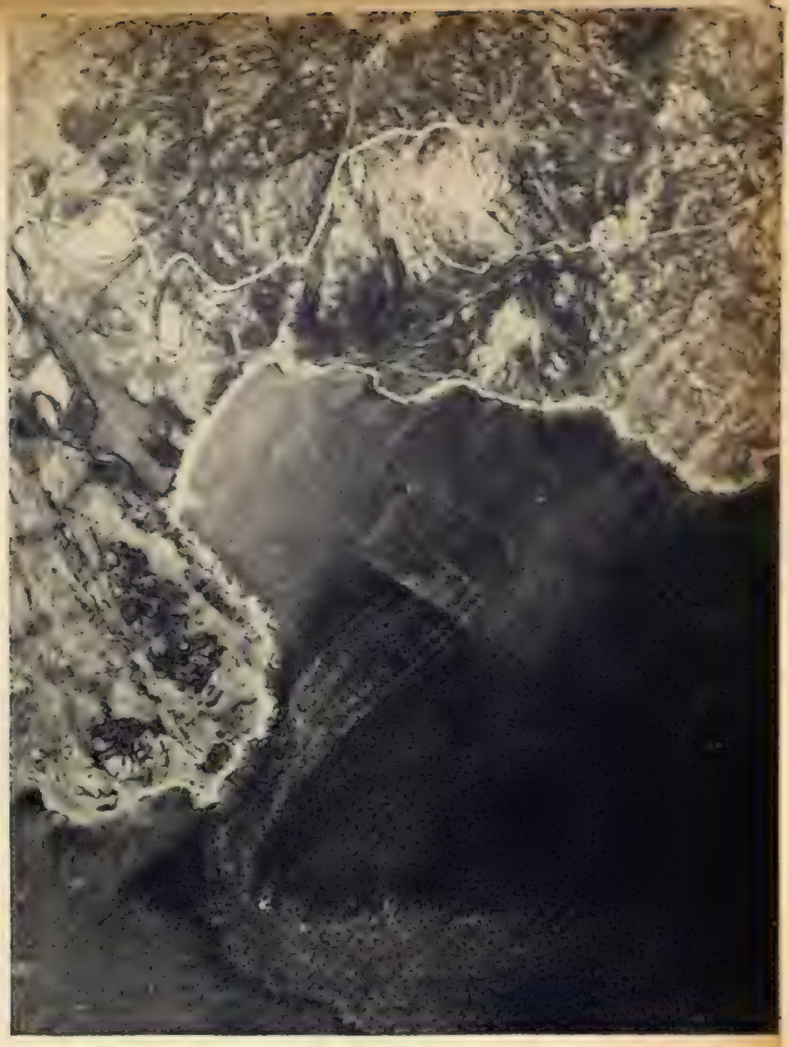
TODAY high-altitude precision bombing, as practiced by the American air forces, is providing a more devastating weapon than its most sanguine admirers dared hope. Despite controversy over the relative merits of striking at Europe by day or by night, most airmen now agree that our expanding daylight attacks confront Hitler with his most pressing aerial problem. If he fails to stop them, that failure alone may well cost him the war.

This not only is my personal opinion but is the settled conviction of our top-ranking air force officers both here and in England, and it is shared by a majority of high R. A. F. officials. Until early last spring I lived for months with the officers and men at our English bomber [illegible] directing the installation of secret new equipment on our Fortresses and Liberators. During this period I talked on numerous occasions with Major General Ira C. Eaker, commander of the Eighth Army Air Force, and Brigadier General Newton Longfellow of the Eighth Bombardment Group, as well as with Air Marshal Harris of the R. A. F. and Intelligence officers of both the British and American bomber commands. Everywhere I found evidence of the amazing efficacy of our daylight raids, plus complete confidence in our growing ability to strike Germany by daylight with the most devastating aerial onslaught ever made.

The cold facts bear out this conviction. Germany's primary task—shooting down our planes before they can reach their targets—so far has been a resounding failure. In fact, the Luftwaffe's efforts have boomeranged to such an extent that it is now believed American daylight raids are costing Germany a full 30 per cent of her fighter-plane production. The Nazis have thrown their most experienced pilots into desperate and even suicidal attacks. Yet, up until the last few days of May, Germany suffered 1,237 pursuits destroyed, or probably destroyed, plus 365 damaged. *Our* losses, including planes shot down by antiaircraft fire, totaled less than 150 bombers.

This is revolutionary. No nation with the diminishing aerial strength of Germany can long endure such fighter-plane attrition, particularly in view of such prodigious aircraft casualties as have been suffered simultaneously on the Russian and Mediterranean fronts. And American bombing has proved equally deadly. Long ago Hitler declared bluntly that Germany's chief hope of victory lay in increased undersea warfare. Consequently our airmen have struck chiefly at the string of Nazi submarine bases on the Bay of Biscay, where U-boats





been released. (2) The first salvo hits the warship, most of the bombs landing right on the button. (3) The second salvo also scores a bull's-eye. The Trieste is completely smothered in bomb bursts. (4) The net remains, but only a trail of air bubbles and oil marks the long length of the Trieste as it lies on the bottom. In this same raid, made in daylight, the Italian heavy cruiser Gorizia suffered severe damage.

ROUND-THE-CLOCK BOMBING

operating in the North Atlantic return for refitting and repairs.

Even with little more than a token force to smash such targets, the cumulative damage has been tremendous. From early last fall until March 1, experts estimate that at least 150 to 200 new submarines must have been produced in Germany. Most of these submarines were thrown into Hitler's frantic attempt to sever our life line across the Atlantic. Yet recent information now discloses that during those same months U-boat repair and refitting ports on the Bay of Biscay were blasted so thoroughly by American bombers that average turn-around time for each submarine in port jumped from 50 to 100 per cent. The net result? From October until March, Intelligence reports indicate, Germany found it impossible to increase the size of its operational U-boat fleet at all!

This does not, by any stretch of the imagination, mean that the submarine menace has been ended. But it does mean that we have proved the efficacy of daylight bombing beyond a doubt, and proved it against targets as heavily and bitterly defended as any in Europe. Moreover, we have confirmed the basic tenets on which our whole theory of aerial bombardment rests: (1) daylight bombing strikes at the *heart* of enemy installations with an accuracy impossible at night; (2) daylight bombing, unlike night bombing, weakens the enemy's fighter-plane strength by destroying or damaging up to 100 pursuit planes on a single mission. Either of these points would justify daylight bombing; together, they make it mandatory.

It can be said categorically that high R. A. F. officials are in complete accord with the American program. It can be said with equal emphasis that our own Air Force officers, both here and in England, are likewise firmly convinced that the full potentialities of our daylight offensive can best be realized through a continuation of England's massive night assaults by air. The theory of such round-the-clock attacks is simple. Through them we alert not one but *three* fighter crews; we alert not one but *three* groups of civilian air-raid wardens; and we dislocate and disturb not one but *three* shifts of German workers, already strained to the limit by overlong hours and incessant R. A. F. bombardment.

In both the American and the British view, the pattern for aerial victory thus becomes clear. Day *and* night bombing—constantly expanding and without respite.

The logic of such attacks would seem to be inescapable. Nevertheless, unenlightened thinking and incomplete information have led numerous commentators to recommend abandonment of the U. S. daylight bombing altogether. Only recently the American air forces in England felt it desirable to issue a statement declaring that the greatest tragedy the Allied cause could suffer would be forced abandonment of either day or night bombing owing to misguided public sentiment. Therefore, within the obvious bounds of military security, full discussion of our precision bombing program becomes highly important.

1. *Our over-all strategy.* The chief complaint, for a while, against U. S. daylight bombing attacks was that they left the R. A. F. to shoulder the bombing of Germany alone. This

(*Continued on page* 58)

Waring is a perfectionist, and his Pennsylvanians are used to rehearsing until they can play a number in their sleep.

Some unfortunate has fluffed a note—and the maestro is plenty annoyed—and shows it!

MUSIC IS BIG BUSINESS

—At least the way Fred Waring plays it. Here's the story of a man and his band, still on top after twenty years

BY PHILIP HARKINS

PHOTOS FOR LIBERTY BY VICTOR DEPALMA

EVERY Tuesday night in New York City, a large and lively collection of young men in Uncle Sam's uniforms tumble out of the Vanderbilt Theater and head for Fifty-third Street and Broadway to a party given in their honor. Leading the parade, as buoyant and youthful as most of its members, is their host, Fred Waring, a band leader who, with his famous Pennsylvanians, was playing to packed theaters before some of those servicemen were born.

The Vanderbilt Theater is where Fred Waring and the Pennsylvanians broadcast Victory Tunes (for Chesterfield cigarettes) five nights a week over an NBC network, for a weekly sum estimated along Broadway at a thousand times the twelve-dollar fee Fred charged back in 1918 for "peace party" music. Experienced observers with calloused ears, who have watched hundreds of bands flare up and fade in the interim between wars, predict that Fred Waring will be playing for peace parties [illegible] when the time comes.

Fred Waring and his Pennsylvanians have become an American institution—like the First National Bank. They have weathered the jazz age and the swing craze, and today, after more than twenty years, they're still as popular as ever. Not long ago they clicked off their thousandth broadcast for the same sponsor, which is something of a feat in the fickle world of radio. And their Crossley rating—radio's popularity poll—has just hit an all-time high.

Behind all this is Fred Waring, a shrewd and calculating business man in a business that has produced more than its share of profligate madcaps.

In the '20s the Pennsylvanians not only played topnotch jazz; they put on a stage show that was the delight of flappers and their coonskin-clad collegiate dates all over the country. Years of theater training helped the Pennsylvanians build up a nation-wide audience that was waiting by the loud-speakers when network radio came in. And Fred Waring was ready for it when it came.

Waring knows that audiences always go for "big things," and today there are 55—Pennsylvanians—55, drilled to linger as one man on a full note for a precise number of seconds and then plunge into an air raid of harmonious chords. Though some bands may be content to use music publishers' arrangements "right off the stock," Fred will spend in the neighborhood of $1,500 in time, labor, and salaries to get a distinctive arrangement of a single song. His arrangers think nothing of sweating over one of these creations for a solid week—cramming it with glittering trumpets, harmonious male voices, feminine trills and chimes until Fred is finally satisfied that it has enough stuff to merit a place on the program.

Other bands may go in for "Burbling Rhythm," "The Music of Tomorrow," or boogie-woogie—and other bands may fold up and die in a year or two. But the Waring formula "Keep it short and play the songs they know," seems imperishable.

Every member of a typical American family can usually find something he likes and knows on a typical Waring menu. There may be a march like The Stars and Stripes Forever, a college song, a sentimental favorite (The Rosary is a Waring special), a standard dance tune like Tea for Two, or a broad comedy number like Rosie the Riveter.

Whenever musicians discuss Fred Waring they say, "He's not a musician; he's an organizer." For proof of at least half of that statement, they refer you to the fabulously systematic activity at Waring headquarters in 1697 Broadway.

Waring enterprises occupy the whole tenth floor of the building. Fred's manager, Johnny O'Connor, has his own suite of offices downstairs. The front half of the building

Fred and the Waring mixer concoct a drink under the critical eye of the Waring valet.

Even in his office, he keeps within earshot, listening in on rehearsals and correcting mistakes over his microphone.

is taken up with the paper work of the Waring enterprises. One room is stacked high with glee-club arrangements—which Fred markets through his own profitable publishing firm, Words and Music, Inc. There is a music library insured for a quarter of a million dollars. Another room is jammed to the ceiling with Waring recordings.

The rear of the floor is chopped up into a large studio for the band, a smaller room for the glee club—which doubles as a ping-pong room—and cubbyholes for the six music arrangers. The cacophony of yodeling and tootling that sifts out of all these rooms is piped into Fred's own sybaritic suite, which includes a fully equipped kitchen, a shiny shower room, a control room (where the Waring broadcasts are recorded), and finally the big Waring office itself with its handsome functional furniture.

Fred comes into this office early in the afternoon, to sort over his mail and change into his working costume—a sports jacket of red-white-and-blue tweed, with an equally blinding tie. Thus easily distinguishable from his shirt-sleeved musicians, Fred is ready to take the baton from his assistant, Fred Culley, if the music that comes into his office through an amplifier seems to need the master's touch. Or Fred may drop into the ping-pong room, where the glee club is likely to be struggling over one of the boss's original compositions—which are about as numerous as they are undistinguished. (Critics of Fred's Sky Anchors said it sounded like a plane dragging an anchor through the air.)

Calling the glee club to order, Fred may say comfortingly, "As soon as you get the melody it'll be easy, fellows. Like this"—breaking into song in the slightly nasal and wavering tenor that the Penn State glee club rejected for three years in a row. But Fred's soft, insinuating voice will drop all its syrup and turn into an angry roar if anything is amiss. He is partial to contrasts. Like his orchestra, he purrs pianissimo or bellows fortissimo, a procedure calculated to keep audiences *and* employees on their toes.

From 3 to 5 P. M. every day the tenth floor of 1697 Broadway vibrates to the noise of a Waring rehearsal. The Pennsylvanians are used to rehearsing until they are blue in the face. When Fred, the perfectionist, is finally satisfied, the band packs up its instruments and troops down to the Vanderbilt Theater, a few blocks away, while their leader gets slicked up for the evening show.

After a shower and shave Fred puts on a well tailored conservative suit in place of his loud rehearsal costume. The Pennsylvanians are still within critical earshot while he dresses. A special wire runs from his suite down to the stage of the Vanderbilt, where Bob Shaw, leader of the glee club, relays his master's voice: "Fred says he can't hear those chimes"; or, "Fred says to repeat those last four bars a half tone higher."

A few seconds before 7 P. M. Fred walks out onto the Vanderbilt stage, speaks a few pleasant words of welcome, and, like an indulgent schoolmaster, cautions the audience about coughing.

A little after eight—after the fifteen-minute broadcast has been stretched out to a full hour show for the studio audience—Fred goes back to 1697 Broadway for dinner in his office. The broadcast has been recorded in his private control room, and Fred plays it back and picks out the soft spots to be corrected in the rebroadcast to the West Coast at 11 P. M. More rehearsals may even be ordered.

It is often 3 A. M. before Fred leaves his office and goes home to his New York apartment to read himself to sleep with the World Almanac—a book he reads from cover to cover every year. Mrs. Waring and their three children, who live in Shawnee-on-Delaware, Pennsylvania, usually see Fred only on week-ends. Five network radio shows a week is a tough schedule—and Fred's show hasn't had a full vacation in four years.

Frederick Malcolm Waring was born in Tyrone, Pennsylvania. His father was a banker; his great-grandfather was a founder and first president of Penn State College.

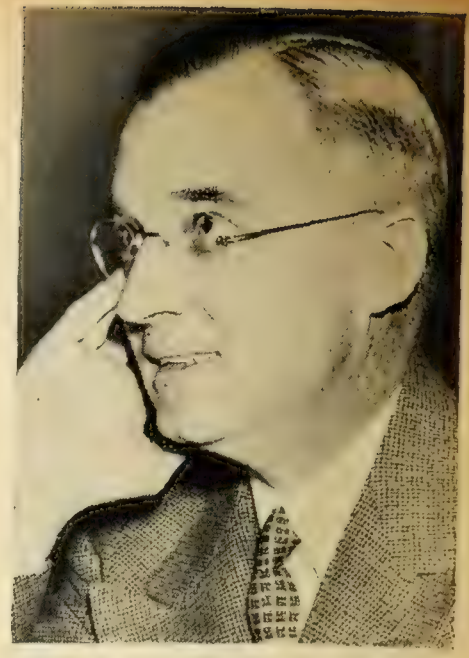
As a kid in Tyrone, Fred led a Boy Scout fife-and-drum corps, but he didn't go in for music in earnest until he was studying architecture at Penn State. It was there that Tom Waring, Fred's brother, first organized the Waring-McClintock Snap Orchestra. Besides Tom and Fred the band's personnel included Poley McClintock (still playing drums with the Pennsylvanians), and Fred Buck, who is now dead. The boys played only rhythm instruments at first—piano, banjos, drum—and, because something had to carry the melody, they sang.

In 1921 the band wangled an engagement at the University of Michi-

(*Continued on page 44*)

Paul G. Hoffman, dynamic chairman of CED's eighteen-man board of trustees.

William Benton, vice-chairman of the board and author of this article.



Marion B. Folsom, under whose chairmanship the regional chairmen work.

R. E. Flanders, "Vermonter with vision," is the research committee's chairman.

Ralph Budd, the regional chairman in [illegible]

WILL JOHNNY MARCH HOME TO A JOB? II

BUSINESS PLANS TO PROVIDE THE JOBS

Johnny Doughboy looks forward to a job in which he can grow and thrive—a job in industry. A group of forward-looking business men is working night and day now to make sure he gets it

BY WILLIAM BENTON

Vice-Chairman, Board of Trustees, Committee for Economic Development

JOHNNY'S postwar aims are simple. When the shooting stops, he will want to go home to see his pa, eat his ma's cooking, and swap yarns with the old gang. He will want to find that girl, marry her, and raise a family. He will also want and *need* a job. And unless he gets that job, all the joy of being home will become a mockery and his hopes of a happy peacetime life will go a-glimmering.

What are we at home doing to ensure that job for Johnny? In an article in Liberty last week you read how the government, through the Selective Service system and various laws already on the books, is making plans to get Johnny's old job back for him, or another job equally good. But all the laws in the world won't make the government's plan work unless private industry *has* the jobs available and continues to have them.

To help ensure those jobs the Committee for Economic Development was organized in the summer of 1942 at the suggestion of Secretary of Commerce Jesse Jones. It is privately financed and completely independent of the government, though it enjoys the close co-operation of government agencies concerned with the postwar economy. It is already working full blast, helping business men get ready to do their part after the war in achieving new high levels of production which will thereby assure new high levels of employment.

The Committee is now expanding rapidly. By Labor Day it will be operating in more than 1,000 cities and towns. It is receiving attention from the British press. At its last meeting, spokesmen of Canadian industry announced their intention to launch a similar movement across the border.

If you would understand our postwar economic problem, consider these figures. In 1940, a record

peacetime year, approximately 46,000,000 employed people produced one hundred billion dollars in goods and services. In 1943, 62,000,000, including the armed services, will produce one hundred and fifty-five billion dollars in goods and services. Twenty million of the 62,000,000 will be manufacturing war goods.

After the war many boys in the Army and Navy will return to school and college. Many overaged workers will go back to their families or their pensions. Women now in industry will again be occupied with husbands and children. After the war we may have no more than 58,000,000 people able and willing to work. Perhaps the Army and Navy will retain 2,000,000 of them. The amazing technological advances already achieved by American industry indicate that these remaining 56,000,000 can produce at least 40 per cent more goods and services than the levels of 1940.

The real key to a real program of security for America lies in this expanded production. Not only will it provide the needed jobs, but such an increase makes possible for the first time high minimums of food and shelter and clothing for the American people. Only when there's plenty of goods to divide can we hope to have enough to go around.

Paul Hoffman, president of the Studebaker Corporation, is chairman of the Committee for Economic Development's board of trustees. Mr. Hoffman is one of America's most remarkable younger business men. Only fifty-two, he is a veteran of the last war, with five sons now in the Army. At twenty-one, before the last war, he was Studebaker's most successful salesman in its Los Angeles branch. He was running two small businesses of his own on the side. After the war he took over the branch and made the Paul G. Hoffman Co. of Los Angeles famous throughout the automobile business. He has been president of Studebaker for the last eight years. He also serves on the boards of trustees of Kenyon College, the University of Chicago, and the Encyclopaedia Britannica, and he is chairman of United China Relief. A dynamo of energy and resourcefulness, he is now touring the country, visiting four, five, and six cities a week, organizing and vitalizing the Committee for Economic Development.

The seventeen other business men who serve under Mr. Hoffman on the Committee's board come from all sections of the country and represent both small business and large. They are independent; they are liberal; they believe in enterprise and are against monopoly; they have dedicated the Committee to serving the public interest.

Key men in the Committee are twelve regional chairmen, one in each Federal Reserve District. Under the chairmanship of Marion Folsom of the Eastman Kodak Co., the twelve regional chairmen are charged with responsibility for selecting approximately 130 district chairmen, one for each 1,000,000 of the country. Under these regional and district chairmen, who constitute the Committee, 1,500 or more community chairmen will function. Local committees will be organized in towns as small as 5,000 population. Each community chairman will work with several subcommittees, totaling thousands of the most enterprising business men in America.

If you had been an employer of more than fifty men in Peoria last fall, you would have received an invitation to lunch with Ralph Budd, president of the Burlington Railroad and regional chairman of the Committee for Economic Development in the Chicago Federal Reserve District. At this luncheon Mr. Budd and leading business men in Peoria organized Peoria's Committee for Economic Development. A Peoria community chairman was selected; he in turn appointed committees on (1) action, (2) research, and (3) public relations. The members of the action committee first called on Peoria's bigger businesses, then on the smaller, right down to the employers of half a dozen men or fewer.

"If the sirens and the whistles blew tomorrow morning, announcing peace," they asked, "how many men would you employ?" This question proved to be a poser.

They left with Peoria's employers —or work givers—a CED handbook asking scores of similar provocative questions but giving no answers. When an employer answered the questions in terms of his own business, he had a better chance to answer the key question posed by the action committee.

Some Peoria firms at first refused to come to grips with this key question. Too many imponderables were involved. "What will the government's policy be? When is the war going to end? What will the price level be?" they asked. Each was told to make his own assumptions. All were urged to plan in terms of high levels of employment and productivity. Most Peoria firms finally went to work to provide an answer for their own business. Each for itself had to guess its future—what products it would make, how it would secure raw materials, how it would finance its products and sell them.

Walter Gardner, community chairman in Peoria, tells a story about the teacher who drew a line on the blackboard sixty-six inches long and asked each of her fifty pupils to guess its length. Not one student guessed sixty-six inches. But the average of the fifty answers proved to be exactly sixty-six inches.

Peoria wartime employment is up approximately 31 per cent over 1940. Peoria's employers give an average guess that they can hold employment in Peoria after the war at 29 per cent above 1940.

Sure, they may be optimistic. But they have set their goals, and that is the first step in reaching them. Postwar planning has received a big impetus in Peoria's laboratories and plants. Big businesses are exchanging ideas with small ones. New blueprints are on the way in Peoria, new products and new dreams of new frontiers. The enterprise of Peoria is on the march. This is the major result of the Committee for Economic Development's efforts in Peoria—not the guesses on employment, nor the figures, nor the statistics, which are of value primarily only as they prod each business into trying to help itself.

In similar fashion "community tests" were made last fall in Reading and in Wheeling. Such tests are now under way in each of the twelve Federal Reserve regions.

Wherever possible, the local committees are being established through or in co-operation with existing community organizations. Further, postwar planning committees are being organized through the trade associations in all of the more important industries. Each industry has its distinct problems understood only by men in that industry.

THE COMMITTEE FOR ECONOMIC DEVELOPMENT

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New questions are being devised; new handbooks are being developed; new techniques perfected to persuade American business men that the time has now come to plan for their future and for their country's future. Now is the time to plan how to resume the production of peacetime goods as quickly as possible after hostilities cease, to shorten the gap and minimize the responsibilities of government during the conversion period.

Obviously, most big businesses don't need such help from the Committee. They are called on to turn over their experts and their knowledge to CED to provide help and stimulation to the smaller firms which often lack research laboratories and man power. The future of big business depends on the future of American business. The smaller businesses must be rallied if this job is to be done. Their ingenuity and resourcefulness constitute one of our great national resources. They can and will plan for themselves if helped to do it. Their contribution is the decisive one.

The thousands of men now enrolled in the Committee for Economic Development have faith in America's free society and belief in its future. They are trying to reach the 2,000,000 individual business enterprises in this country—through letters, pamphlets, handbooks, personal calls, luncheons, evening meetings—urging each one to begin now to formulate conversion requirements and peacetime manufacturing and merchandising policies.

Further, they are gathering and disseminating hundreds of suggestions and ideas on how to go about it. So-called "case histories" of how different firms are approaching the problem of "declaring the peace" are now being printed and distributed through the community organizations. Letters asking for CED's help and its literature are pouring into its Washington office at the rate of between 500 and 1,000 a day.

IS such activity an important part of the war effort? The Committee for Economic Development thinks it is. It need not and does not interfere with the prosecution of the war, which is the first obligation of every wage earner, manager, and owner of American business just as it is of our armed forces.

To come to grips with what Paul Hoffman calls the "agonizing and inspiring" problems ahead of us, the Committee for Economic Development has organized its Research Committee.

What is the postwar economic environment most conducive to high levels of employment and productivity? This is the Committee for Economic Development's sole concern in its research program. What business policies in the past have restricted employment and production? What government policies? [illegible] seek a return to "the good old days of the '20s." Nor to the mass unemployment of the '30s. Every business, government, and labor policy that restricts employment and production needs to be examined anew.

CED's research committee operates under the chairmanship of Ralph Flanders of Springfield, Vermont. Mr. Flanders is a rarity among business men, perhaps because he's lived in a small town and has had time to think: he is the author of several books on economics, the recipient of many honorary degrees. He has been described by Mr. Hoffman as a "Vermonter with vision."

Vice-chairman of the research committee is Chester Davis, president of the Federal Reserve Bank of St. Louis. He is our newly appointed national food administrator. He has had wide experience in government, agriculture, and business.

Working with the Research Committee is an advisory board of eminent social scientists and economists under the chairmanship of Dr. Sumner Slichter of Harvard, one of the world's most distinguished economists. Its members are professors from leading universities who are students of society. They are concerned solely with the public welfare.

The research committee of business men and its advisory board of social scientists are holding a series of two-day week-end meetings, with sessions starting at breakfast and running through till midnight. At these meetings questions are being selected for detailed study in the forthcoming year. There is not the time nor the staff nor the money for more than a few. The studies are financed by the committee but conducted by university scholars. Even the best of business men are not qualified to conduct these studies, regardless of whether they could or could not approach them without prejudice. The ablest economists in the country have therefore been engaged. They are willing to tackle the studies proposed not only because of their importance to the future of the country, but because the committee agrees to publish their findings whether CED's board of trustees or research committee agrees with them or not.

This is a new pattern of economic research for American business. Its objective is to seek the truth, not to produce a set of statistics to bolster preconceived notions.

One major area marked out for study concerns the problems involved in the conversion of industry from a war to a peace basis, with emphasis on the demobilization of soldiers and war-plant workers into civilian employment, on the disposition of government-owned plants and inventories, and on the relaxation of war controls over the economy. The policies followed in the period right after the war may make or may break the economic system—and may make or break the peace.

If the Committee for Economic Development's community-by-community program does its job stimulating American business—and if government pursues constructive fiscal and monetary policies after the war and provides a climate in which business enterprise can flourish—Johnny will get his job. Better yet, Johnny will find a blossoming country that may make him want to borrow his family's War Bonds and go into business for himself.

Many economists think times will be good. Dr. Slichter estimates that by the end of 1943 there will be fifty billion dollars in the hands of individuals. This pent-up purchasing power may rather quickly produce a business boom. As Mr. Hoffman has said, "The desire for goods will be in the people's hearts and the money to buy will be in their hands."

The more vital and difficult question may then be, What happens after that? Regardless of the country's success in the transition period, we must not again make the mistakes of the past. This leads to a second major area which CED's research committee has marked out for study: How to avoid business depressions. More adequate means must be devised to stabilize our economy against the effects of the "business cycle."

THE research committee hopes to develop a body of positive policy keyed to providing Johnny with his job, to keeping the job open for him after he's got it, and to giving him a maximum opportunity to chuck it overboard because he's found a better one or because he wants to strike out for himself.

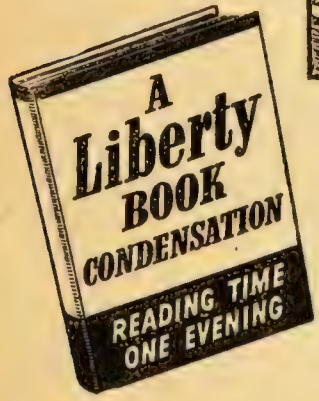
Whether this positive policy will be followed is not in the power of the Committee for Economic Development. It is in the power of the American people. If the American people share, and continue to share, the faith in a free society that animates the Committee, its projected research program and the proposals flowing from it will be useful.

The Committee for Economic Development believes that the common good is best served by an economic system which provides opportunity for the individual. The Committee favors such a system not because it enables some men, many men, or a few men to enrich themselves, but because it helps to attain the highest economic and political well-being of the entire community. After this war the enterprise and initiative of man can provide high levels of productivity which will open new jobs and new opportunities, not only for our fighting men when they come marching home, but for all those who are able and eager to work.

In Liberty next week Robert Moses concludes this series. He will describe the public works program the government plans as its contribution to full employment after the war.

The HUMAN COMEDY

ILLUSTRATED BY FREDERICK CHAPMAN



A Condensation of the Best Selling Novel by

WILLIAM SAROYAN

This is Saroyan's story of the Macauley family of Ithaca, California —and very likely the story of many families throughout America.

It is a top best seller and a hit movie — a book you will read with pleasure and remember.

Ulysses

THE little boy named Ulysses Macauley one day stood over the new gopher hole in the back yard of his house on Santa Clara Avenue in Ithaca, California. The gopher of this hole pushed up fresh moist dirt and peeked out at the boy, who was certainly a stranger but perhaps not an enemy. Before this miracle had been fully enjoyed by the boy, a freight train puffed and roared far away. The boy listened, and felt the earth beneath him tremble with the moving of the train. Then he broke into running, moving (it seemed to him) swifter than any life in the world.

When he reached the crossing he was just in time to see the passing of the whole train, from locomotive to caboose. He waved to the engineer, but the engineer did not wave back to him. He waved to five others who were with the train, but not one of them waved back. At last a Negro appeared, leaning over the side of a gondola. Above the clatter of the train, Ulysses heard the man singing:

"Weep no more, my lady, O weep no more today.
We will sing one song for the old Kentucky home,
For the old Kentucky home far away."

Ulysses waved to the Negro too, and then a wondrous and unexpected thing happened. *This* man, black and different from all the others, waved back to Ulysses, shouting, "Going home, boy—going back where I belong!"

The small boy and the Negro waved to one another until the train was almost out of sight.

The little boy turned slowly and started for home. As he moved, he still listened to the passing of the train, the singing of the Negro, and the joyous words: "Going home, boy—going back where I belong!" After a moment he smiled the smile of the Macauley people—the gentle, wise secret smile which said *Yes* to all things.

When he turned the corner and saw the Macauley house, his mother was in the yard, throwing feed to the chickens. He came quickly and quietly and stood beside her, then went to the hen nest to look for eggs. He found one. He looked at it a moment, picked it up, brought it

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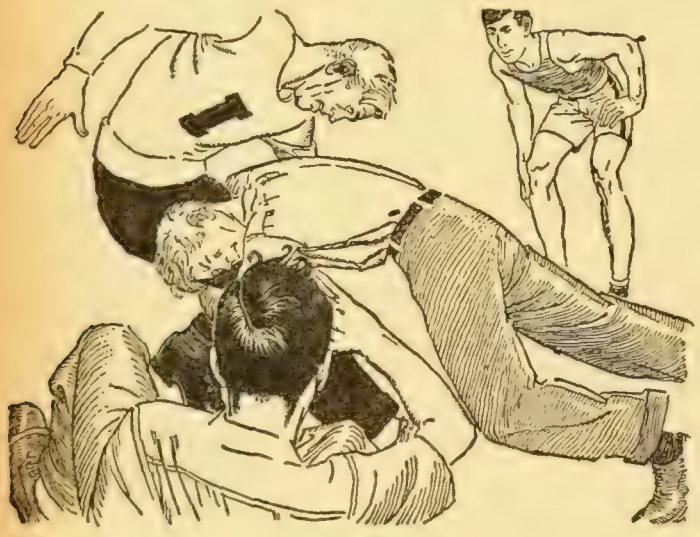
to his mother and very carefully handed it to her, by which he meant what no man can guess and no child can remember to tell.

Homer

HIS brother Homer sat on the seat of a secondhand bicycle which struggled bravely with the dirt of a country road. Homer Macauley wore a telegraph messenger's coat which was far too big and a cap which was not quite big enough. The sun was going down in a somnolence of evening peace deeply cherished by the people of Ithaca. All about the messenger orchards and vineyards rested in the old, old earth of California. Even though he was moving along swiftly, Homer was not missing any of the charm of the region. He began to make decorations with the movements of his bike and, to accompany these ornaments of movement, he burst out with a shouting of music—simple, lyrical, and ridiculous. The theme of this opera was taken over in his mind by the



strings of an orchestra, then supplemented by the harp of his mother and the piano of his sister Bess. And finally, to bring the whole family together, an accordion came into the group, saying the music with a smiling and somber sweetness, as Homer remembered his brother Marcus.

The Telegraph Office

IT was evening in Ithaca when Homer finally drew up in front of the telegraph office. The clock in the window said two minutes past seven. Inside the office Homer saw Mr. Spangler, the manager of the telegraph office, checking the words of a telegram.

Spangler took the telegram over to William Grogan, the night-shift telegraph operator and wire chief, as Homer walked in and went to the delivery desk to see what was on hand for delivery, or if there were any calls to take. Mr. Spangler watched him with dead-pan fascination, and then spoke to him.

"How do you like being a messenger?" he said.

"How do I *like* it?" Homer said. "I like it better than anything. I'm going to be the best messenger this office ever had."

"O. K.," Spangler said. "Just don't kill yourself—don't go too fast. Get there swiftly, but don't go *too* fast. Be polite to everybody—and above all things don't lose a telegram."

"Yes, sir."

"Working nights is different from working days," Spangler went on. "Taking a telegram to Chinatown or out to the sticks is liable to scare a fellow. Well, don't let it scare *you*. People are people. Don't be scared of them. How old are you?"

Homer gulped. "Sixteen," he said.

"Yeah, I know," Spangler said. "You said that yesterday. We're not supposed to hire a boy unless he's at least sixteen, but I thought I'd take a chance on you. How old are you?"

"Fourteen," Homer said.

"Well," Spangler said, "you'll be sixteen in two years."

"Yes, sir," Homer said.

"What are you going to do with the fifteen dollars a week?" Spangler asked.

"Give it to my mother," Homer said.

"All right," Spangler said. "From now on you're working—*steady*. You're part of this outfit. Watch things—listen carefully—keep your eyes and ears open." The manager of the telegraph office looked away at nothing a moment and then said, "What future have you mapped out for yourself?"

"Future?" Homer said. He was a little embarrassed, because all his life, from day to day, he had been busy mapping out a future, even if it was only a future for the next day. "Well," he said, "I don't know for sure, but I guess I'd like to be somebody some day. Maybe a composer or somebody like that—some day."

"That's fine," Spangler said, "and this is the place to start. Music all around you—real music—straight from the world—straight from the hearts of people. Hear those telegraph keys? Beautiful music."

"Yes, sir," Homer said.

SPANGLER asked suddenly, "You know where Chatterton's Bakery is on Broadway? Here's a quarter. Go get me two day-old pies—apple and coconut cream. Two for a quarter."

"Yes, sir," Homer said. He caught the quarter Spangler tossed to him and ran out of the office. Spangler turned to the telegraph operator and said, "What do you think of him?"

"He's a good boy," Mr. Grogan said.

"*I* think he is," Spangler said. "Comes from a good poor family on Santa Clara Avenue. No father. Brother in the Army. Mother works in the packing houses in the summer. Sister goes to State College. He's a couple of years under age, that's all."

"I'm a couple over age," Mr. Grogan said. "We'll get along."

Spangler got up from his desk. "If you want me," he said, "I'll be at Corbett's. Share the pies between you—" He stopped and stared, dumfounded, as Homer came running into the office with two wrapped-up pies.

"What's your name again?" Spangler almost shouted at the boy.

"Homer Macauley," Homer said.

The manager of the telegraph office put his arm around the new messenger. "All right, Homer Macauley," he said. "You're the boy this office needs on the night shift. You're probably the fastest-moving thing in the San Joaquin Valley. You're going to be a great man some day, too—if you live. So see that you live." He turned and left the office while Homer tried to understand the meaning of what the man had said.

Homer put the pies on the desk beside Mr. Grogan, who said, "Homer Macauley, my name is William Grogan. I am called Willie, however, although I am sixty-seven years old. I am an old-time telegrapher, one of the last in the world. I am also night wire chief of this office. I am also a man who has memories of many wondrous worlds gone by. I am also hungry. Let us feast together on these pies—the apple and the coconut cream. From now on, you and I are friends."

"Yes, sir," Homer said.

"I shall, on occasion," Mr. Grogan said, "ask you to run an errand for me, to join me in song, or to sit and talk to me. In the event of drunkenness, I shall expect of you a depth of understanding one may not expect from men past twelve. How old are you?"

"Fourteen," Homer said, "but I guess I've got a pretty good understanding."

"Very well," Mr. Grogan said. "I'll take your word for it. Every night in this office I shall count on you to see that I shall be able to perform my duties. A splash of cold water in the face if I do not respond when shaken—this is to be followed by a cup of hot black coffee from Corbett's."

"Yes, sir," Homer said.

"On the street, however," Mr. Grogan continued, "the procedure is quite another thing. If you behold me wrapped in the embrace of alcohol, greet me as you pass, but make no reference to my happiness. I am a sensitive man, and prefer not to be the object of public solicitude."

"Yes, sir," Homer said.

Mr. Grogan went on, his mouth full of coconut cream, "Do you feel this world is going to be a better place after the war?"

Homer thought a moment and then said, "Yes, sir."

"Do you like coconut cream?" Mr. Grogan said.

"Yes, sir," Homer said.

The telegraph box rattled. Mr. Grogan answered the call and took his place at the typewriter, typing out a telegram addressed to Mrs. Rosa Sandoval, 1129 G Street, Ithaca, California. In the telegram the War Department informed Mrs. Sandoval that her son, Juan Domingo Sandoval, had been killed in action.

Mr. Grogan handed the message to Homer. He then took a long drink from the bottle he kept in the drawer beside his chair. Homer folded the telegram, put it in an envelope, sealed the envelope, put the envelope in his cap, and left the office.

All the World Will Be Jealous of Me

MUSIC came from the Macauley house on Santa Clara Avenue. Bess and Mrs. Macauley played All the World Will Be Jealous of Me. They played the song for the soldier Marcus, wherever he happened to be, because it was the song he loved most. Mary Arena came into the parlor from the house next door, stood beside Bess at the piano, and soon began to sing. She sang for Marcus, who was all the world to *her*. The small boy Ulysses listened and watched. Something was mysterious somewhere and he wanted to find out what it was, even though he was half asleep. At last he summoned enough energy to say:

"Where's Marcus?"

"Marcus," Mrs. Macauley said, "has gone away."

"Why?" Ulysses said.

"Marcus is in the Army," Mrs. Macauley said.

"When is he coming home?" the little boy said.

"When the war is over," Mrs. Macauley said.

"Tomorrow?"

"No, not tomorrow."

"When?"

"We don't know. We're waiting."

"Then where is my father?" Ulysses said. "If we wait, will *he* come home like Marcus too?"

"No," Mrs. Macauley said, "not that way. He will not come walking down the street, up the steps, across the porch, and on into the house, as he used to do."

This was too much for the boy, and as there was only one word with which to hope for something like truth and comfort, he said this word:

"Why?"

Mrs. Macauley turned to Bess and Mary. "Death," she said, "is not an easy thing for any one to understand, least of all a child, but every life shall one day end." She looked now at Ulysses. "That day came for your father two years ago." She looked back at Bess and Mary. "But as long as we are alive," she said, "as long as we are together, as long as *two* of us are left, and remember him, nothing in the world can take him from us. His body can be taken, but not him. You shall know your father better as you grow and know yourself better," she said. "He is not dead, because *you* are alive. Time and accident, illness and weariness took his body, but already you have given it back to him, younger and more eager than ever. I don't expect you to understand anything I'm telling you. But I know you will remember this—that nothing good ever ends. If it did, there would be no people in the world—no life at all anywhere. And the world is full of people and full of wonderful life."

The little boy accepted this.

"Then where is Homer?" he said.

"Homer," Mrs. Macauley said, "is working. Yesterday he found himself a job after school."

"Why is Homer working?"

"Because your brother Marcus is in the Army. Because we must have money with which to buy food and clothing and pay rent—and to give to others whose need is greater than ours."

"*Who?*" Ulysses said.

"Anybody," Mrs. Macauley said. "The poor, for instance."

"Who're the poor?" the boy said.

"Everybody," Mrs. Macauley said, smiling to herself.

Ulysses tried to stay awake, but it was no longer possible.

Mrs. Macauley looked from the boy to his sister Bess. "Put him to bed," she said.

Bess and Mary took the boy to his room. When they were gone and she sat alone, the woman heard a footstep and turned. There at the door she saw Matthew Macauley as if he were not dead.

"I fell asleep," he said. "I was very sleepy. Please forgive me, Katey."

He laughed as if it were Ulysses laughing, and when Bess came back to the parlor, she said, "He laughed just before we tucked him in."

You Go Your Way, I'll Go Mine

THE messenger got off his bicycle in front of the house of Mrs. Rosa Sandoval. He went to the door and knocked gently. The door was not a long time opening, but there was no hurry in the way it moved on its hinges. The movement of the door was as if, whoever she was, she had nothing in the world to fear. Then the door was open, and there she was.

To Homer the Mexican woman was beautiful. He could see that she had been patient all her life, so that now, after years of it, her lips were set in a gentle and saintly smile. But, like all people who never receive telegrams, the appearance of a messenger at the front door is full of terrible implications. Homer knew that Mrs. Rosa Sandoval was shocked to see him. Before she spoke she studied Homer's eyes and Homer knew that she knew the message was not a welcome one.

"You have a telegram?" she said.

It wasn't Homer's fault. His work was to deliver telegrams. Even so, it seemed to him that he was part of the whole mistake. He wanted to come right out and say, "I'm only a messenger, Mrs. Sandoval. I'm very sorry I must bring you a telegram like this, but it is only because it is my work to do so." He extended the telegram to the Mexican woman, but she would not touch it.

"Are you Mrs. Sandoval?" Homer said.

"Please," the woman said. "Please come in. I cannot read English. What does the telegram say?"

"Mrs. Sandoval, the telegram says—"

But now the woman interrupted him. "But you must *open* the telegram and *read* it to me," she said. "You have not opened it."

"Yes, ma'am," Homer said, as if he were speaking to a schoolteacher who had just corrected him.

"Who sent the telegram—my son, Juan Domingo?"

"No, ma'am," Homer said. "The telegram is from the War Department."

"War Department?" the Mexican woman said.

"Mrs. Sandoval," Homer said swiftly, "your son is dead. Maybe it's a mistake. Everybody makes a mistake, Mrs. Sandoval. Maybe it wasn't your son. Maybe it was somebody else. The telegram *says* it was Juan Domingo. But maybe the telegram is wrong."

The Mexican woman pretended not to hear.

"Oh, do not be afraid," she said. "Come inside. Come inside. I will bring you candy."

She went into another room and soon returned with an old chocolate candy box. She opened the box and in it Homer saw a strange kind of candy.

"Here," she said. "Eat this candy. All boys like candy."

Homer took a piece of the candy from the box, put it into his mouth, and tried to chew.

"You would not bring me a bad telegram," she said. "You are a good boy—like my little Juanito when he was a little boy. Eat another piece." And she made the messenger take another piece of the candy.

Homer sat chewing the dry candy while the Mexican

woman talked. "It is our own candy," she said, "from cactus. I make it for my Juanito when he come home, but *you* eat it. You are my boy too."

Now suddenly she began to sob, holding herself in, as if weeping were a disgrace. Homer wanted to get up and run, but he knew he would stay. He even thought he might stay the rest of his life. He just didn't know what else to do to try to make the woman less unhappy, and if she had *asked* him to take the place of her son, he would not have been able to refuse, because he would not have known how. In his heart he was saying over and over again, What can I do? What the hell can *I* do? I'm only the messenger.

"Come now," the woman said. "Sit down here." She forced him into a chair and stood over him. "Let me look at you," she said. She looked at him strangely, and, sick everywhere within himself, the messenger could not move. He felt neither love nor hate but something very close to disgust, but at the same time he felt great compassion, not for the poor woman alone, but for all things and the ridiculous way of their enduring and dying. He saw her back in time, a beautiful young woman sitting beside the crib of her infant son. He saw her looking down at this amazing human thing, speechless and helpless and full of the world to come. He saw her rocking the crib and he heard her singing to the child. Now look at her, he said to himself.

He was on his bicycle suddenly, riding swiftly down the dark street, tears coming out of his eyes and his mouth whispering young and crazy curses. When he got back to the telegraph office the tears had stopped, but everything else had started, and he knew there would be no stopping them. "Otherwise I'm just as good as dead myself," he said, as if some one were listening whose hearing was not perfect.

Mr. Grogan

HOMER sat across the table from Mr. Grogan. The telegraph wires were silent now, but suddenly the box began to rattle. Homer waited for Mr. Grogan to answer the call, but Mr. Grogan did not answer it. Homer ran around the table.

"Mr. Grogan," he said, "they're calling you!" He shook the man gently.

"Mr. Grogan," he said, "wake up! Wake up!"

Homer ran to the water jar and filled a paper cup full of water. He ran back to the old operator.

"Mr. Grogan," he said, "wake up!"

Homer splashed the cup of water into the telegraph operator's face. Mr. Grogan sat up with a start, opened his eyes, looked at Homer, listened to the telegraph box, and then answered the call.

"That's right," he said to the boy. "Now, quick! A cup of black coffee. Hurry!"

Homer ran out of the office to Corbett's. When he got back, the old telegraph operator's eyes were almost closed again, but he was still doing his work.

"That's right, boy," he said. "Don't worry. Don't be afraid. That's exactly right."

Mr. Grogan stopped the telegrapher at the other end of the wire a moment and began to sip the coffee. "First splash the cold water," he said, "then fetch the black coffee."

"Yes, sir," Homer said. "Is it an important telegram?"

"No," Mr. Grogan said. "It is most *unimportant*. Business. The accumulating of money. It's a night letter. You won't have to deliver it tonight. Most unimportant. But very important for me to receive it."

He lifted his voice now because he was awake and strong again. "They've been wanting to retire me for years," he shouted. "They've been wanting to put in the machines they're inventing all over the place—multiplexes and teletypes," he said with contempt. "Machines instead of human beings!" He spoke softly now, as if to himself or to the people who were seeking to put him out of his place in the world. "I wouldn't know what to do with myself if I didn't have this job. I guess I'd die in a week. I've worked all my life and I'm not going to stop now."

"Yes, sir," Homer said.

"I know I can count on you to help me, boy," Mr. Grogan said, "because you have *already* helped me. Thank you, boy." He rattled the bug. The answer came, and he began to type the telegram, but as he typed he spoke with a kind of pride and vigor which pleased Homer very much. "Trying to put me out of my job!" he shouted. "Why, I was the fastest telegrapher in the world! Faster than Wolinsky, sending and receiving both—and no mistakes. Willie Grogan. Telegraph operators all over the world know that name. They know Willie Grogan was the best of them all!" He paused now and smiled at the messenger.

Going to Be the Best?

AT seven in the morning the alarm clock clicked—that's all—and Homer Macauley sat up. He adjusted the clock so that the alarm would not go off. He then got out of bed and brought out his body-building course from New York and began reading the instructions for the day. His brother Ulysses watched, as he always did, awakening with Homer at the click just before the alarm which Homer never allowed to go off. The body-building course from New York consisted of a printed booklet and an elastic stretcher. Homer turned to Lesson 7 while Ulysses crowded in under his arm to be nearer the fabulous stuff. After some ordinary preliminary exercises, including deep breathing, Homer lay flat on his back and lifted his legs stiffly from the floor.

"What's that?" Ulysses said.

"Exercises."

"What for?"

"Muscle."

"Going to be the strongest man in the world?" Ulysses said.

"Naaah," Homer said.

"What are you going to be, then?"

"You go back to sleep," Homer said.

Ulysses obediently got back in bed, but sat up, watching. At last Homer began to get dressed.

"Where are you going?" the younger brother said.

"School," the older said.

"Going to learn something?"

"I'm going to run the two-twenty low hurdles."

"Where are you going to run them?"

"I'm not going to run them anywhere. They're wood frames every ten or fifteen yards that you've got to jump over as you run."

"Why?"

"Well," Homer said almost impatiently, "it's a foot race. Two-twenty low hurdles. Everybody born in this town runs the two-twenty low hurdles. It's the big race of Ithaca. The manager of the telegraph office where I work ran the two-twenty low hurdles when *he* went to Ithaca High. He was Valley champion."

"What's Valley champion?" Ulysses said.

"That's the best."

"You going to be the best?"

"Well," Homer said, "I'm going to try. Now go back to sleep."

Ulysses slipped down in bed.

Ancient History

ON the track of the athletic field of Ithaca High School the hurdles were set for the 220-yard low-hurdle race. Now, in the morning, four boys were running a practice race. Each ran well, under control, and each hurdled with good form. Coach Byfield, stop watch in hand, came up to the winner.

"That was better, Ackley," he said to a boy who was surely not common, but for all that surely not terribly *uncommon* either. He was a boy who had the resigned manner of one whose family had not in recent decades been in want of food, clothing, or shelter, who on occasion entertained others of similar good fortune.

"You've got a lot to learn yet," the coach said to the boy, "but I think you will be able to win the race this afternoon."

"I'll try my best, sir," the boy said.

"Yes, I know," the coach said. "You won't be having

any competition today, but you will have plenty of it two weeks from now in the Valley Meet. Go to the shower now and take it easy until this afternoon."

The other three runners were over to one side, watching and listening.

"He may *act* like a sissy," one of the boys said to the others, "but he always comes in first. What's the matter with you, Sam?"

"What's the matter with *me?*" Sam said. "What's the matter with *you?* Why don't *you* beat him?"

"I came in second."

"Second's no better than third," the other boy said.

"Hubert Ackley the Third beating us!" Sam said. "We ought to be ashamed of ourselves."

"Sure," the second boy said, "but we've got no alibis. He just runs a better race, that's all."

The coach turned to these three and in an altogether different tone of voice he said, "O. K., you guys—keep moving. You're not so good you can stand around and be proud of yourselves. Get to your marks and give it another try."

Without a word the boys went to their marks and the coach sent them off for another run of the race. After they began to run, the coach decided he would run them a couple more times before the afternoon meet. He seemed to want Hubert Ackley III to win the race.

THE ancient-history classroom was swiftly filling as the teacher, old Miss Hicks, waited for the final bell. Homer Macauley, troubled by something that bordered on a state of adoration, studied a girl named Helen Eliot who walked from the door to her desk. Without a doubt this girl was the most beautiful girl in the world. Besides that, she was a snob—which Homer refused to believe was natural or permanent. Following her came Hubert Ackley III. When Hubert reached Helen the two whispered a moment, irritating Homer very much.

The final bell rang, and the teacher said, "Turn to page 117, paragraph two." Every one turned to this page and found the place. "Ancient history," the teacher continued, "may *seem* to be a dull and unnecessary study. At a time like the present, when so much history is going on in our own world, another world—long since ended—may seem useless to study and understand. Such a notion, however, is incorrect. It is very important for us to know of other times, other cultures, other peoples, and other worlds. Who'll volunteer to come to the head of the class and read?"

Two girls and Hubert Ackley III raised their hands.

Of the two girls the teacher selected Helen Eliot. Homer, fascinated, watched her walk to the front of the class. She just stood there, being very beautiful for a moment, and then in the purest and most attractive voice imaginable she began to read, while Homer marveled at the incredible miracle of such a body and such a voice.

"'The Assyrians,'" Helen Eliot read, "'developed Nineveh to a position of great power. After many vicissitudes with the Hittites, Egyptians, and others, they conquered Babylon under the reign of Tiglath Pileser the First, in eleven hundred B. C. There is no connection between the names "Syrian" and "Assyrian," and the Assyrians were to fight the Syrians until Tiglath Pileser the Third conquered them.'"

Helen paused for a fresh supply of breath with which to read the next paragraph, but before she could begin to read again, Homer Macauley said, "How about Hubert *Ackley* the Third? Who did *he* conquer, or what did he do?"

The well-bred boy got to his feet in a kind of decent bitterness. "Miss Hicks," he said very earnestly, "I cannot allow such willful mischievousness to go uncorrected or unpunished. I must ask you to order Mr. Macauley to go to the principal's office—or," he said very deliberately, "I shall have to take the matter into my own hands."

Homer jumped out of his seat. "Ah, shut up," he said. "Your name *is* Hubert Ackley the Third, isn't it? Well, what did *you* ever do, or for that matter what did Hubert Ackley the Second ever do, or what did Hubert Ackley the First ever do?" He paused a moment and turned to Miss Hicks and then to Helen Eliot. "I think that's a good intelligent question," he said. Then he turned to Hubert Ackley and repeated the question: "What did they do?"

"Well," Hubert said, "at least no Ackley has ever been a common"—he stopped to seek an appropriately withering word, and then said—"fanfaron," a word nobody else in Ithaca had ever heard before.

"Fanfaron?" Homer said. He turned to the teacher. "What's that mean, Miss Hicks?" he said. As she was not ready with a definition of the word, Homer turned quickly to Hubert Ackley and went on, "Listen, number three," he said. "Don't be calling me names I never even *heard before.*"

"A fanfaron," Hubert said, "is a hoodlum—a braggart." And he stopped to find another, *lower* word.

"Ah, shut up," Homer said.

He turned to Helen Eliot and smiled the famous Macauley smile. "*Fanfaron!*" he repeated. "What kind of cussing is that?" Then he sat down.

Helen Eliot waited for a sign from the teacher to go on

reading. Miss Hicks, however, did not give the sign. Finally Homer understood. He got to his feet and said to Hubert Ackley III, "All right, I apologize. I'm sorry."

"Thank you," the well-bred boy said, and sat down.

The ancient-history teacher looked about the room a moment and then said, "Homer Macauley and Hubert Ackley will remain after school."

"But, Miss Hicks," Homer said, "what about the school track meet?"

"I'm not interested in the school track meet," the teacher said. "The development of your manners is as important as the development of your bodies."

"Miss Hicks," Hubert Ackley said, "Ithaca High School is counting on me to win the two-twenty low-hurdle race this afternoon, and two weeks from now to make a good showing in the Valley Track Meet. I'm afraid Coach Byfield will *insist* on my taking part."

"I don't know about Coach Byfield *insisting,*" Homer said, "but *I'm* going to run the two-twenty low hurdles this afternoon—that's all."

Hubert Ackley looked at Homer. "I had no idea," he said, "you had gone out for that race."

"Well," Homer said, "I have." He turned to the teacher. "Miss Hicks, if you let us go this time, I promise never again to make any trouble or to be disobedient or *anything.* And so does Hubert." He turned to Hubert and said, "Don't you?"

"Yes, I do, Miss Hicks," Hubert said.

"You will both stay in after school," the ancient-history teacher said.

The Two-Twenty Low-Hurdle Race

THE boys' athletic coach of Ithaca High School stood in the office of the principal.

"Miss Hicks," the principal of Ithaca High School said to the coach, "is the oldest and by far the best teacher

we have ever had at this school. She was *my* teacher when I attended Ithaca High School and she was your teacher, too, Mr. Byfield. I'm afraid I wouldn't care to go over her head about punishing unruly boys."

"Hubert Ackley the Third is *not* an unruly boy," the coach said. "Homer Macauley—yes. Hubert Ackley—no. He is a perfect gentleman."

"Yes," the principal said, "Hubert Ackley *does* come from a well-to-do family. But if Miss Hicks has asked him to stay in after school, then *in* it is. Hubert Ackley will have to run the race some other time."

The matter was surely closed now, the principal felt. The coach turned and left the office. He did not go to the athletic field, however. He went to the ancient-history classroom instead. There he found Homer and Hubert and Miss Hicks. He bowed to the old teacher and smiled.

"Miss Hicks," he said, "I have spoken to Mr. Ek about this matter." The implication of his remark was that he had been given authorization to come and liberate Hubert Ackley III.

"What do you mean?" the ancient-history teacher said.

"Mr. Ackley," the coach said, "is to get into his track suit immediately and run the two-twenty low hurdles. We're waiting for him."

"Oh, yeah?" Homer said. He was overflowing with righteous indignation. "Well," he said, "what about *me*—Mr. *Macauley?*"

There was no reply from the coach, who walked out of the room, followed by a somewhat troubled and confused young man—Hubert Ackley III.

"Did you see that, Miss Hicks?" Homer Macauley shouted. "Is that special privilege or not?"

THE ancient-history teacher was so upset by what had happened that she could barely speak.

"Mr. Byfield," she whispered softly, "is fitted to teach athletics only to jackasses like himself." She paused to observe the unworthiness of her remark. "I'm sorry," she said. "But the man is not only ignorant, he is a liar!" It was delightful to see Miss Hicks with so much natural and uncontrollable bitterness. It made Homer feel that she was just about the best teacher ever.

"I never did like him," Homer said. "It sure is good to know that you don't like him either."

"I have taught at Ithaca High School thirty-five years," Miss Hicks said. "I taught your brother Marcus and your sister Bess, and if you have younger brothers or sisters at home I shall some day teach them too."

"Just a brother, Miss Hicks," Homer said. "His name is Ulysses. How was Marcus in school?"

"Marcus and Bess," Miss Hicks said, "were both good—honest and civilized. Yes," she said, "*civilized,*" and she emphasized the word very carefully. "The behavior of ancient peoples had made them civilized from birth. Like yourself, Marcus sometimes spoke out of turn, but he was never a liar. Now these inferior human beings, these Byfields of the world who were never anything but fools—they think of me as an old woman. He came here and deliberately lied to me—just as he had lied to me time and again when he sat in this classroom as a boy. He has learned nothing except to toady shamelessly to those he feels are superior."

"Yeah?" Homer said, urging the ancient-history teacher to go on with her criticism.

"I have seen better men pushed around by his kind," she said—"the kind who go through life lying and cheating and crowding out men who are above such behavior." The ancient-history teacher was terribly hurt. She blew her nose and wiped her eyes.

"Ah, don't feel bad, Miss Hicks," Homer said. "I'll stay in. You can punish me for talking out of turn. I guess I've got it coming, but from now on I'm going to try to be good. I never did know that teachers are human beings like anybody else—and better, too! It's all right, Miss Hicks. You can punish me."

"I didn't keep you in to punish you," the ancient-history teacher said. "I have always kept in only those who have meant the most to me—I have kept them in to be nearer them. I still do not believe I am mistaken about Hubert Ackley. It was Mr. Byfield who made him disobey me. I was going to send both of you to the field after a moment, anyway. You were not kept in for punishment, but for education. I kept you in after school because I wanted to talk to both of you—one of you from a good well-to-do family, the other from a good poor family. Getting along in this world will be even more difficult for him than for you. I wanted you to know one another a little better. It is very important. I wanted to talk to *both* of you."

"I guess I like Hubert," Homer said, "only he seems to think he is better than the other boys."

"Yes, I know," the ancient-history teacher said. "I know how you feel, but every man in the world *is* better than some one else, and not as good as some one *else.* In a democratic state every man is the equal of every other man up to the point of exertion, and after that every man is free to exert himself to do good or not, to grow nobly or foolishly, as he wishes. I wanted Hubert Ackley here to listen to this with you—to understand with you that if at the present you do not like him and he does not like you, that is perfectly natural. I wanted him to know that each of you will begin to be truly human when, in spite of your natural dislike of one another, you still respect one another. That is what it means to be civilized—that is what we are to learn from a study of ancient history." The teacher stopped now a moment and looked at the boy. When she spoke again, she sighed and said wearily, "Run along to the athletic field. Race against Hubert Ackley in the two-twenty low hurdles. If there isn't time to change to your track clothes, run as you are. I shall be watching."

On the athletic field Hubert Ackley and the three boys who had already raced with him that day were taking their places in the lanes. Homer reached the fifth lane just as the man with the pistol lifted his arm to start the race. Homer went to his mark with the others. He felt very good, but also very angry, and he believed that nothing in the world would be able to keep him from winning this race—the wrong kind of shoes, the wrong kind of clothes for running, no practice, or anything else. He would just naturally win the race.

Hubert Ackley, in the lane next to Homer's lane, turned to him and said, "You can't run this race—like *that.*"

"No?" Homer said. "Wait and see."

Mr. Byfield, sitting in the grandstand, turned to the man next to him and said, "Who's that starting in the outside lane without track clothes?" Then he remembered who it was.

He decided to stop the race so that he could remove the fifth runner, but it was too late. The gun had been fired and the runners were running. Homer and Hubert took the first hurdle a little ahead of the others, each of them clearing nicely. Homer moved a little forward ahead of Hubert on the second hurdle and kept moving forward on the third, fourth, fifth, sixth, seventh, and eighth hurdles. But close behind him was Hubert Ackley. The two boys exchanged words as they ran. On the first

hurdle Hubert shouted, "Where did you learn to run like that?"

"Nowhere," Homer said. "I'm learning *now*."

On the second hurdle, Hubert said, "What's the hurry? You're going too fast."

"I'm going to win the race," Homer said.

On the third hurdle Ackley said, "Who said so?"

And on the fourth hurdle Homer said, "*I* said so."

On the fifth hurdle Hubert said, "Slow down. This is a long race. You'll get tired." And then suddenly he shouted, "Oh—oh, look out! Here comes Byfield!"

Homer reached the ninth hurdle exactly when the coach of Ithaca High School reached it, coming in the opposite direction. Nevertheless, Homer hurdled. He hurdled straight into the open arms of the athletic coach and the man and the boy fell to the ground. Hubert Ackley stopped running and turned to the other runners. "Stay where you are!" he shouted. "Let him get up. He's had interference." Homer got to his feet quickly and went on running. The instant he started, the others started running also.

Every one in the grandstand, even Helen Eliot, was amazed at what was happening in the race. Now the ancient-history teacher, Miss Hicks, was at the finish line of the race. She was cheering, but she was cheering for *each* of the boys.

"Come on, Homer!" she said. "Come on, Hubert! Hurry, Sam!—George!—Henry!"

At the next to the last hurdle Hubert Ackley caught up with Homer Macauley. "Sorry," he said, "I've got to do it."

"Go ahead," Homer said, "if you can."

Hubert Ackley ran a little in front of Homer and there was no longer far to go. Homer didn't clear the last hurdle, but he almost caught up with the front runner. The finish of the race was so close no one could tell whether Hubert Ackley won or whether Homer Macauley won. Sam, George, and Henry came in soon after, and Miss Hicks, the ancient-history teacher, brought them all together.

"You ran beautifully," she said, "every one of you!"

"I'm sorry," Hubert Ackley said, "Miss Hicks. I should have stayed in, with Homer."

"It's all right now," Miss Hicks said, "and it was good of you to wait for Homer to get up when he was interfered with."

FURIOUS and bitter and a little shocked by the fall he had taken, the coach of Ithaca High School came running toward the group which Miss Hicks had gathered around her.

"Macauley!" he shouted from a distance of fifteen yards, "go to my office and stay there until I tell you to go."

"Your office?" Homer said. "But I've got to go—" He suddenly remembered that he had to be at work at four o'clock. "What time is it?" he said.

Hubert Ackley looked at his wrist watch. "It's a quarter to four," he said.

"Go to my office!" Byfield shouted.

"But you don't understand, Mr. Byfield," Homer said. "I've got some place to go. I'll be late."

Joe Terranova, who also attended Miss Hicks' class, came into the group. "Why should he stay after school?" Joe said. "He didn't do anything wrong."

The coach had already suffered too much. "You keep your dirty little wop mouth shut!" he shouted at Joe. Then he pushed the boy, who went sprawling. But before he had touched the ground, Joe Terranova shouted, "WOP?"

Homer tackled Mr. Byfield as if they were on a football field, at the same time saying, "You can't call a friend of mine names."

By the time Homer and Byfield were on the ground again, Joe Terranova was on his feet. In a fury he leaped on Byfield. The principal of the school, Mr. Ek, came running, breathless and bewildered.

"Gentlemen!" he said. "Boys, boys!" He dragged Joe Terranova off the athletic coach.

"Mr. Byfield," the principal of the school said, "what is the meaning of this unusual behavior?"

Speechless, Byfield pointed to Miss Hicks.

Miss Hicks stood above the man. "I've told you many times, Mr. Byfield, not to push people around," she said. "They don't like it." She turned to the principal of the school. "Mr. Byfield," she said, "owes Joe Terranova an apology."

"Is that so? Is that so, Mr. Byfield?" Mr. Ek said.

"Joe's people are from Italy," Miss Hicks said. "They are not, however, to be referred to as wops."

Joe Terranova said, "He doesn't need to apologize to me. If he calls me names, I'll bust him in the mouth. If he beats me up, I'll get my brothers."

"Joseph!" Miss Hicks said. "You must allow Mr. Byfield to apologize. He is not apologizing to you or to your people. He is apologizing to our own country. You must give him the privilege of once again trying to be an American."

The athletic coach of Ithaca High School got to his feet. To no one in particular he said, "I apologize," and hurried away.

Joe Terranova and Homer Macauley went off together. Joe walked well, but Homer limped. He had hurt his left leg when Byfield had tried to stop him.

Miss Hicks and Mr. Ek turned to the thirty or forty boys and girls gathered around. They were of many types and many nationalities.

"All right, now," Miss Hicks said. "Go along home to your families," and, as the children were all a little bewildered, she added, "Brighten up, brighten up—don't be so upset. This is nothing."

"Yes," the principal of the school said, "brighten up."

The children broke up into groups and walked away.

Three Soldiers

AS the people of Ithaca sat down to dinner, a heavy rain was falling over the town. Bess Macauley and Mary Arena, in raincoats and galoshes, walked to the telegraph office, bearing Homer's lunch box. As they passed the Owl Drug Store, a young man standing in the doorway gave them the old wolf eye.

"Hi-ya, pretty!" he said to Bess. "What's with?"

Bess ignored the young man and moved closer to Mary as they went up the street. Now, coming toward them were three young soldiers. They were sporting around in the street at a game improvised out of their happiness at being free for the night. They pushed and chased one another, roaring with uncontrollable laughter, calling out the nicknames they had given one another—Fat, Texas, and Horse. When the three boys saw Mary and Bess they came to a worshipful halt. They bowed very low, one after another. The girls were pleased, but they weren't sure what they ought to do—what attitude they ought to take.

"They're just soldiers, Bess," Mary whispered—"away from home."

"Let's stop," Bess said.

The two girls stopped to face the three soldiers.

The one called Fat stepped forward as the official representative of the group—the soldiers' ambassador to American girls.

"My ladies," he said, "we of the great Democratic Army, your humble servants, the soldiers—here today and, we hope, here tomorrow—thank you for your beautiful faces, in times of dryness no less than in times of rain. May I present my comrades and your devoted admirers. This is Texas—he's from New Jersey. This is Horse—he's from Texas. And I'm Fat—I'm from hunger. Now more than anything else I hunger for the companionship of beautiful American girls. How about it?"

"Well," Bess said, "we were going to the Kinema."

"To the Kinema!" Fat said dramatically. "May we—soldiers—accompany you to the Kinema? Tonight is tonight and tomorrow is tomorrow, but tomorrow we return to barracks, to the awful but necessary business of war, to the holy work of destroying the murderous microbe in man which seeks to crush man's free spirit. Tonight we are your brothers—far from our own firesides, and lonely. Yes, although happy and proud, we *are* lonely, for Ithaca is not our native land. I have waddled into this costume of the American soldier from the side streets of that ferocious city Chicago, of that sweet nation

Illinois. Restore me to that city and to that nation tonight in memory, and restore my good brothers each to his good place. Consider with generous hearts our humble petition, for we are of one family, the human, and except for war we might never meet. This moment is by the gentler centuries made." The soldier who was called Fat bowed, then stood upright. "What is your decision?" he said.

"Is he crazy?" Mary whispered.

"No," Bess said, "he's just lonely. Let's go to the movie with them."

"All right, Bess," Mary said; "but you *tell* him. I don't know what to say."

Bess turned to the soldier. "All right," she said.

"Thank you, ladies," the soldier called Fat said. "Thank you." He offered his arm to Bess. "Shall we go, then?" he said.

"First I've got to take my brother his lunch box," Bess said. "He works at the telegraph office. It won't take a minute."

"Telegraph?" the soldier called Fat said. "Then I shall send a telegram." He turned to the others. "How about you, Texas?"

"How much does it cost to send a telegram to New Jersey?" Texas said.

"Not nearly as much as it's worth," Fat said. He turned to the other soldier. "Horse?"

"Yeah," the soldier called Horse said. "I think I'd like to send a telegram to Ma and Joe and Kitty—that's my girl," he said to Bess.

"Every girl in the world is *my* girl," Fat said, "and as I cannot send telegrams to each of them, I shall send a telegram to only one. I shall send millions of telegrams in the one telegram."

Willie Grogan, the old telegraph operator, was alone in the office when the two young women and the three soldiers walked in.

"I'm Homer's sister Bess," Bess said. "I've brought his lunch." She put the box on the counter.

"How do you do, Miss Macauley," Grogan said. "Homer will be in soon. I'll see that he gets his lunch."

"And these boys want to send telegrams," Bess said.

"Very well, young men," Grogan said.

The soldier called Fat who had been busy writing his telegram now handed it to the old man. Grogan read the telegram as he counted it.

EMMA DANA
C/O THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

MY DARLING, I LOVE YOU, I MISS YOU, I THINK OF YOU ALWAYS. KEEP WRITING. THANKS FOR THE SWEATER. I AM LEARNING REAL POLITICAL ECONOMY NOW. WE WILL BE GOING INTO ACTION SOON. DON'T FORGET TO GO TO CHAPEL SUNDAY AND PRAY FOR US. I AM HAPPY. I LOVE YOU. NORMAN.

Next the soldier called Texas handed Grogan *his* telegram:

MRS. EDITH ANTHONY
1702½ WILMINGTON STREET
JERSEY CITY, NEW JERSEY

DEAR MA. HOW ARE YOU? I AM FINE. I GOT YOUR LETTER AND THE BOX OF DRIED FIGS. THANKS. DON'T WORRY ABOUT ANYTHING. SO LONG. LOVE. BERNARD.

Then the soldier called Horse handed the old telegraph operator *his* telegram:

MRS. HARVEY GUILFORD
211 SANDYFORD BOULEVARD
SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS

HELLO MA. JUST WANT TO SAY HELLO FROM ITHACA IN SUNNY CALIFORNIA. ONLY IT'S RAINING. HA HA. GIVE MY REGARDS TO EVERYBODY. TELL JOE HE CAN HAVE MY GUN AND SHELLS. DON'T FORGET TO WRITE. QUENTIN.

The soldiers and the girls left the office and Mr. Grogan went to his table to send the telegrams.

Be Happy! Be Happy!

ULYSSES MACAULEY was up very early. It was Saturday morning in Ithaca, the schoolboys' happiest day. Out of a house not far away came a boy of eight or nine. Ulysses waved to him and the boy waved back. This boy was Lionel Cabot, the neighborhood half-wit, but all the same a great human being, faithful, generous, and sweet-tempered. After a moment Lionel looked over at Ulysses again, and, for want of something better to do, waved again. Ulysses waved back. This continued at frequent intervals until August Gottlieb came out of his house, next door to Ara's Market.

Auggie had been the leader of the neighborhood boys since Homer Macauley had retired from that position at the age of twelve. The new leader looked around for his followers. He rejected Lionel as too dumb and Ulysses as too little, but waved a greeting to each of them nevertheless. He then went out to the middle of the street and whistled, newsboy style. It was a loud whistle, very authoritative, very commanding, and absolutely final. Auggie waited with the confidence of a man who knows what he is doing and what results he is going to get. Immediately windows were opened and replies were whistled. Soon a number of boys came running to the corner. In less than three minutes the gang was together—Auggie Gottlieb, the leader, Nickie Paloota, Alf Rife, and Shag Manoogian.

"WHERE are we going, Auggie?" Nickie said.

"To see if Henderson's apricots are ripe."

"Can I come, Auggie?" Lionel said.

"O. K., Lionel," Auggie said. "If they're ripe, will you steal some?"

"It's a sin to steal," Lionel said.

"Not apricots," Auggie said, making an important distinction. "Ulysses," he said, "you go home. This is not for little boys. It's dangerous."

Ulysses moved away three steps, stopped, and watched. He wasn't hurt or offended by Auggie's orders. He understood the code. He was just not old enough yet, that's all. But while he respected the law, he couldn't resist wanting to be in the gang anyhow.

The boys started off for Henderson's. Instead of going by way of streets and sidewalks, they took alleys, crossed empty lots, and climbed over fences. They wanted to get there the hard way, the adventurous way. Not far behind, at a safe distance, Ulysses followed.

"Ripe apricots are just about the best tasting fruit in the world," Auggie said to the members of his gang.

"Do apricots get ripe in March?" Nickie Paloota said.

"It's almost April," Auggie said. "*Early* apricots get ripe in no time if the sun shines a lot."

"It's been raining lately, though," Alf Rife said.

"Where do you think apricots get their juice from?" Auggie said. "From water—from rain. Rain is just as important as sunshine to apricots."

"Sunshine in the daytime, rain at night," Shag Manoogian said. "Warm them up, give them water. I'll bet there's a lot of ripe apricots on the tree."

"Boy, I hope so," Alf Rife said.

"It's too early for apricots," Nickie Paloota said. "They weren't ripe last year until June."

"That was last year," Auggie said. "This is this year."

From a distance of about one hundred yards the boys stopped to admire the famous apricot tree—all green and pretty, very old and very big. It stood in the corner of Henderson's back yard. For ten years the boys of the neighborhood had raided old man Henderson's apricot tree. In the broken-down house every spring Mr. Henderson had watched their coming with fascination and delight—always satisfying the boys by appearing at the last minute and scaring them away. Now at a curtained window Mr. Henderson looked up from his book.

"Well, look at that!" he said to himself. "Coming to steal apricots in March, in the dead of winter. Look at them!" He peeked out at the boys again, whispering as if he were one of them. "Coming to get apricots off old man Henderson's tree," he said. "Here they come. Slowly, now. Ha-ha," he laughed, "look at them! And look at

(Continued on page 45)

A Plymouth takes you More Miles for your Gasoline Coupon

Remember?

"PLYMOUTH BUILDS GREAT CARS"

THE WAR has brought into sharp focus the things you need most in an automobile and fortunately for Plymouth owners, unusual economy, long life and ease of maintenance were always part of what was meant by "Plymouth Builds Great Cars."

Millions of those Plymouths were bought before America had a war production industry. Then, the thrill of buying a shiny new automobile was one of the symbols of living. People went on trips, dates, family picnics or just for a ride—lightly and freeheartedly.

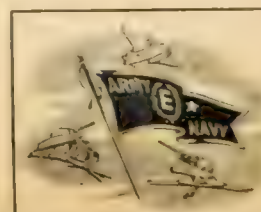
For years, "Plymouth Builds Great Cars" has meant a world of good things to the millions of people owning these great automobiles. Outstanding always, were fuel economy, tire economy, upkeep economy in Plymouth cars.

Also, Plymouth owners enjoy nationwide service and parts availability through able Plymouth dealers everywhere. As time goes on, more and more owners of other make cars, too, are going to Plymouth dealers for their wartime service.

"Plymouth Builds Great Cars" used to describe the day to day production in Plymouth plants that would total upwards of 600,000 cars a year. Now it is the background of quality in huge volume of war production: high precision work on tank, airplane and cannon assemblies; welding, grinding, machining armor plate; fabricating myriads of items from magnesium, aluminum, bronze and cannon steels; putting together with the brilliant technique of seasoned "Know How."

Yet "Plymouth Builds Great Cars" stands for qualities of high usefulness to have and hold in an automobile—to know you will get in a brilliant new car . . . as our boys come home again.

PLYMOUTH DIVISION—CHRYSLER CORPORATION



Proudly the Plymouth plants fly the "E" flag awarded for "Excellence" in war production.

THE ROMANCE ATTACK

Liberty's SHORT, SHORT STORY

When a soldier lies wounded, loneliness often plays tricks with his heart—but sometimes in his nurse he finds an angel who ministers to both soul and body

BY ROGER GARIS

ILLUSTRATED BY RALPH CRAWLEY

TELLING her was going to be awfully tough. Even thinking about it gave him a sickish feeling in the pit of his stomach. He could imagine her eyes—brown, with little flecks of deeper color—when he said:

"Red, something has happened. You remember Lucy Carter? You and she were classmates at college. Lucy was out in North Africa—she's a nurse. She took care of me after I got it, and—well, Red, Lucy and I are in love with each other—"

Not that Red would cave, or anything like that. She'd go right on smiling, even more brightly, so you'd scarcely notice the change in her eyes. But there would be a change. A thing like this would cut pretty deep with Red. With her it was all the way—nothing held back. He knew that's how it had been when she said she would marry him.

Bill sighed and shifted his wounded leg to a more comfortable position on the extended Pullman seat. It was all so damned—so damned like a B movie! Boy goes away to war, vowing undying love for home-town girl. Shrapnel gets him in leg. Beautiful nurse, friend of home-town girl, takes care of him. Boy falls in love with nurse. Home-town girl . . .

What does happen to the home-town girl in those B movies? Does she get another fellow, like winning a consolation prize at a bridge party? Certainly there were plenty of fellows after Red. Ray Templeton, Martin Reed, Phil Murray, Jack Lewis—most of them were in the service, but that didn't mean they wouldn't be available at the end of the game when the team came off the field.

RED wouldn't lack for suitors. Perhaps that should make him feel less like a heel. It didn't, though. He still had that sickish sensation in his stomach, combined with a violent case of self-loathing that had been with him ever since he realized that he was not in love with Red any more and that he was in love with Lucy Carter.

He had tried to fight it. He'd told himself what a swell girl Red was, that he should be grateful to her for consenting to marry a mug like him. That didn't help, either. He knew then that he had to tell her. He owed her honesty. That was the least he could do. And now he was going to see her, and somehow, during the next day or so, he would have to say those words to her. . . .

She was at the station, as he knew she would be. And she was alone.

"Bill—Bill dear—I'm so glad to see you! I'm so glad—"

He didn't look too long at her eyes. He kissed her and said: "I'm mighty glad to see you too, Red."

"Loads of people wanted to come down to meet you, but I wouldn't let them. Bill, your leg—does it still pain? It was wonderful that they were able to get you here so quickly."

"Leg hardly hurts at all. They evacuated me by ambulance plane—smooth as silk. Well—" He hunched the crutch forward a bit. "How is everything in Litchton?"

For a single moment she gazed at him directly, and then looked away and laughed and said: "You know nothing changes in Litchton. Even the war hasn't done much to us, at least on the surface. But so many people are anxious to see you. You'll stay with us, of course, now that your house is closed. You stopped in Washington to see your father, didn't you? I hear he's doing great things there."

"He's working hard—looks great. He wanted me to—kiss you for him."

"I'll collect that one tonight," she said gayly. "The car's at the side of the station, where we used to park it when we took the five nineteen to town for a show. Remember?"

It was very pleasant to be with Red again. It was good to be sitting alongside her, driving down the familiar roads, seeing the familiar landmarks, watching Red's small quick-moving hands on the steering wheel.

Her parents did not ask one question about the war. Her mother brushed his cheek with her lips and said, "Welcome back, dear." Her father shook his hand and said, "You look fine, Bill. Rye or Scotch?"

Later they left him alone in his room to rest. He must have slept quite heavily, for when he awoke it was almost dark. Through the broad window across the room he saw the early moon. Without switching on the light, he groped for his crutch and hobbled to the window.

Before him lay his country. Many a night in camp, on troop trains, aboard the transport, in the new land to which they had come as liberators, Bill had thought of this countryside, of this scene. He carried it with him, a picture in his heart. Red, too—she was part of the picture. That was before it happened, of course—that was before Lucy. Lucy—where was she tonight? In some field hospital, probably near the front line, heedless of her own danger, speaking softly to the men on cots, soothing them.

Bill turned, switched on the light, hobbled to the hallway.

"Red!" he called. "Red, are you around?"

She came out of her room. "How are you, Bill? We thought we'd let you sleep awhile."

"I'm fine. Look, Red. Can you take the car out? Can we go for a ride?"

"Of course, if you like. Where to?"

"It doesn't matter. I've got to talk to you, Red—"

"I'll be ready in five minutes."

SHE looked very lovely in the moonlight. She wore no hat, and her hair was a dark cascade that accented her eyes and lips. She took his arm as they went toward the garage at the rear of the house, and just for an instant, as they entered, she laid her cheek against his shoulder.

She held the car door open for him, and then got in behind the wheel.

She turned left at the highway, and took the narrow road that led past Dingman's Mill. The mill hadn't been used in years, and when they were kids they used to think the building was haunted. It was near the mill, on a warm summer night after the movies, that Bill first kissed Red.

He did not speak until they came in sight of the mill. Then he said: "Will you stop here for a few minutes, please?"

She pulled over to the side, shut off the motor. "What are your intentions, lieutenant? Remember, I'm an engaged girl."

He tried to laugh. "Yes—you are, aren't you? Red—Red, I—"

"If you wish to recreate a certain scene that occurred here some four years ago, I must warn you that my part will call for some rehearsal. Are you prepared to provide same?"

"Red. Listen, Red. I want to—"

"As I recall, it went something like this: The boy's arms were around the girl— Bill! Evidently you're the one who needs the rehearsal. Here." She took his hand, drew one arm about her. "That's it.

He was not in love with Red any more; he was in love with Lucy.

Now the other. There. Now—let me think. What happened then?"

"Red, please listen to me."

"Oh, yes, I remember. The girl's head was closer to the boy's. This way? No, that isn't quite it. Was it this way? More like it, but still not exact. Wait—now I have it! It was—this way."

Her lips were on his, warm, moist. Her breath was soft on his cheek. For a brief second he remained rigid, then drew her fiercely to him, crushing her against him, his mouth hard against hers, hungrily, as though he had at last come to the end of famine.

"Red," he murmured—"Red darling—"

Then, like a man suddenly awakened, he thrust himself back. "I shouldn't have— Red, I— Good heavens, what kind of a guy am I? I brought you here to tell you that Lucy Carter and I— Lucy Carter—she was in North Africa—she and I—"

Red said softly, "I know, Bill."

"You don't understand! I fell in love with her—we're planning to get married."

"I know all about it, dear."

"You know about it? You can't know about it! Red, I'm a mug, a heel, anything you want to call me—"

"No, you're not, darling. You're a very fine person, and I love you, and you and I are going to be married."

"Red—listen! Lucy Carter—"

"Lucy sent me a letter."

Red switched on the car light, drew a paper from her handbag. "This came last week while you were still in North Africa but after they had decided to evacuate you, to send you home. The letter says: 'They're evacuating Bill by ambulance plane, and he should be home sometime within a week. I think you'll find him in fairly good shape, except for one thing. He thinks he is in love with me.

" 'Practically all soldiers fall a little bit in love with their nurses. I knew it was happening, and I let it happen—I wanted it to happen. Bill was really pretty bad for a while, and when he came out of it he headed full tilt for a fine dark cave of loneliness—loneliness for you. Something had to be done, and I did it. I played up to him like a million. I pulled out all the stops, and, if I do say it myself, I did a pretty good job.

" 'I don't think you'll find the re-transfer particularly difficult. The old romance attack, dearie—it wasn't in our college course, but I'm sure you studied it extracurricular . . .' "

She let the paper drop to her lap and looked at Bill. He seemed stunned. "She—it was an act—Lucy didn't—"

"She didn't, and she doesn't, but I did and I do. So, Bill—about that re-transfer. Is it happening? Or was Lucy wrong?"

He laughed then, although somewhat shakily.

"I guess it's happening, all right—I guess it has happened. When I kissed you I—"

"That," Red said, "was my impression." She smiled. "And now, lieutenant, if you'd care to resume that rehearsal—"

This time, for the record, it was no rehearsal.

THE END

This amazing germ killer, mightier even than the vaunted sulfa drugs, is saving lives by the hundreds in our armed forces

The gray expanse shows live staphylococcus colonies. Penicillin, excreted by the white mold in the center, has killed the culture in the black area around it.

PENICILLIN—MEDICINE'S

ON the night of November 28, 1942, fire swept a Boston night club, leaving in its wake a holocaust of death and destruction. Smoke, flames, and the boots of a panicking crowd brought the death toll to near 500. After sorting the injured from the dead and the dying, the doctors at the Boston City and Massachusetts General hospitals were faced with a deluge of casualties such as is seldom seen outside military hospitals. It was a grim and heartbreaking situation that called for extraordinary measures.

Action came fast. Long-distance wires hummed with the interchange of official O. K.s, and in Rahway, New Jersey, an unpretentious coupé headed silently into the night from the chemical research laboratories of Merck & Co., Inc. As the gates of the great factory clanged to behind it, a police escort swung into line and with sirens screaming the convoy headed northward. At state boundaries fresh relays of police took over.

Before dawn the procession had arrived at the gates of the Massachusetts General Hospital, the driver of the coupé worn and red-eyed from strain. Treating them as gingerly as if they were concentrated dynamite, he handed over to the waiting physicians an armload of innocent-looking packages. The doctors gazed curiously as, with a touch almost of reverence, they extracted the glass ampules from the boxes.

So this was penicillin—an uninteresting-looking brown powder that sluiced around in its glass container like sand in an egg-timer. This was the miracle drug that many believed would make the sulfa drugs appear as outmoded as the horse and buggy. Now it was to be put to the test on the burned patients in the wards. Deliberately the doctors chose the most severely injured. Over burned surfaces and into veins they poured the solution which they made from the brown powder.

The results they obtained were closely guarded secrets, for Washington wanted to keep penicillin as hush-hush as the plans for a second front. But medical bigwigs, the men charged with the responsibility of advising the Army's Surgeon General, slipped into Boston quietly and, after reviewing the cases, stepped into their Pullmans nodding encouragingly to one another. Donald Robertson, brilliant bearded expert from the Merck Company, surveyed the patients with critical eyes and fingered his Vandyke approvingly. Penicillin, the most breath-taking medical discovery of the twentieth century, had arrived.

That was eight months ago. Since then, penicillin has pitted its mettle against the most hideous and virulent forms of bacterial disease that medical specialists could find. In peacetime the results would have been blazoned across the pages of the medical journals, but for reasons connected with the war the news has been circulated only among a small group of the nation's top-notch specialists. Now the secret has become too big to be any longer a secret, and Washington has broken its silence and announced publicly that the drug is being used in Army and Navy hospitals.

Behind penicillin lies a story of "blood, sweat, and tears" that ranges from a London hospital to the Mayo Clinic, from the halls of Oxford University to the conference rooms of Washington's office of Scientific Research and Development.

It was in 1929, while Hitler was still biting his nails over the problem of gaining power, that Professor Alexander Fleming, as he pottered about his laboratory in a London hospital, first stumbled across the stuff. In the course of some routine studies he had left lying exposed on the laboratory bench a number of culture plates, shallow glass dishes smeared thinly with the jellylike food on which bacteria thrive. Germs from the atmosphere had settled on the plates and reproduced themselves prolifically until now the jelly was freckled with bacterial colonies.

As the professor scanned these plates, his eye was attracted to one particular point where a fluffy kind of fungus, not unlike the mold which forms on stale bread, dominated the other clumps of bacteria. What stirred his curiosity was the strange fact that the bacterial colonies, jostling one another as they were for room, maintained a respectful distance between themselves and this fungus. It is common knowledge among scientists that a great many forms of microscopic life turn out poisons. It seemed to Fleming, as he held the culture plate up to the light, a fairly

ILLUSTRATED BY
FREDERICK CHAPMAN

Penicillin has become doubly precious since war began. Its availability in the field may mean the difference between life and death to men with infected wounds.

NEWEST MIRACLE

BY ANTONY WYMARK

safe bet that this mold was maintaining its aloofness by means of a moat of liquid poison.

A surgeon as well as a bacteriologist, Fleming was a germ hater, and if this fungus could teach him how to poison his lifelong enemies he was willing to learn.

The first thing he had to do was to coax his precious fungus to continue living. After experimenting with a variety of foods, he discovered that the mold thrived when planted in common meat broth and poured out bacterial poison as fast as Kaiser turns out freighters.

From there Fleming went ahead rapidly. Pausing just long enough to christen his poison penicillin, he set to work to show which bacteria it kills and which it cannot touch. He devised methods of measuring its power and even tried it on a few ulcer cases in human beings, but the thing which would have been his crowning achievement he failed to do. Penicillin was stuck fast in the broth into which the mold spewed it, and try as he would he could not extract it. Pouring the poison-containing broth itself into his patients' veins was fraught with danger. Penicillin was as useless as a panzer division engulfed in a quagmire.

For more than a decade neither Fleming nor any one else took pains to retrieve the poison from the broth. Then a quiet spoken group of scientists, headed by Oxford University's brilliant Australian-trained professor of pathology Howard Florey—and backed by a grant from the Rockefeller Foundation—accomplished as a team what Fleming had failed to do alone. Penicillin, the wonder drug, a dirty brown powder, was snared by a simple extraction process that Fleming had overlooked.

It took no more than a few preliminary experiments to provide some hint of what the new drug could do to disease germs. Taken straight, it was just stark sudden death to them. Greatly diluted, it completely paralyzed their growth. Animals that had been inoculated with many times the ordinarily fatal dose of virulent disease germs recovered when they received injections of the drug. The controls, those animals which had received the germs but not the drug, rolled over on their backs and died before they knew what had hit them.

Clearly, here was a drug that was crying to high heaven for testing in human disease. There was just one fly in the ointment. The supply depended on a common fungus which refused to be hurried. To obtain the material in anything like reasonable quantities, the scientists needed to grow the mold on a far more extensive scale than their facilities would permit. Just as the outlook seemed blackest, inspiration struck them. Penicillin, they knew, is excreted in the urine. If they could only collect the urine from their patients, the drug could be recovered and after purification administered over and over again. Not all of it could be regained in this way, to be sure, but perhaps enough to see them through.

THEIR problem, at least for a preliminary trial, seemed to be solved. The first patient was a middle-aged policeman who had contracted blood poisoning from a neglected sore at the corner of his mouth. His body was covered with abscesses. A solution of penicillin was injected into his veins every three hours. The effect was electrifying. Within a day the patient looked and felt better, and, most astonishing of all, the abscesses were drying up. After five days the temperature became normal and the patient seemed on the road to recovery.

Then came tragedy. The supply of penicillin petered out. For ten days longer the patient held his own before the infection with regathered strength commenced its final assault on his weakened body. The blow was heartbreaking, but with stony determination the research workers set out to build up their miserably small stock of drug. Over months, by dint of miserly hoarding, they were able to treat several more patients, all of them near death, their infections unresponsive to the sulfa drugs. Among them was a boy with a virulent blood poisoning arising from an abscess of the thigh bone complicated by inflammation of the kidneys. By dripping penicillin into his veins continuously, not only was his life saved but he was given back the use of the limb which no one had even dared hope might be useful again.

In other cases improvement was even more startling, but shortage of the drug hung always like a specter over every patient. Each case was a race against time, a race against the moment when the tiny allotment of penicillin would be exhausted. Even with pitifully inadequate doses the patients rallied, came tantalizingly close to recovery, and then, as supplies failed, slid slowly back, their

(Continued on page 67)

Our new maps have shadows on them, cast by wings

LOOK at this map. Our children's new geography books call it a North Polar projection of the world. Or, more simply, an air map of the world.

It doesn't matter much what we call it. The important thing is that maps like this show us the world as it really is – a world without fences or protective barriers, a world in which nations once-remote are now clustered together in one global community.

On these maps are shadows cast by long-range American planes. Warplanes today. Tomorrow, planes of peace and commerce, linking all the nations of the world together by "great circle" skyways.

Such maps as this emphasize the fact that the broad Atlantic – formerly a 6-day ocean voyage – has become a millpond. "Breakfast in New York, dinner in London" is no longer the fantastic idea it used to be – not to the Ferry Command pilots who are shuttling back and forth between the U.S. and Britain several times a week. One such pilot actually flew a Liberator across the "pond" in 372 minutes!

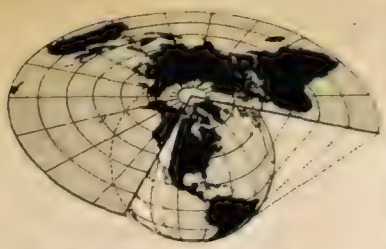
Another pilot's flight-log reveals the fact that he recently spanned the South Atlantic 18 times in 20 days, 13 of the trips being on consecutive days!

No matter whether it fits in with our idea of geography or not, this startling truth cannot be brushed aside: *Today, because of the plane, no spot on earth is more than 60 hours' flying time from your local airport.*

Well worth pondering, too, is Wendell Willkie's remark, after his 31,000-mile globe-girdling flight in a Liberator: ". . . the net impression of my trip was not one of distance from other peoples, but of closeness to them."

As a nation, we are finding out that

CONSOLIDATED VULTEE AIRCRAFT



The North Polar *projection is just one of the many methods of skinning" the globe – "projecting" its land areas onto a flat-surfaced map in such a way that airline distances from its center can be shown as straight, measurable lines.*

to win a global war – and a global peace – we must accept this new concept of the world.

Our new maps, if they are honest maps, will clearly tell us we can no longer cling to the old-fashioned "two-hemisphere" idea of geography. For now we know that was the kind of thinking which lulled us into a sense of security before Pearl Harbor.

We can no longer escape the fact that, in addition to being a potent factor in winning this global war, the new mastery of the air is welding the land masses and peoples of the world into a small, *single* sphere.

Our forces *in Australia sent a radiogram for special military equipment. They needed several tons of it* – needed it urgently! *To ship this material from the U. S. by freighter would have taken almost a month. Loaded into a Liberator Express transport plane, the equipment arrived some 60 hours later!*

CONSOLIDATED VULTEE AIRCRAFT CORPORATION

San Diego, Calif. • Vultee Field, Calif.
Fort Worth, Texas • New Orleans, La.
Nashville, Tenn. • Wayne, Mich. • Allentown, Pa.
Tucson, Ariz. • Elizabeth City, N. C.
Louisville, Ky. • Miami, Fla.

Member, Aircraft War Production Council

QUICK FACTS FOR AIR-MINDED READERS

The long-range, 4-engine Liberator bomber, and its teammate, the Liberator Express were designed and perfected by Consolidated Vultee. They were the first multi-ton bombers and transports to be built by volume-production methods on a moving assembly line.

Among the smaller planes *built by Consolidated Vultee is the incredible Sentinel, popularly known as the "Flying Jeep." Designed to be the "eyes upstairs" of the Army ground forces, this highly maneuverable liaison plane can climb almost vertically after a short take-off, can operate from cow pastures and highways, and hover at very low speeds.*

. . .

Ford, Douglas, and North American are also building the Consolidated Vultee Liberator bomber, to hasten the day of Victory. The famed Consolidated Vultee Catalina Navy patrol bomber is likewise being built by the Naval Aircraft factory at Philadelphia, and in Canada by Canadian Vickers, Ltd., and Boeing.

. . .

In addition, some 10,000 suppliers and sub-contractors in cities all over the country have teamed up with Consolidated Vultee, building vital parts and sub-assemblies for the Liberator.

. . .

"V.L.R." – The bombers used in the V.L.R. (very long range) *operations, mentioned by Prime Minister Churchill in his recent address to Commons, are Consolidated Vultee 4-engine Liberators. Fully loaded with anti-submarine depth charges, the V.L.R. Liberators have a range of at least 2000 miles. One recent Liberator attack occurred 1100 miles out. Operating both from U.S. and British bases, it is not unusual for the Liberators to stay out on patrol for 18 hours at a time.*

NO SPOT ON EARTH IS MORE THAN 60 HOURS' FLYING TIME FROM YOUR LOCAL AIRPORT

Mighty Liberator *bombers and Liberator Express transport planes move down the assembly line at one of the Consolidated Vultee plants.*

LIBERATOR (4-engine bomber) — CORONADO (patrol bomber) — CATALINA (patrol bomber) — P4Y (anti-submarine plane) — LIBERATOR EXPRESS (transport) — VALIANT (basic trainer) — VENGEANCE (dive bomber) — SENTINEL ("Flying Jeep") — RELIANT (navigational trainer)

THE POLITICAL EFFECTS OF THE WAR

Continued from Page 15

Democratic leaders can, of course, take cheer from the fact that the turnout in 1942 might not be typical of what is to happen in 1944. A mid-term election nearly always produces a smaller turnout than a Presidential race. But it is noteworthy that the vote cast in 1942 (28,000,000) was the lightest in any election since the last war, and in terms of population one of the lightest in all history. There would have to be a prodigious increase to bring the total in 1944 back to the 50,000,000 votes cast in 1940.

It does not seem likely, however, that there will be any more major shifts of population in the next year or two to compare with those that have taken place in the last three. For that reason it would be logical to assume that the turnout of workers at the polls in 1944 will more nearly approximate normal than was the case last November. Institute studies show that the longer a person lives in a new community the more likely he is to vote.

A FULL turnout of war-industry workers will be an incalculable asset to the Democratic Party because from all present indications the workers are just as Democratic now as they were in 1940. One reason why President Roosevelt defeated Willkie was that workers who are now employed in war industries voted Democratic by a 64-per-cent majority in that year. Had they turned out in full numbers in 1942 the Democrats would probably have lost few seats in the House. As for 1944, the present party preference among these workers is 69 per cent Democratic, according to the latest survey. In short, the New Deal, after twelve years in power, has to date retained most of its potent appeal to the working class—a fact which may explain the cautious attitude of the administration toward anti-union legislation.

It remains to be seen, of course, whether anti-Roosevelt union leaders like John L. Lewis can influence their union followers into bolting the New Deal in 1944. According to present speculation, Lewis is out in dead earnest to beat Roosevelt next year by every means at his command. There is no question that Lewis wields great influence over labor where strictly union matters are concerned. But there is a grave question whether he wields the same influence over labor *politically*.

It will be remembered that in the closing days of the 1940 Presidential campaign, Lewis, to dramatize his opposition to Roosevelt, offered to resign as head of the C. I. O. if the President were re-elected. This move, if it was calculated to influence the rank and file of C. I. O. members into voting against the New Deal, brought notoriously poor results. In a check-up after the election, the Institute found through a survey that C. I. O. members actually gave Roosevelt a higher proportion of their votes than did members of the A. F. of L., whose leaders had been pro-Roosevelt all along! It is a favorite delusion in American politics that one man can "deliver" a nation-wide bloc of votes to any party he chooses. American voters seldom behave in such sheeplike fashion.

Another reason why a full labor turnout next year is so important to the Democrats is that their prospects are far less favorable than usual along the farm front. Farm defection from the New Deal, which began as early as the election of 1936, was accelerated in 1940 and 1942. An examination of the farm vote shows that whereas farmers were Democratic in 1936 by 59 per cent and in 1940 by 54 per cent, those who cast ballots in the 1942 Congressional races voted only 42 per cent Democratic.

Roosevelt was, of course, not on the ticket in 1942, and for that reason the farm vote last November probably does not adequately foreshadow what will happen next year if Roosevelt runs. Nevertheless, it seems likely that Republicans can count on greater farm support next year than ever before. That fact only emphasizes again the importance to the Democrats of getting out the labor vote—in order to offset losses in the farm areas.

What is the country's attitude toward a Roosevelt fourth term? With the nominating conventions still just about a year away, the public has pretty well made up its mind that Mr. Roosevelt will be a candidate. Six out of every ten voters with opinions on the subject, polls find, think he will run, and an even larger proportion are convinced that he will run if the war is still on.

Although much will depend on how strong a candidate the Republicans pick, the war seems to be the biggest factor in the President's chances for re-election. The Institute recently completed a survey in which it asked people (1) whether they would vote for Roosevelt for a fourth term if the war is over, and (2) how they would vote if the war is still going on. The results indicate that sentiment for a fourth term would run twelve percentage points higher if the war is still in progress. That margin could make the difference between victory and defeat. The results were: (1) if the war is over—39 per cent for Roosevelt, 50 per cent against, 11 per cent undecided; (2) if the war is still going on—51 per cent for Roosevelt, 37 per cent against, 12 per cent undecided.

THERE is no doubt that the fourth-term issue will cost Mr. Roosevelt some votes if he runs, just as the third-term issue did in 1940. But in 1940 the third term was not the deciding factor. The most important factor was the war situation, which the public thought Mr. Roosevelt could handle better than Wendell Willkie. By the same token it is likely that the war, rather than the fourth-term question, will be the determining factor in 1944.

But at this distance from the election there is every indication that the 1944 race will be close.

If we look at the situation purely on the basis of the last election, the indicated division of electoral votes at that time is extremely close. It

"Well, it looks as if the children took your lecture about jitter-bugging to heart."

can be figured by using the 1942 Congressional election returns for each state and making allowance for the relation between the vote for Congress and the vote for President that existed in 1940.

This shows an electoral vote line-up having all the elements of a horse race, as follows: Republicans, 290 electoral votes; Democratic, 241. It takes 266 to elect.

However, the President was not on the ticket last November.

If we look at the situation in terms of "trial heats" between specific candidates, there is also evidence of a close race. In one of these trial heats the Institute recently matched a Democratic ticket of Roosevelt and Wallace against a Republican ticket of Thomas E. Dewey for President and General Douglas MacArthur for Vice-President, and asked people throughout the country how they would vote.

The result came out 54 per cent for Roosevelt-Wallace, 46 per cent for Dewey-MacArthur.

It should be remembered that, because of the surplus Democratic majorities in the South, a Democratic candidate for President needs to poll a minimum of around 52 per cent of the popular vote in order to win in the electoral college. In 1888 Grover Cleveland, a Democrat, polled 50.4 per cent of the popular vote—a majority—yet he lost in the electoral vote.

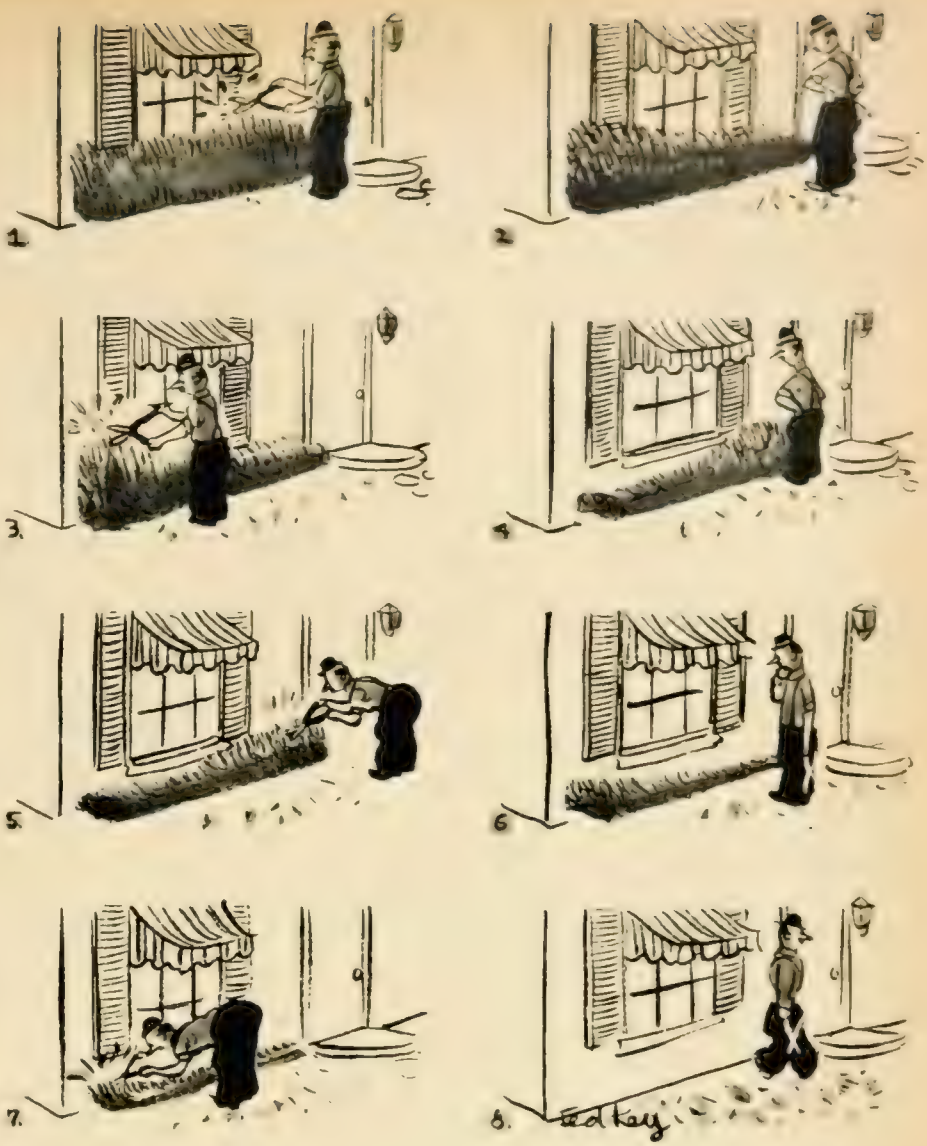
THERE seems little doubt that President Roosevelt is the outstanding choice for the nomination among Democratic voters. In May a survey found him polling nearly four times more than the combined vote for six other possible Democratic candidates. The President was the choice of 79 per cent of Democrats in this survey, with Henry Wallace next with 8 per cent, and James A. Farley next with 5 per cent.

In the ranks of Republican voters, on the other hand, no such one-sided attitude prevails concerning possible G. O. P. nominees for the Presidency.

Governor Dewey of New York, Wendell L. Willkie, General MacArthur, and Governor Bricker of Ohio are the most popular choices of the rank and file, but none of these four commands a majority at this time.

When Republican voters in a survey were handed a list of seven men who have been mentioned most frequently in political circles as possible G. O. P. Presidential material, and asked to state their choice, the results were as follows:

	Per Cent
Dewey	38
Willkie	28
MacArthur	17
Bricker	8
Stassen	7
Saltonstall	1
Warren	1



As every one knows, Presidential nominees are picked by convention delegates and not by the rank and file of the parties. Sometimes the delegates follow the sentiment of the rank and file and sometimes they do not.

In conservative Republican circles there is much talk of Governor Bricker as the next G. O. P. candidate. From the above table it can be seen that he is not well known throughout the rank and file of the party at the present time, although other surveys have found that voters who know him look upon him favorably.

Is it an advantage or a disadvantage to a candidate to hold a popular lead this far away from convention time?

That question is being widely discussed in Republican circles. The political history of the past twenty-five years tends to substantiate the argument that it is an advantage, rather than a disadvantage, to hold an early popular lead. In the majority of cases the conventions have picked men who had outstanding popular support for many months before convention time. In the last three elections Mr. Willkie was the only exception.

No matter whom the Republicans pick next year, one of the big problems of the party is going to be its labor platform. An outstanding opportunity lies open to capitalize on the rising public resentment of labor-union practices—a resentment constantly fanned by wartime strikes. At the same time the G. O. P. is naturally fearful of alienating possible labor support at the polls through adopting too strong a platfrom for union control.

IS there a way out of the dilemma? From a recent Institute survey comes a possible clue. This study found that there is overwhelming sentiment both on the part of the general public *and on the part of labor-union members* for legislation to require unions to report the money they take in and spend. Union members want to know what becomes of their dues money just as much as the public does. A platform plank advocating such legislation, while it would appeal to the public as a step toward union regulation, might at the same time find considerable support from the rank and file of labor. It is a way out of the Republican dilemma.

THE END

STALK THE HUNTER

The last pieces of the puzzle fall neatly into place as Paul walks into a trap and Kit and Dan are at last free from his threats

BY MITCHELL WILSON

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK BENSING

PART EIGHT—CONCLUSION

KIT felt no impact. It looked as though Manolo had decided to jump into the air as high as he could, and then fell in an awkward heap several feet away. Dan brought the car to a halt and sprang out before Kit could even move.

"Switch that headlight off!" he called.

She obeyed him and got out.

"Is he alive?" she asked.

"He's only stunned." Dan sounded more than dispassionate—he was disappointed. He whipped off the Spaniard's tie and belt and bound his hands and feet, then dragged him back to the sedan and dumped him into the rear seat. Dan slammed the door shut and turned to Kit.

"Give me your lipstick," he said.

"My lipstick?" she repeated stupidly.

"Yes—and hurry! It must be in your bag." He left her without any explanation, and disappeared around the back of the car.

"But, Dan!"

His face reappeared. He was bending down to unscrew the cap of the fuel tank. "I'm going to drop it into the gasoline," he explained impatiently. "It'll dissolve and leave the gasoline useless. If they want to use the car, they'll have to drain the tank—that is, when they get around to discovering the trouble."

"Then what'll we use?"

"We're going to take the other cars. There's lots to be done yet."

"Now, look, Dan; I told you before—"

He hadn't time to discuss it. "Get the lipstick!"

KIT walked forward to the Packard. Her bag was on the seat just where she had left it. On opening it, she found everything there except her gun. Dan took the lipstick, threw away the cap, and then screwed up the entire stick until as much as possible was exposed. He dropped it into the tank and replaced the tank cover.

"Let's go," he said.

"But we don't have a gun," she said. "We can't afford to take any chances when we're unarmed. My gun is gone."

He opened the door of the small sedan again. His head and shoulders disappeared inside as he went through Manolo's pockets. In another minute he emerged back, breathing heavily from the exertion of moving the man about in the confined space.

"He had it. Here, take it." She noticed that he slipped another one in his pocket. "It's Manolo's," he explained. "It's a Colt .45. I'm more familiar with it than I am with your pocket antitank gun."

Dan took her arm and led her toward the two big cars.

"I'm going to drive the Packard. You follow me in the Cadillac."

"But, Dan, why? The police know we've taken the small sedan. We have every chance to get to them first."

"But we spoke about that already!"

"Yes!" It suddenly dawned on her that the argument had ceased before not because she had convinced him but because he had grown tired of it. "Dan, I insist that we go to the police at once." She placed her hand on his arm. "Dan, dearest, they'll kill you—and for nothing!"

He patted her hand and walked on. "I'll do exactly as you want, but I've got to get to New York first. I must speak to the colonel. If I can't convince him that I'm telling the truth, then it's just too bad!"

"Call him on the telephone."

"I tried that. Besides, the situation is too complicated now for phoning." He paused and kissed her lightly. "Be a good girl and come along."

He opened the driver's door for her, but she was staring through one of the rear windows.

"Dan, look! They've got shovels!"

"Yes." His voice was low and toneless. "They planned to double as gravediggers—*our* gravediggers!"

His hand was icy when she covered it with her own.

"Dan," she said swiftly, "nothing foolish, now. You promised!"

"I promised," he agreed, and walked away.

HE started the roadster without turning on the lights, then pulled slowly out to the empty highway. His car went into second, and he held it there until he was doing forty-five; then he shot into high and snapped on his lights.

Kit followed. Riding alone in this big car, so full of memories of the man she hated and feared, frightened her in a cold, disembodied way. She could still see the blades of the shovels, and the universal fear of entombment settled over her like a shroud simply because there were shreds of dirt clinging to the blades. In every shadow she passed on the road there were white smiling faces waiting to jump on the running board to reach in and throttle her. People crouched just behind her biding their time to take her unaware.

She opened the windows to let in the sharp night air in an effort to exorcise the wraiths. It didn't help; it made her feel more accessible to danger.

THE road was unfamiliar in the night, and it seemed to Kit that Dan might have gone off the highway some place. There was no way she could tell, because she was not driving by the road or by any of the usual signs and warnings the night driver finds himself using. She simply kept her eyes on Dan's taillight, and did what he did a few seconds later. It was almost as though she were riding on a train, without any control at all over the direction in which she traveled, or the speed.

Glancing at the speedometer, she saw that Dan was maintaining an average well over eighty miles an hour. The night was now very dark and the road absolutely deserted. Occasionally there would come a hurried *whoosh* as she passed under an arch of trees, or a short staccato clatter as a small bridge appeared and then dissolved under her wheels. A long stretch of sand flats extended away from her on either side, with pin-point lights flickering in the distance just above the horizon.

Where she was going she had no idea, but Dan definitely did. He slowed down only for crossroads or when coming into a new highway. Her sense of direction was lost. For all she knew, they might have been going around in a huge circle.

Now they were on a large concrete highway, and reassurance came back to her. The road to New York was along a highway such as this. The back roads Dan had been traveling before must have been a short cut of some kind. But there was no indication of whether she was going west or north—all concrete four-lane highways look alike. But after several minutes of the highway Dan turned off again, onto a two-lane macadam road that passed a comparatively well popu-

"I'm not trying to pull anything, Shay. I saw you and Kit drag the body from the woods and hide it in the grave."

lated section. There were lights in houses, and once in a while a dog barked. Then they turned into another highway. For all Kit could tell, it might well have been the one they had just left.

She kept searching ahead of her for the glow that hung over New York, but it seemed to be somewhere over on her left. That would mean she was going north instead of west.

Ahead of her, Dan signaled once again and turned off the highway. They sped along another macadam road, around a bend, and then Dan slowed down to thirty miles an hour. She thought that perhaps he had lost his way, and tried to draw up beside him; but there was no room —Dan was in the middle of the road. Suddenly he switched off his lights, and Kit followed suit without knowing the reason. The moon was up now, and they could see just well enough to make fifteen miles an hour. In the pale shadowy light there was something vaguely familiar about the landscape, and as she searched her mind for clues, Dan turned off. She peered after him, and saw that he wasn't following any road at all, but had gone into a clearing surrounded by young trees. The damp wind whistled through the branches, and Kit felt as though the hair along her neck were rising when she realized where she was. They were at Paul's place, and Dan had put the roadster in almost the same place she had hidden her own car two nights before.

Dan had lied to her. He had said he was going straight to New York, and instead he had done the very thing she wanted to avoid. He was sticking his head into the lion's jaws without the faintest possibility of gaining by it. She was sodden with despair as she pulled off the road

(Continued on page 64)

gan. The "peppy collegians" took the campus by storm, and the jubilant Pennsylvanians went on to Detroit, where an old friend from Tyrone got them a date at the Madison Theater.

Detroit was the starting point for triumphant tours from coast to coast. For years the Pennsylvanians were constantly on the go, playing and rehearsing twelve hours a day, seven days a week—but all the time laying a perfect foundation for network radio.

The transition from theater to radio work was no overnight switch for the Pennsylvanians, however. From 1930 to 1932 they made something like thirty auditions.

"I GOT sick of it," says Fred. "Finally I got an idea—to send out invitations to radio people and prospective sponsors and put on our own kind of radio show. We fixed it up through John Royal at NBC to broadcast from Cleveland, where we were playing at the time. We were going to have Ken Murray as a comedian.

"It happened around Christmas time, and there was a lot of snow and slush on the streets. We got to the studio for a final rehearsal, and found that Ken Murray couldn't come. That threw the show out of joint. We rushed around and finally dug up another comedian who skidded into the studio just in time to brush the snow off his collar and go on the air. When it was over, the phone calls and wires started to come in. 'Swell, Fred,' they said. 'You're in.' I said, 'How about the comedian?' 'Oh, him?' they said. 'He's out. He's not funny.' I protested, but they wouldn't have him. His name? Bob Hope.

"After that broadcast I thought we were all set. But it took three more auditions before we landed a sponsor. We broadcast from Carnegie Hall, and packed 'em in. We introduced another comedian, and I thought he was swell too; but the production men couldn't see him at all. His name was Jack Benny.

"We did that show for a year at $3,250 a week. Option time came and they passed it. I said, 'They're trying to be cute.' Well, a week went by, and they called us in, Johnny O'Connor and me, and offered us fifty dollars more a week. Fifty dollars more a week. And I had just hired two more people for the show. We walked out. A little later they offered us $200 more a week. We walked out again. Johnny and I decided to give the agency until 1 P. M. on Friday of that week. At quarter to one another agency called us and made an offer of $10,000 for Ford—without an audition."

People who have grown up with the Pennsylvanians often ask, "What happened to Tom Waring?" To put it in Fred's businesslike terms, his brother had a series of operations after which he "severed his connections with the organization"—a move that changed the official title of the outfit to *Fred* Waring's Pennsylvanians.

The brothers are not much alike. Tom is an easygoing aesthete. He has made a solo concert tour and has held a one-man exhibit of his paintings in New York since leaving the Pennsylvanians. In a flash of inspiration he can turn out a smash song like So Beats My Heart for You. Fred is a business man. The same shrewd business sense that put him on top in music helped him market a food blender and laundry iron.

In 1937 Fred bought up the patents to a mixing machine from its inventor, and made arrangements with a factory in Toledo to manufacture it. Up until the time war priorities scuttled them, Fred had sold just over 200,000 Waring Blendors at $29.75 apiece. The Aluron steam iron, like the Blendor, was also somebody else's idea, but it stood still with steam up until Fred got it moving at a good profit. Though it too was knocked flat by the war, in only eight months of prewar business it registered nearly 100,000 sales.

Still faithful to all the people who bought his Blendor, Fred has had a recipe booklet printed for it, crowded with vitamin-full health cocktails like this Spinach and Pineapple Delight:

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

"Strike Anywhere" matches are being produced by the Quartermaster Corps for distribution to American soldiers in humid war areas.

Ordinary matches, coated with a special moisture-proof solution, will strike even after being in water several hours.

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

1 cup pineapple juice
1 cup tightly packed spinach
Dash of salt
Dump the above into a Waring Blendor and turn on the switch.

The layman who pictures all band leaders as high-flying fellows, with a glass of gin always in one hand and a reefer in the other, is in for a big disappointment in Fred Waring. Fred is a health fiend, rarely drinks, and praises the virtues of moderation to the Pennsylvanians.

In fact, some of the boys can remember the first time they saw Fred take a drink. It was a stifling summer evening, and a soggy little group of guests sitting around at the Warings' were startled to hear Fred say, "How about a daiquiri?" They found it hard to believe their ears. Fred got out the Blendor, crushed up some ice, squeezed some limes, spooned out some sugar, tipped in some rum, and turned out a drink that would have done credit to a professional bartender. Fred tasted the drink with relish but never finished it. He's never finished one since.

He plays golf in the seventies, his ping-pong is demoralizing, and he's an excellent amateur carpenter. Fred preaches the dividends of clean living and hobbies to all the Pennsylvanians from time to time—and with some success. A lot of the boys have become amateur photographers, carpenters, butterfly catchers—and one Pennsylvanian has become so enthusiastic about ping-pong that he trots around the Central Park reservoir to keep in fighting trim.

Before gas rationing Fred used to shepherd the Pennsylvanians down to beautiful Shawnee-on-Delaware to a thirty-room lodge near his own spacious home, where the boys and their families could get week-ends of fresh air and sunshine far from the Great White Way. Expenses of the lodge were shared by the Pennsylvanians, each man paying according to the size of his family, the length of their visit.

The one-big-happy-family spirit of the Pennsylvanians has been carefully fostered by Fred. His generosity, which is well known along Broadway, constantly wars with his temper, so that a good many Pennsylvanians who have been angrily given two weeks' notice have been forgiven and gone on drawing their pay—which probably averages somewhere around $150. For Christmas one year Fred filled the ping-pong room with all kinds of gifts—wardrobe trunks, typewriters, suits of expensive evening clothes. The Pennsylvanians could take their pick. And, during their days on the air for Ford, Fred declared dividends in the form of large annuities for the Pennsylvanians.

THE servicemen's parties given by the Pennsylvanians every Tuesday night these days are probably the best example of the close group feeling of the organization.

These unique parties were started even before Pearl Harbor. All the Pennsylvanians chip in to pay expenses, and their wives, mothers, and girls prepare the food and act as hostesses. After the Tuesday-night broadcast the Pennsylvanians dash back to 1697 Broadway and start serving up a supper for the servicemen. After supper they put on an entertainment for an hour before they leave for their rebroadcast at 11 P. M.

Being a Pennsylvanian is almost a twenty-four-hour-a-day job—as it certainly is with Fred. "I know what some guys say about me," Fred says. "They say I'm a so-and-so. All right, I am, if that means getting a guy in here and making him rehearse his part over and over until he could play it perfectly in his sleep. That's what he'll do if he works for me."

That certainly is what you do if you work for Fred Waring—but it's a pretty perennial job.

THE END

Continued from page 32

that little one! Surely not more than four years old. He's a new one. Come on, come on! Come to the wonderful old tree. If I could ripen the apricots for you to steal, I'd do it—"

Mr. Henderson watched the boys as Auggie instructed, directed, and led the attack. The boys surrounded the tree cautiously, fearfully, and with a mingling in their hearts of hope and fear.

"Maybe he ain't home, Auggie," Nickie Paloota whispered, as the boys almost reached the tree.

"He's home," Auggie said. "He's *always* home. He's hiding, that's all. It's a trap. He wants to catch us. Careful, everybody. There's no telling where he'll be. Ulysses, you go home."

Obediently Ulysses retreated three steps and then stopped to watch the magnificent duel with the magnificent tree.

"Are they ripe, Auggie?" Shag said. "Do you see any color?"

"Only green," Auggie said. "That's leaves. The apricots are underneath. Easy now, everybody. Where's Lionel?"

"Here I am," Lionel whispered. He was terribly afraid.

"Well," Auggie said, "be on your toes. If you see old man Henderson, run!"

"Where is he?" Lionel said, as if Henderson might be invisible or no bigger than a rabbit, something likely to jump up suddenly out of the grass.

"What do you mean, where is he?" Auggie said. "He's in the house, I guess. But you can never tell about Henderson. He might be hiding outside some place, waiting to take us by surprise."

"Are *you* going to climb the tree, Auggie?" Alf Rife said.

"Who else?" Auggie said. "Sure I'm going to climb the tree, but let's see if the apricots are ripe first."

"What are you going to say at Sunday school tomorrow, Auggie?" Lionel said.

"Stealing apricots isn't stealing, like stealing in the Bible, Lionel," Auggie said. "This is different."

"Then what are you scared of?" Lionel said.

"Who's scared?" Auggie said. "We've just got to be careful, that's all. What's the use getting caught if you can get away?"

"I don't see any ripe apricots," Lionel said.

"You see a tree, don't you?" Auggie said.

"I see a tree, all right," Lionel said. "That's *all*, though —just a big tree—all green. It sure is pretty, too, Auggie."

Now the gang was almost under the tree. Ulysses followed not far behind. He was absolutely unafraid. He didn't understand at all, but he was sure this was very important stuff—something about trees, something about apricots. The boys studied the branches of the old apricot tree, green with fine young leaf. The apricots were all very small, very green, and obviously very hard.

"Not ripe yet," Alf Rife said.

"Yeah," Auggie admitted. "I guess they need a couple days more. Maybe next Saturday."

"Next Saturday—*sure*," Shag said.

"There's a *lot* of them, though," Auggie said.

"We can't go back empty-handed, Auggie," Shag said. "We've got to get at least *one* of them—green or ripe—*one* of them anyway."

"O. K.," Auggie said. "I'll get it. Now the rest of you be ready to run." Auggie dashed to the tree, swung up into it on one of its lower branches while the gang and Mr. Henderson and Ulysses watched with fascination, amazement, and admiration. Then Mr. Henderson stepped out of the house onto the back-porch steps. All the boys went off like a school of startled minnows.

"Auggie!" Shag Manoogian shouted. "*Henderson!*"

Like a frightened orang-outang in the jungle, Auggie bounced around in the tree, hung from a branch, and then dropped to the ground. He was running almost before his feet touched the ground, but he noticed Ulysses and stopped suddenly, shouting at the boy, "Ulysses! Run —run!"

Ulysses, however, didn't budge. He couldn't figure it out. Auggie rushed back to the small boy, lifted him off his feet, and ran with him while Henderson watched. When all the boys had disappeared and everything was quiet again, the old man smiled and looked up into the tree. Then he turned around and went back into the house.

At the Public Library

NOW the friends, Ulysses Macauley and Lionel Cabot, came into the Macauley kitchen. There was no mistaking this friendship, even though Lionel was a good six years older than Ulysses. They walked together and stood about together as only the very best of friends do. That is to say, easily and without much need for one or the other to speak.

"Mrs. Macauley," Lionel said, "I came to ask permission—can Ulysses go to the pubalic liberry with me? I got to take back a book for my sister Lillian."

"All right, Lionel," Mrs. Macauley said. "But why aren't you with the others—with Auggie and Alf and Shag and the other boys?"

"They—" Lionel began to say and then stopped, from embarrassment. After a moment he began again. "They chased me away," he said. "They don't like me because I'm stupid." He stopped again and looked at his best friend's mother. "I'm not stupid, am I, Mrs. Macauley?"

"No, you're not, Lionel," Mrs. Macauley said. "You're the nicest boy in this neighborhood. But don't you be angry at the other boys, because they're all nice boys, too."

"I'm not angry," Lionel said. "I like every one of them. But every time I make a little mistake in a game they chase me away. Every little mistake I make they get sore at me. 'That's all, Lionel,' they say. And I know it's time for me to go. Sometimes I don't even last five minutes. Sometimes I make a mistake the *first* thing I do. And then they say, 'That's all, Lionel.' I don't even know what mistake I made. What do they want me to do? That's all I want to know, but nobody will tell me. Every Saturday they chase me away. Ulysses is the only one who sticks with me. He's the only partner I've got. Can I have a drink of water?"

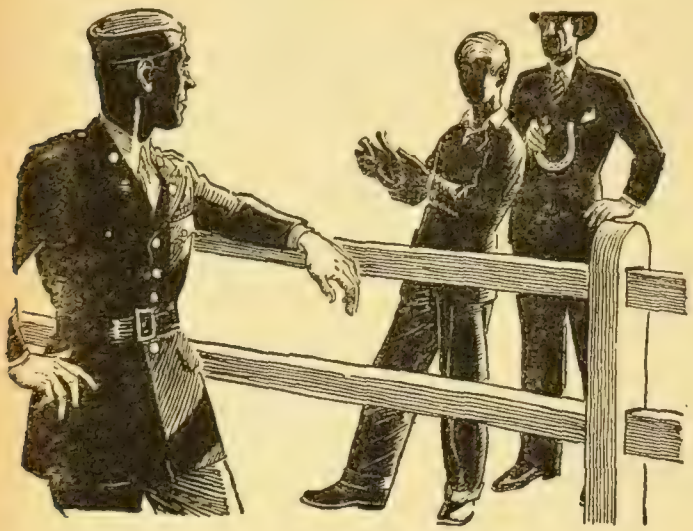
"Of course, Lionel," Mrs. Macauley said. She filled a glass of water for the boy, and he drank it all down thirstily, making the kind of sound that boys make when water is still the most wonderful drink in the world.

Lionel turned to his friend. "Don't you want a drink of water, too, Ulysses?" he said.

Ulysses indicated by nodding that he would like a glass of water, so Mrs. Macauley gave him a glass, too. After he had swallowed the water, Lionel said, "Well, I guess we'll go to the pubalic liberry now, Mrs. Macauley." The two friends walked out of the house.

The good friends, Lionel and Ulysses, walked toward the public library. When the two boys entered this hum-

ble but impressive building, they entered an area of profound and almost frightening silence. There were old men reading newspapers. There were town philosophers. There were high-school boys and girls doing research, but every one was hushed, because they were seeking wisdom. Lionel not only whispered, he moved on tiptoe. Lionel whispered because he was under the impression that it was out of respect for books, not consideration for readers. Ulysses followed him, also on tiptoe, and they explored the library, each finding many treasures: Lionel



—books, and Ulysses—people. Lionel didn't read books and he hadn't come to the public library to get any for himself. He just liked to *see* them—the thousands of them. He pointed out a whole row of shelved books to his friend and then he whispered, "All of these—and these. And these. Here's a red one. All these. There's a green one. All these."

Finally Mrs. Gallagher, the old librarian, noticed the two boys and went over to them. *She* didn't whisper, however. She spoke right out, as if she were not in the public library at all. This shocked Lionel and made a few people look up.

"What are you looking for, boy?" Mrs. Gallagher said to Lionel.

"Books," Lionel whispered softly.

"What books are you looking for?" the librarian said.

"All of them," Lionel said.

"All of them?" the librarian said. "What do you mean? You can't borrow more than four books on one card."

"I don't want to borrow *any* of them," Lionel said.

"Well, what in the world *do* you want with them?" the librarian said.

"I just want to look at them," Lionel said.

"Look at them?" the librarian said. "That is not what the public library is for. You can look *into* them, you can look *at* the pictures in them, but what in the world do you want to look at the outsides of them for?"

"I like to," Lionel whispered. "Can't I?"

"Well," the librarian said, "there's no law against it." She looked at Ulysses. "And who's this?" she said.

"This here's Ulysses," Lionel said. "He can't read."

"Can you?" the librarian said to Lionel.

"No," Lionel said, "but he can't either. That's why we're friends. He's the only other man I know who can't read."

The old librarian looked at the two friends a moment. This was something brand new in all the years of her experience at the public library. "Well," she said at last, "perhaps it's just as well that you *can't* read. *I* can read. I have been reading books for the past sixty years, and I can't see as how it's made any great difference. Run along now and look at the books as you please."

"Yes, ma'am," Lionel said.

The two friends moved off into still greater realms of mystery and adventure. Lionel pointed out more books to Ulysses. "These," he said. "And those over there. And these. All books, Ulysses." He stopped a moment to think. "I wonder what they say in all these books." He pointed out a whole vast area of them, five shelves full of them. "All these," he said—"I wonder what they say." Finally he discovered a book that looked very pretty from the outside. Its cover was green, like fresh grass. "And this one," he said, "this one is pretty, Ulysses."

A little frightened at what he was doing, Lionel lifted the book out of the shelf, held it in his hands a moment, and then opened it. "There, Ulysses," he said. "A book! There it is! See? They're saying something in here." Now he pointed to something in the print of the book. "There's an 'A,'" he said. "That's an 'A' right there. There's another letter of some sort. I don't know what that one is. Every letter's different, Ulysses, and every word's different." He sighed and looked around at all the books. "I don't think I'll ever learn to read," he said, "but I sure would like to know what they're saying in there. Now here's a picture," he said. "Here's a picture of a girl. See her? Pretty, isn't she?" He turned many pages of the book and said, "See it? More letters and words, straight through to the end of the book. This is the pubalic liberry, Ulysses," he said. "Books all over the place." He looked at the print of the book with a kind of reverence, whispering to himself as if he were trying to read. Then he shook his head. "You can't know what a book says, Ulysses, unless you can read, and I can't read," he said.

He closed the book slowly, put it back in its place, and together the two friends tiptoed out of the library. Outside, Ulysses kicked up his heels because he felt good, and because it seemed he had learned something new.

A Letter for Me?

IT was evening again in Ithaca, and Homer, who was on his way to the Ithaca Wine Company to pick up the late telegrams of the day, decided to stop in at home. He rode straight across the empty lot into the back yard, under the walnut tree. He got off the bicycle and went into the house and stood in the dark dining room. Mary and Bess were in the parlor playing and singing. Homer stood quietly, listening to his sister and the girl his brother loved. When the song was over, he moved into the parlor. "Hello," he said.

The two girls turned. "Hello, Homer," Mary said, and then very swiftly, with great happiness, "I got a letter from Marcus today."

"Did you, Mary?" Homer said. "How is he?"

"Just fine," Mary said. "They're going away soon, but they don't know where. He says not to worry if we don't get any more letters for a while."

"He wrote to all of us," Bess said, "to mama, and me, and even to Ulysses."

"Did he?" Homer said. He waited a moment for the announcement of the arrival of *his* letter, afraid there might not be any such announcement. At last he said very quietly, "Didn't he send *me* a letter, too?"

"Oh, of course," Mary said. "Yours is the biggest letter of all. I thought you would know that if he wrote to all of us, he would write to you, too."

Homer's sister lifted a letter off the table and handed it to him. Homer looked at the letter a long time, and then his sister said, "Well, why don't you open it and read it? Read it to us."

"No, Bess," Homer said. "I've got to go now. I'll take it to the office and read it there tonight when I've got a lot of time."

"We spent the whole day looking for a job," Bess said, "but we didn't find one."

"We had a lot of fun just the same, Bess," Mary said.

"Well, fun or no fun," Homer said, "I'm glad you didn't find a job. Never mind finding a job. You don't have to find a job, Bess, or you, Mary. Any work that has to be done around here, men can do. Girls belong in homes, taking care of men, that's all. Just play the piano and sing and look pretty for a fellow to see when he comes home. That's all you need to do."

He stopped a moment and when he spoke again he spoke gently, turning to Mary. "When Marcus comes home," he said, "you two can rent a little house of your own and start bringing up a family, the way you want

to." He turned to Bess. "And one of these days, Bess, you'll find a guy you like. That's the only job you ought to be thinking about. Just because there happens to be a war in the world isn't a reason for everybody to go out of their heads. Just stay home where you belong and help mama, and you help your father, Mary."

He was so bossy, his sister Bess was almost proud of him, because never before had she seen him so concerned about *anything*.

"And don't forget it," Homer said to his sister and to the neighbor girl. "Now," he said, "play another song before I go."

"What song would you like to hear?" Bess said.

"Any song," Homer said.

Homer's sister Bess began to play a song and soon Mary began to sing. The messenger stood in the dark of the parlor listening, and before the song was half finished he went quietly out of the house, got onto his bicycle, and began riding toward Ithaca Wine.

Leaning on the Everlasting Arms

AS Homer rode his bicycle toward the winery, far away, so far that even the hour of day was different from the hour in Ithaca, an American passenger train moved swiftly over American earth through an American night. The train was filled with American boys, among them Marcus and his friend Tobey—all of them dressed as soldiers and trained for war. But from their eyes, from their high spirits, and from their laughter and shouting and singing, you knew this was not an army alone, but a nation, and surely a good and great one. You knew that while they had been taught to stand in line and to behave on schedule with no personal rights beyond the needs of the unit, they had not become a machine and were still good human beings with at least average intentions. You knew that if they were noisy and perhaps unaware of their own importance, they were not without dignity. You knew surely that while their noise came from deep inner fear, they were still utterly unafraid. You knew they had accepted for no terribly pompous or false reasons the necessity to dismiss their fear and, if it so happened, to die. You knew they were American boys, some of them past forty even, but most of them kids—kids from big cities and little towns, from farms and offices, from rich families and poor families; kids lifted out of great worlds and kids lifted out of small worlds, some moved away from magnificent dreams of action and some from humble dreams of peace; kids brilliant and swift in spirit and kids slow and steady.

In the midst of the clamor, the laughter, the excitement, the confusion, the eagerness, and the magnificent combination of profound ignorance and profound wisdom, Marcus Macauley and his friend Tobey George talked quietly.

"Well," Tobey said, "I guess we're on our way."

"That's right," Marcus said.

"You know, Marcus," Tobey said, "I feel lucky, because if it hadn't been for this war I wouldn't have run into you and I would never have found out about your family."

Marcus felt embarrassed. "Thanks," he said. "I feel the same way about you." He stopped for a moment and then asked the question that every man exposed to unknown danger must ask himself again and again. "I want you to tell me the truth," he said. "Are you going to care much if you're killed?"

The other could not answer the question immediately, but at last he said, "Sure. I *could* bluff, I guess, and *pretend* that I wouldn't care. Of course I'm going to care. Aren't you?"

"Yes," Marcus said. "I'm going to care very much. I just wanted to know." He stopped a moment and then said, "What do you *think* about? What do you want to get back to?"

"I don't know," Tobey said. "I guess I want to get back to—well, anything—whatever it happens to be. I haven't got a family as you have. I haven't anybody to go back to, but whatever it is, that'll be O. K. with me. I want to get back to whatever it turns out to be. I haven't got a girl waiting for me like your girl Mary, but I know I want to get back just the same—if I can."

"Sure," Marcus said.

They listened to the train and to the noise inside the train, and then Tobey said, "What do *you* think about?"

Marcus took a little time before beginning to answer this question. "I think about my father," he said, "and my mother, and my sister Bess and my brother Homer and my brother Ulysses. And I think about Mary. I think about the whole neighborhood, the empty lot, the kids."

"It's a funny thing," Tobey said. "Maybe you won't understand a thing like this, but I feel that Ithaca is *my* home town, too." He waited a moment and then said, "If we get through all right, if we come out of this O. K., will you take me with you to Ithaca? Will you show me the places you know and tell me about them?"

"Sure," Marcus said, "sure. I *want* to do that. And I want you to meet my family, too. We're poor, always have been. My father was a *great* man. He was not a successful man. He didn't make any more money than what we needed—ever."

"Matthew Macauley?" Tobey said.

"Yes," Marcus said. "Matthew Macauley, my father. He did plain, ordinary, everyday work. If you saw him in the street you would think he was nobody. He looked like anybody else and acted like anybody else—but, even so, he was a great man. He was my father and I know he was great. The only thing he cared about was his family—my mother and his children. He saved money for months and made a down payment on a harp—yes, a harp. I know nobody plays a harp any more, but that's what my mother wanted, so my father saved up money and made a down payment on a harp for her. It took him five years to pay for the harp. It was the most expensive harp you could buy. We used to think every house had a harp just because we had one. Then he bought a piano for my sister Bess—that didn't cost so much. I thought everybody was great, like my father—until I got out and met some of the rest of the people. They're all right, they're fine—but I don't think they're great. Well, maybe they *are* and I just don't know them very well. You've got to know people well to know whether they're great or not. A lot of people are great that nobody ever thinks are great."

"I WISH I knew a man like your father," Tobey said. "Of course he wouldn't have to be *my* father. He could be anybody, just so I *knew* him. I guess I'm lucky in a way, not knowing who my father was, because, not knowing, I can *believe* he was great, just like your father."

"Maybe he *was* great," Marcus said.

"Maybe," Tobey said. "I hope so. You know, I didn't know kids had mothers and fathers until I went to school and heard the other kids talk about them." Tobey laughed with embarrassment. "I couldn't understand it," he said. "I thought every man was in the world alone—the same as me—to start out all by himself. I guess I felt bad for a long time after I found out. It made me lonely. I mean, it made me *lonelier*. Maybe that's the reason I like to sing. You don't feel your loneliness so much when you're singing." Then shyly, almost timidly, he said, "What kind of a girl is Bess?"

Marcus knew his friend was uncomfortable asking this question and he didn't want him to be uncomfortable. "That's all right," Marcus said. "You can ask me about my sister. I want you to meet her. I think she will like you."

"Me?" Tobey said.

"Yes, I have an idea she might like you very much," Marcus said. "I want to take you back and have you stay at our house. If you like each other—well, I guess Bess is just about—well, anyway, even if she *is* my sister—well, I just think she'll like you very much, that's all."

Now Marcus began to speak very swiftly, because while he knew it was almost impossible to speak of such a thing at all, he also knew it was necessary to *try* to do so at least. Therefore he wanted to get the words spoken and their meaning established as swiftly as possible so that his embarrassment would not endure too long. "Marry her and live in Ithaca," he said. "It's a good town. You'll

be happy there. Now, here. I'm going to give you her picture—to keep." He handed Tobey a little snapshot of his sister Bess. "Keep it in your identification folder where I keep Mary's picture. See?"

Tobey George took the photograph of his friend's sister and looked at it for a long time, while Marcus looked at him. At last he said, "Bess sure is beautiful. I don't know if a guy can fall in love with a girl without meeting her, but I feel in love with Bess already. I feel sick. I'll tell you the truth. I was afraid to talk to you about Bess until now. But I figured, well, maybe as long as we're on our way, and there's no telling, you might not mind so much. I can't help it, but I always feel I haven't the same kind of rights that other people have—you know, a guy who is given his name by an orphanage, not by his mother and father—who doesn't even know who his mother and father were—who doesn't even know what nationality they were—or what nationality *he* is. Some people say I'm Spanish and French, and some people say I'm Italian and Greek, and some people say I'm English and Irish. Almost everybody gives me a different nationality."

"You're an American," Marcus said. "That's all. Any man can see that."

"Sure," Tobey said. "I guess that's right, all right. I guess I'm an American all right. But I sure would like to know *which* American."

"You're the American whose name is Tobey George," Marcus said. "That's good enough for anybody. Now keep that picture. We'll go back to Ithaca and you'll raise a family and I'll raise a family, and we'll visit each other once in a while, have some music and songs—pass the time of life."

"You know, Marcus," Tobey said, "I *believe* you. I swear to God I believe you. I don't think you're saying this just because we happen to be friends, on our way. I believe you, and more than anything else in the world I want to go to Ithaca with you. I want to live there and I want to do all the things you said." He stopped a moment to try to imagine what might go wrong to keep him from doing these things, and then he said, "If Bess doesn't like me—if she falls in love with somebody else—if she's married when we get there—I'm going to live in Ithaca anyway. I don't know, but Ithaca seems to be *my* home now, too. For the first time in my life I feel that I belong somewhere and—I hope you won't mind—I feel that my family is the Macauley family, because that's the kind of family I'd want for myself if I could choose. I hope Bess likes me or doesn't fall in love with some one else, because I *know* I like *her.*" Now he spoke very softly, and, even though the train was full of noise, Marcus could hear the words, "Even though Bess doesn't know it yet, she's mine. And from now on, every breath I take will be to keep me alive until I get to Ithaca and her. Ithaca's my home. That is where I live. That's where I want to be when I die—if I can."

"We'll get back," Marcus said. "We'll be in Ithaca some day, Bess and you and Mary and me, and my mother and Homer and Ulysses. You wait and see."

NOW the two friends did not talk for a long time. They were greeted by other boys in the train and shouted with the others and even sang a song which these boys had themselves invented. This song had to do with the impermanence of all things, particularly a woman's love, and the boys delighted in the cynical wisdom of the song. Tobey and Marcus joined in the singing.

After the song the whole train became silent. There was no reason for this silence and yet every man on the train was hushed and for a moment deeply solemn. At last a soldier named Joe Higgins came to Marcus and Tobey and said, "What's the matter? What's everybody so quiet about? How about a song, Tobey? How about playing for us on the accordion, Marcus?"

"What would you like to hear, Joe?" Marcus said.

"Oh, I don't know," Joe said. "We've sung all the dirty songs, maybe we ought to sing something old—you know, something—well, something *good!* Why don't we sing a good old-time church song—something we all know and used to sing as kids?"

"Why not?" Marcus said. "What church song do you like, Joe?"

"Well," Joe said—"now don't you guys laugh at me—I'd sure like to hear Leaning. You know—Leaning on the Everlasting Arms."

Marcus turned to Tobey. "Do you know the words of that song, Tobey?" he said. "If you don't I can help you."

"Do I *know* them?" Tobey said. "I guess I sang that song almost every Sunday for ten years."

"All right," Marcus said, "let's do it for Joe."

Marcus turned to Joe. "If you feel like joining in, Joe," he said, "you don't have to know how to sing. Just join in, that's all."

"Sure," Joe said, "I'm going to sing—sure."

Marcus began to play the old hymn, and soon Tobey began to sing:

"What a fellowship, what a joy divine,
Leaning on the everlasting arms;
What a blessedness, what a peace is mine,
Leaning on the everlasting arms."

Now in a strong, unmusical, but nevertheless pleasant voice Joe began to sing with Tobey, and soon every one in the coach was listening. After a moment every one gathered around Marcus and Tobey and Joe to be nearer the music and the words of the wonderful old hymn. Joe and Tobey sang:

"Leaning, leaning, safe and secure from all alarms;
Leaning, leaning, leaning on the everlasting arms."

By this time everybody was singing.

A Letter from Marcus to His Brother Homer

HOMER MACAULEY came into the telegraph office, tired and eager to rest. He looked at the call sheet and there were no calls to take. He looked on the incoming telegram hook and there were no telegrams to deliver. His work was done. All was clear. He went to the old telegraph operator and said, "Mr. Grogan, would you like to chip in with me tonight for two day-old pies—apple and coconut cream?"

The old telegraph operator shook his head. "I'll chip in, boy," he said, "but I'll not have any of the pies—thanks just the same." Then he looked up quickly. "What is that you're holding—a letter?"

"It's a letter from my brother Marcus," Homer said. "I haven't had a chance to open it yet."

"Then open it," the old telegraph operator said. "Read the letter from your brother. Read it aloud."

"Would you like to hear it, Mr. Grogan?" Homer said.

"Yes, if I may, I would like very much to hear it," the old telegraph operator said.

Homer Macauley tore open the envelope of the letter from his brother Marcus, brought out the letter, unfolded it, and began to read, speaking very slowly.

" 'Dear Homer,' " he read: " 'First of all, everything of mine at home is yours—to give to Ulysses when you no longer want them: my books, my phonograph, my records, my clothes when you're ready to fit into them, my bicycle, my microscope, my fishing tackle, my collection of rocks from Piedra, and all the other things of mine at home. They're yours rather than Bess's, as you are now the man of the Macauley family of Ithaca. The money I made last year at the packing house I have given to ma of course, to help out. It is not nearly enough, though, and soon ma and Bess will be thinking of going to work. I cannot ask you not to allow them to go to work, but I am hoping that you yourself will not allow them to do so. I believe that you will not, as I know I would not. I don't know how you are going to be able to keep our family together and go to high school at the same time, but I believe you will find a way. My army pay goes to ma, except for a few dollars that I must have, but this money is not enough. It is not easy for me to hope for so much from you, when I myself did not begin to work until I was nineteen, but somehow I believe that you will be able to do what I could not do.

" 'I miss you of course and I think of you all the time. I am happy, and even though I have never believed in wars—and know them to be foolish, even when they

are necessary—I am proud that I am serving my country—which to me is Ithaca, our home, and all of the Macauleys.

"'I do not feel like a hero. I have no talent for such feelings. I hate no one. I do not feel patriotic either, for I have always loved my country, its people, its towns, my home, and my family. I would rather I were not in the Army. I would rather there were no war, but as I *am* in the Army and as there *is* a war, I have long since made up my mind to be the best soldier it is possible for me to be. I have no idea what is ahead, but whatever it is I am humbly ready for it. I am terribly afraid—I must tell *you* this—but I know that when the time comes I shall do what is expected of me, and maybe even more than what is expected of me, but I want you to know I shall be obeying no command other than the command of my own heart. With me will be boys from all over America, from thousands of towns like Ithaca. I may be killed in this war. I must come right out and tell you this. I don't like the idea at all. More than anything else in the world I want to come back to Ithaca, and spend many long years with you and with my mother and sister and brother. I want to come back for Mary and a home and a family of my own. It is very likely that we shall be leaving soon—for action. Nobody knows where the action will be, but it is understood that we shall soon be leaving. Therefore, this may be my last letter to you for some time. I hope it is not the last of all. If it is, hold us together. Do not believe I am gone. Do not let the others believe it. My friend here is an orphan—a foundling—it is very strange that of all the boys here *he* should become my friend. His name is Tobey George. I have told him about Ithaca and our family. Some day I shall bring him to Ithaca with me.

"'When you read this letter, do not be unhappy. I am glad that I am the Macauley who is in the war, for it would be a pity and a mistake if it were you.

"'I can write to you what I could never say in words. You are the best of the Macauleys. You must go on being the best. Nothing must ever stop you. You are fourteen years old, but you must live to be twenty and then thirty and forty and fifty and sixty. You must live, in the years of your life, forever. I believe you will. I shall always be watching you. You are what we are fighting the war for. Yes, *you*—my brother. How could I ever tell you such things if we were together? You would jump on me and wrestle with me and call me a fool, but, even so, everything I have said is true. Now I will write your name here, to remind you: Homer Macauley. That's who you are. I miss you very much. I can't wait until I see you again. When that happens, when we meet again, I will let you wrestle me and put me down on my back in the parlor in front of ma and Bess and Ulysses and maybe Mary even—I'll let you do that because I will be so glad to see you again. God bless you. So long. Your brother, Marcus.'"

While he was reading the letter the messenger sat down. He read very slowly, gulping many times. Now he got up. His hands were trembling. He bit the corner of his lip and looked over at the old telegraph operator, who was as deeply moved by the letter as the messenger himself. He spoke very softly. "If my brother is killed in this stupid war," he said, "I shall spit at the world. I shall hate it forever. I won't be good. I shall be the worst of them all, the worst that ever lived."

He stopped suddenly and tears came to his eyes. He hurried to the locker behind the repeater rack, took off his uniform, and got into his regular clothes. He was running out of the office almost before his clothes had been properly arranged.

The old telegraph operator sat a long time. It was very quiet when he shook himself at last and got up and looked around the office.

Here Is a Kiss—

THE pattern of life in Ithaca—of people everywhere in the world—followed a design which at first seemed senseless and crazy, but as the days and nights gathered together as months and years, the pattern was seen to have had beauty of form.

Many times the telegraph box rattled and Mr. Grogan sat at the typewriter and tapped out the messages of love and hope and pain and death from the world to its children. "I am coming home." "Happy birthday." "The Department of War regrets to inform you that your son—" "Meet me at the Southern Pacific Depot." "Here is a kiss." "I am all right." "God bless you." Many times Homer Macauley delivered these messages.

In the parlor of the Macauley house the harp was plucked and the message of song was heard. The soldiers moved on, over land, over water, through the air, into new places, new days, new nights, new sleep, and new and strange moments filled with incredible noises, incredible problems, and unbelievable and inhuman dangers. Easter Sunday came to Ithaca. And then the Sunday after Easter. And then another Sunday, and then another, and then another and another.

Love Is Immortal. Hate Dies Every Minute

HOMER MACAULEY, his sister Bess, his brother Ulysses, and their friend Mary Arena, taking a Sunday-afternoon walk through Ithaca, passed the line of people standing in front of the Kinema Theater and among them discovered Lionel. Homer stopped.

"Hello, Lionel," he said. "Going to see a movie?"

"Haven't got any money," Lionel said.

"Then what are you standing in line for?" Homer said.

"I didn't know where to go. I saw these people standing here, so I came and stood with them."

"How long have you been standing here?" Homer said.

"An hour, I guess," Lionel said.

"Well," Homer said, "do you *want* to see the movie?" He brought some money out of his pocket.

"I don't know," Lionel said. "I didn't have any place to go. I don't like movies very much."

"Well," Homer said, "come on with us. We're only taking a walk, window-shopping. We'll walk around town awhile and then go home. Come on with us, Lionel." He lifted the rope and Lionel got out of the line.

"Thanks," Lionel said. "I sure was getting tired standing there that way."

They passed the telegraph office and Homer looked in. "I think that's Mr. Grogan," he said. "I didn't know Mr. Grogan was working today." He turned to the others.

"Wait here a minute, will you?" he said. "I'll be right back."

He hurried into the office. The telegraph box in front of Mr. Grogan was rattling, but the old telegraph operator was not taking down the telegram. Homer ran up to him and said, "Mr. Grogan, Mr. Grogan!" But the old man did not wake up.

The messenger ran out of the office and said to the others, "Mr. Grogan's not feeling good," he said. "I've got to go back and take care of him. You go along home. I'll be home after a while."

"All right, Homer," Bess said.

Homer hurried back to the telegraph office and shook Mr. Grogan several times. He ran over to the water jar and filled a paper cup, then splashed the water into the face of the old man. Mr. Grogan opened his eyes. "It's me, Mr. Grogan," Homer said. "I didn't know you were working today or I would have come down long ago, like I always do when you work on Sundays. I was just passing by. I'll hurry and get the coffee."

The old telegraph operator shook his head, reached out to the telegraph key and interrupted the telegrapher at the other end. He put a telegram blank into the typewriter and began to type a message.

Homer ran out of the office to Corbett's on the corner and asked for coffee.

"He's making fresh coffee now, Homer," Pete said. "Be a minute or two."

"It's very important," Homer said. "I'll go back to the office a minute and then I'll come back here. Maybe by that time the coffee will be ready."

When Homer got back to Mr. Grogan, the old telegraph operator was not typing the telegram that was coming over the wire. Again Homer shook him. "Mr. Grogan," he said, "they're sending a telegram! You're not getting it! Stop them, Mr. Grogan! Tell them to wait a minute. They're making fresh coffee at Corbett's. I'll have a cup here for you in a minute or two. Stop them, Mr. Grogan! You're not getting the telegram."

Homer turned and ran out of the office.

The old telegraph operator looked at the telegram he had been typing. He read over what he had typed so far:

MRS. KATE MACAULEY
2226 SANTA CLARA AVENUE
ITHACA, CALIFORNIA
THE DEPARTMENT OF WAR REGRETS TO INFORM YOU THAT YOUR SON MARCUS . . .

The old telegraph operator tried to get up from his chair, but now the attack came again and he clutched at his heart. After a moment he fell forward to rest upon the typewriter.

Homer Macauley came walking into the telegraph office with a cup of coffee rattling in his hand. He came up to the old man and set the cup down on the table. Now the telegraph box stopped its rattling and the whole office became very quiet.

"Mr. Grogan!" Homer said. "What's the matter?" He moved the old man back, away from the typewriter, to look into his face, and as he did so, he noticed the incomplete telegram in the typewriter. Without even reading the words of the telegram, Homer knew the message, and yet refused to believe it. He stood as if paralyzed, holding the old man. "Mr. Grogan!" he said.

FELIX, the Sunday messenger, came in and looked over at the old man and at the messenger. "What's the matter, Homer?" he said. "What's wrong with the old man?"

"He's dead," Homer said.

"Ah, you're crazy," Felix said.

"No," Homer said. He spoke almost furiously. "He's dead."

"I'll call Mr. Spangler," Felix said. He dialed a number on the telephone, waited, and then hung up. "He's not home," Felix said. "What'll we do?" He came over to see what it was that Homer was staring at in the typewriter. After reading the telegram, Felix said, "It's not finished, Homer. Maybe your brother is only hurt or missing."

Homer looked at Mr. Grogan and then said, "No, *he* heard the rest of the telegram. He didn't type it out, but he *heard* it."

"Maybe he didn't," Felix said. "I'll telephone Mr. Spangler again. Maybe he's home now."

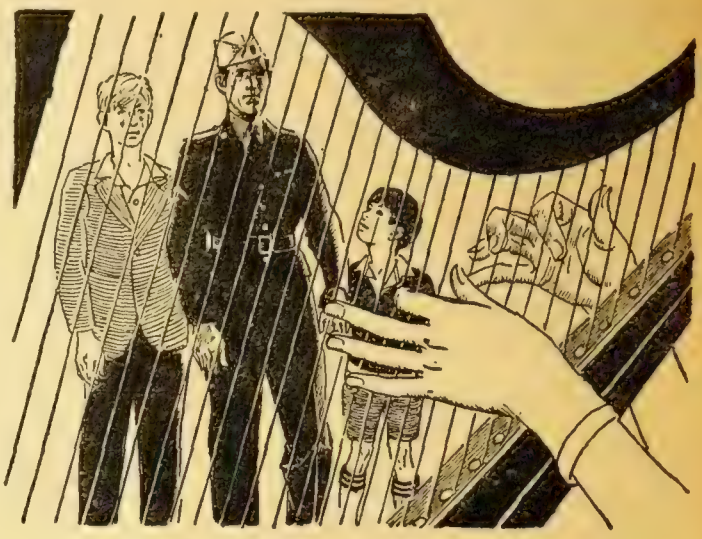
Homer Macauley looked around the telegraph office. Suddenly he spat with terrible fury and contempt. He sat down and looked straight before him. There were no tears in his eyes.

Thomas Spangler drew up in his automobile in front of the telegraph office. He sounded the horn and Felix ran out to the automobile.

"Mr. Spangler," Felix said, "I've been trying to get you on the telephone. Something's happened! It's Mr. Grogan! Homer says he's dead!"

Spangler hurried into the telegraph office. He looked at Mr. Grogan and then at Homer. He turned to the other messenger. "Felix," he said, "telephone Dr. Nelson—1133. Tell him to come right down."

Spangler lifted the old man out of the chair and carried him to the couch at the back of the telegraph office. He came back and looked at Homer Macauley. "Don't feel bad, Homer," he said. "Mr. Grogan was old. This is the way he wanted it to be. Come on, now, don't feel bad."



Now the telegraph box rattled and Spangler went to answer the call. When he sat down in Mr. Grogan's chair he saw the unfinished telegram. He looked at it a long time and then he looked across the table at Homer. Spangler telegraphed the operator at the other end, asking questions about the unfinished telegram. The telegrapher at the other end tapped out the full message again. Spangler telegraphed the other operator to postpone any more telegrams for a while. He then got up and went to his desk and sat down, looking at nothing.

"Felix," he said, "call Harry Burke, the telegraph operator, and tell him to come right down. When the doctor comes, tell him to take care of everything. I'll talk to him later."

Homer Macauley got up, went to the typewriter, and took the unfinished telegram out of it. He filed the carbon copy of the unfinished telegram in its proper place, folded the original and put it in an envelope. He put the envelope in his coat pocket. Spangler went to the messenger and put his arm around him. "Come on, Homer," he said, "let's go for a walk."

They left the telegraph office and walked two blocks in silence. At last Homer began to speak. "What's a man supposed to do?" he said very calmly, almost gently. "I don't know who to hate. I keep trying to find out who it is, but I *can't* find out who it is. I just don't know. What's a man going to do about it? What can I say? How does a man go on living? Who does he love?"

It was almost evening now. The sun was going down, the sky was red, and the city was darkening.

"Who can you hate?" Homer said. "I don't know anybody to hate. Byfield knocked me down when I was running the low hurdles, but I can't hate *him*, even. That's just the way he happens to be. I don't know what it is. I don't know who does it. I can't figure it out at all. The only thing I want to know is, What about my brother? That's all I want to know. Nothing like this has ever happened to me before. When my father died, it was different. He had lived a good life. He had raised a good family. We were sad because he was dead, but we weren't sore and I haven't got anybody to be sore at. Who's the enemy? Do you know, Mr. Spangler?"

It was some time before the manager of the telegraph office could answer the messenger. "I know the enemy isn't people," he said. "If it were, then I would be my own enemy. The people of the world are like one man.

If they hate one another, it is themselves they hate. A man cannot hate others—it is always himself. And if a man hates himself, there is only one thing for him to do—and that's leave—leave his body, leave the world, leave the people of the world. Your brother didn't want to leave, he wanted to stay. He *will* stay."

"How?" Homer said. "How will he stay?"

"I don't know how," Spangler said, "but I *have* to believe that he will stay. Maybe he will stay in you, in your little brother Ulysses. Maybe he will stay in the love you have for him."

"No," Homer said. "No, that isn't enough. I want to *see* him. I can't help it, but I want to see him the same way Ulysses wants to see him. I want to see him walking and standing. I want to smell him. I want to talk to him. I want to hear his voice. I want to hear him laughing. I want to have fights with him even—the way we used to. Now where will I find him? If I look everywhere I won't find him. The whole world is different now. All the people in the world are different now. Something good has gone out of them. Everything in Ithaca is changed now because my brother is not going to look at anything any more."

Now they were walking through the courthouse park, past the city jail, over to the games.

"I'm not going to try to comfort you," Spangler said. "I know I couldn't. But try to remember that a good man can never die. You will see him many times. You will see him in the streets. You will see him in the houses, in all the places of the town. In the vineyards and orchards, in the rivers and clouds, in all the things here that make this a world for us to live in. You will feel him in all things that are here out of love, and for love—all the things that are abundant, all the things that grow. The person of a man may leave—or be taken away—but the best part of a good man stays. It stays forever. Love is immortal and makes all things immortal. But hate dies every minute. Are you any good at pitching horseshoes?"

"No, sir," Homer said, "not very."

"Neither am I," Spangler said. "Would you care to pitch a game of horseshoes before it's too dark?"

"Yes, sir," Homer said.

The End and the Beginning

THE limping soldier who got off the train began to walk around the town. He walked slowly, looking at everything, and talking to himself.

"This is Ithaca!" he said. "There's the depot—the Santa Fe—and there's the Ithaca sky over it. There's the Kinema Theater, with the wonderful people of Ithaca standing in line. This is the public library. There's the Presbyterian church. There's Ithaca High School, and this is the athletic field. There's Santa Clara Avenue and Ara's Market, and there's the house! There's my home!"

The soldier stood staring at the house a long time. "Ma and Bess," he said, "Homer and Ulysses. Mary next door, and her father, Mr. Arena." No thought said what was now said, only blood: "Ithaca, oh, Ithaca!" The soldier moved on. "There's the courthouse park," he said. "Here's the city jail with the prisoners at the windows. And there are a couple of Ithaca men pitching a game of horseshoes." The soldier walked slowly toward the two men and leaned against the wire fence.

Homer Macauley and Thomas Spangler pitched horseshoes in silence, not even counting points. It was too dark now for the game, but they went on pitching. Homer started when he noticed the soldier leaning against the fence. For some reason it seemed to him that he knew this soldier. He moved toward the young man, looking into his face.

"Excuse me for staring," he said. "I thought I knew you."

"That's all right," the soldier said.

"Would you care to *pitch* a game?" Homer said. "You can take my place. It's a little dark, of course."

"No, thanks," the soldier said, "you go ahead. I'll just watch."

"I don't think I've even seen you before," Homer said. "Is Ithaca your home?"

"Yes, it is," the soldier said. "I've come back—to stay."

"You mean," Homer said, "you don't have to go back to the war?"

"No," the soldier said. "They've sent me home—for good. I got off the train a couple of hours ago. I've been walking around the town, looking at everything again."

"Well, why don't you go home?" Homer said. "Don't you want your family to know you're here?"

"I'll go home," the soldier said. "Of course I want my family to know I'm here. I'll go home little by little. I want to see as much as I can first. I can't see enough of it. I can't believe I'm here. I'll walk around some more and then I'll go home."

The soldier went off slowly, limping. Homer Macauley stared after him, wondering.

"I DON'T know," he said to Spangler. "I seem to think I know that fellow. I don't feel like pitching any more, Mr. Spangler," he said. And then after a moment he said, "What shall I do? What am I going to tell them? They're waiting for me at home now. I know they are. I told them I'd be home for supper. How am I going to go into the house and look at them? They'll know everything the minute they see me. I don't *want* to tell them, but I know they'll know."

Spangler put his arm around Homer. "Wait," he said. "Don't go home just yet. Sit down here. Wait awhile. It takes a little time."

They sat quietly on a park bench, not talking. After a while Homer said, "What am I waiting for?"

"Well," Spangler said, "you're waiting for the part of *him* that died to die in you, too—the part that's only flesh—the part that comes and goes. That dying is hurting you now, but wait awhile. When the pain becomes death and leaves you, the rest will be lighter and better than ever. It takes a little time, and as long as you live it will take a little time, again and again, but each time it goes it will leave you closer than ever to the best that is in all men. Be patient with it. You will go home at last with no death in you. Give it time to go. I'll sit with you here until it's gone."

"Yes, sir," Homer said. The manager of the telegraph office and the messenger sat in the courthouse park of Ithaca, waiting. . . .

Now the strings of the harp in the Macauley house soothed the pain out of all things. The face of the one who plucked the strings of the harp was a face radiant and strong and full of love. The girl who played the piano was one whose heart was earnest and innocent, and the girl who sang was one whose spirit was gentle and sweet. The small boy listening listened with the ears of all the living and watched with eyes full of faith in all things. The young man sitting on the steps of the front porch, the soldier, the boy who had come home to a town he had never before seen, to a house he had never before entered, to a family he had never known—was everybody. And he *was* home. Ithaca *was* the place of his birth. The house *was* the house he grew up in. The family inside the house *was* his family.

Suddenly Ulysses Macauley was standing at the open front door, pointing. His sister Bess went over to see what it was. She turned to her mother. "Ma," she said, "somebody's sitting on our front-porch steps."

"Well," Mrs. Macauley said, "go on out to him, Bess, and ask him in—whoever he is. You needn't be afraid."

Bess Macauley went out onto the porch. "Won't you come in?" she said to the soldier. "My mother would like you to come in."

The soldier turned slowly and looked up at the girl. He spoke very quietly. "Bess," he said. "Sit down beside me! Sit down beside me until I am quiet inside and able to stand again. My legs are trembling, and if I try to stand now, I'll fall. Sit beside me, Bess."

The girl sat down on the steps beside the young man. "How do you know my name?" she said softly. "Who are you?"

"I don't know who I am," the soldier said, "but I know who *you* are, and who your mother is, and who your brothers are. Sit close to me, Bess—until I quiet down."

"Do you know my brother Marcus?" Bess said.

"Yes," the soldier said. "Your brother gave me my

life—a place of birth—a family. Yes, I know him—he is *my* brother, too."

"Where is Marcus?" Bess said. "Why hasn't he come home with you?"

"Bess," the soldier said. He handed the girl a ring Marcus Macauley had given him. "Your brother Marcus sent you this."

Bess did not speak for some time and then she said, "Is Marcus dead?" Her voice was hushed, not excited.

"No," the soldier said. "Bess, believe me." He kissed the girl on the mouth. "He is not dead."

Homer Macauley came walking down the street. His sister Bess ran out to him. "Homer!" she said. "He's come from Marcus. They were friends. He's sitting on our steps." She turned and ran into the house.

Homer Macauley stood looking at Tobey George. "Tobey?" he said. "I thought I knew you when we talked in the park." He waited a moment and then said, "The telegram came this afternoon. I have it in my pocket. What are we going to do?"

"Tear it up, Homer," the soldier said. "Throw it away. It's not true. Tear it up."

Homer brought the telegram out of his pocket and swiftly tore it up. He put the small pieces back into his pocket—to keep, forever.

"Please help me up," the soldier said. "We'll go into the house together." Homer Macauley leaned down to Tobey George, the orphan who had come home at last, and the soldier took the messenger by the shoulders and slowly got to his feet.

Now Homer lifted his voice. There was no sadness in his words or in his way of saying them. "Ma!" he said. "Bess! Mary! Play some music. The soldier's come home! Welcome him!"

The music began.

"Let me stand a moment and listen," the soldier said.

Homer Macauley and Tobey George listened to the music, each of them smiling, the soldier with a tender painfulness and the messenger with a kind of happiness he could not yet understand.

Mary Arena began to sing now, and then Ulysses Macauley came out of the house and took the hand of the soldier. When the song ended, Mrs. Macauley and Bess and Mary came to the open door. The mother, standing, looking at her two remaining sons, one on each side of the stranger, the soldier who had known her son who was now dead, smiled and understood. She smiled at the *soldier*. Her smile was for him who was now himself her son. She smiled as if he were Marcus himself, and the soldier and his two brothers moved toward the door, toward the warmth and light of home.

THE END

BOOKS IN REVIEW

By E. A. PILLER

"THE first troops of this war to carry out a combined operation against the enemy were borne in eight motorboats. Those who went with the expedition to North Africa . . . sailed in convoys numbering hundreds of ships."

These are the opening words of the last chapter of **Combined Operations, The Official Story of the Commandos.** (The Macmillan Company, N. Y. $2.)

It is an informative and inspiring book. Informative because in the preceding chapters the "anonymous" author, **Hilary St. George Saunders,** gives the most accurate and detailed account to date of the work and fighting of Combined Operations. He tells how the Commando group itself was first formed, how they were trained,

Hilary St. George Saunders

how they undertook initial raids from which they learned to undertake larger ones—and through which they struck terror into the enemy. In time these raids developed into the first large-scale successful Allied offensive of the war outside of Russia—the attack upon North Africa.

The book is inspiring because of the way it traces the increasing scope of Combined Operations. To embark on their first scattered raids these men had to draw tommy guns for the night's work from a carefully husbanded pool and return them when they had

Nancy Hale

completed their task, so deficient was England in arms then.

Yet the offensive spirit was there, even then. At first they could do no more than capture a prisoner or two from a near-by objective like Guernsey. Later they could blow up a terminal in Norway or destroy an enemy radio outpost in France. Gradually they learned and became stronger. Gradually they struck harder and farther afield. In these days came the raid on Rommel's headquarters, when a few men might have carried off the general from right under his army's nose. Then came the time when they could sail a ship in to block the harbor of St. Nazaire; when they could raid Dieppe; each time learning better the technique of offensive operations in modern warfare.

Some of their stories read like the highest adventure fiction. You know they are true because you know this is the band that has now grown into a strong army, capable of smashing attack. Now, fighting with their American allies, they are ready to fulfill the function for which they were initially formed—the crushing of the Axis. Nobody who reads Combined Operations will doubt that they will complete this supreme mission.

THERE are three collections of short stories published recently which any reader will find rewarding—in different ways. **There's Something in the Air** (Alfred A. Knopf, N. Y. $2), by **Flying Officer X** (which is a pen name for **H. E. Bates),** is another inspiring book. It is also another book about men at war, this time flyers of the R. A. F.

BETWEEN the Dark and the Daylight (Charles Scribner's Sons, N. Y. $2.50) is a collection of twenty-one stories by **Nancy Hale.** They are all graceful, some are glittering, one or two will keep you thinking a while after you have read them.

TWO Bottles of Relish, edited by **Whit Burnett** (The Dial Press, N. Y. $3), is a collection of strange stories by many authors—some bizarre, some grisly, some amusing—all highly interesting.

YOU GET *Just the KISS of the hops*

...NO BITTERNESS IN

THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS

Copr. 1943, Jos. Schlitz Brewing Co., Milwaukee, Wis.

BASEBALL BELONGS TO THE KIDS

Continued from Page 17

to open that door in his mind which he had tried to close for good. But Miss Jennings kept looking at him and smiling hopefully, and in the end he made an impatient gesture with his hand and said, "All right, I'll coach 'em. I won't guarantee that we'll get far, though."

"Winning games isn't what counts, Mr. Tracy. Teaching the boys to play fair, to be good sports, to be good losers, is much more important."

Jim nodded absently, but in his heart he didn't agree. Life was a tough game in which the winner took all and the loser nothing. Baseball was the same kind of game. The school in which he had learned both taught you to play to win.

"I'll make ballplayers out of them," he said.

HE gave the squad a three-hour workout every afternoon and by the end of the second week had a pretty fair ball club whipped into shape. Tubby Manus fitted in behind the plate as if he had been born to the catcher's glove and pads. Skinny Jones handled first base like an artist. Rusty McGinnis sparked the infield at second. Butch Peters supplied plenty of power at the plate and covered right field adequately. A tall, sober-faced youngster named Billy Samuels showed prospects of becoming a first-rate pitcher.

Sally appointed herself bat boy. She never missed a practice session. She was at Jim's side constantly, watching every move on the diamond. Mostly she watched Johnny.

Jim watched the kid, too. He seemed to have the makings of a ballplayer. He was fast on his feet, his arm was strong and sure, he had a good pair of hands. But something was missing. Jim sensed it with that instinct by which a seasoned scout can pick a likely prospect by merely watching the way he walks.

Jim gave the kid every chance. He tried him at third base and shortstop. He tried him in the outfield. He even worked him out for a few days as a pitcher. But, though Johnny wanted to play ball badly enough, he just didn't seem to have it. The spark wasn't there.

A couple of days before the season opened, Jim went into town to buy some equipment for the team. Benny, the owlish-eyed little owner of the sporting-goods store, took him to the back room where the bats were kept and told him to help himself. Jim remembered the room. He remembered the clean, sharp smell of seasoned ash and shellac, the feel of balanced power in the sticks as you hefted them, the shop talk of men whose bread and butter depended upon their skill with those sticks.

He picked up a bat and hefted it experimentally. Benny smiled. "Just like the old days, ain't it?" he said.

"Must you rest on my laurels?"

C. R. Browne and a solidly built, well tanned man came into the room. C. R. smiled at him and said, "Can't keep away from it, can you? Jim, I'd like you to meet Bert Leaming. He's managing the Indians this year."

They shook hands. Leaming studied Jim appraisingly. "We had some correspondence, didn't we?"

"Yeah," Jim said.

"You look younger than I figured you were."

"You can't believe all you read in the papers."

"Keeping in shape?"

"I work out with my kids every afternoon."

"What kind of ball club have you got?" C. R. broke in.

"Tell you more about it when the season opens."

Benny started a discussion with Leaming about the Indians' chances of getting into the Dixie Series, and Jim turned back to the bat rack. He suddenly felt like an outsider. He selected half a dozen bats, and Benny broke off his conversation with the manager long enough to accept payment for them.

"I was just telling Bert," Benny said patronizingly, "that this town'll never see another shortstop like you. Boy! the way you rattled those boards! Remember that doubleheader with Denver when—"

"Yeah," Jim said; "I remember."

LEAMING was looking at him, smiling a little. "A long time ago, wasn't it?" he said.

"Yeah." Jim picked up the bats, nodded to C. R., and left, feeling the eyes of the three men follow him. *A long time ago? The hell it was!* He could still show the youngsters a thing or two. If somebody would give him a break, if—

Suddenly he realized that he was wish-thinking again, and shook his head vigorously, as if by that he could close the door in his mind.

He waited until just before game time to call the squad in and read them the starting line-up. He watched the kids—his kids now. Their uniforms were homemade, and showed it. They wore sneakers instead of regulation baseball shoes. But they were ballplayers—he'd seen to it that they'd learned the game right.

He read the starting line-up and said gruffly, "All right, boys—out on the field."

The squad broke up, some to scamper out onto the diamond, the rest to walk slowly to the bench. He watched Johnny. The thin-faced kid stared down at the scuffed toes of his sneakers, swallowed hard twice, then turned toward the bench. Jim put a hand on his shoulder. "Don't let it throw you, kid. This is only the first game."

Johnny shook his head. "I guess somebody's got to be a second-stringer," he said.

Jim gave the line-up to the scorekeeper, then sat down on one end of the bench. Sally came up and stood beside him. She looked at him solemnly but did not speak. "Well, puddinghead?" he said.

"Why don't you let Johnny play?" she asked.

He'd never lied to her. He'd always figured that if you wanted your kids to grow up straight and honest and decent you had to play square with them. But how were you to explain to a child that baseball was a game you played to win—that you couldn't win unless you had your best line-up out there fighting to win?

He looked away and said, "He'll be in there before the season's over."

BUT Johnny wasn't. He rode the bench game after game, staring out at the diamond with wide, hungry eyes. Jim used him when he could, sending him in in the late innings after the Home had built up a safe lead, using him as a base runner occasionally.

Once, with the bases full and the score tied, Jim sent him in as a pinch-hitter. "Get in there and bat for Billy," he said. "A hit means the ball game."

Johnny picked up a bat. His face was pale and his eyes jumpy.

"You can do it," Jim said.

Johnny sprinkled dust on his sweating hands. "I'll try," he muttered. Then he walked up to the plate and struck out on three pitched balls.

Jim watched him come slowly back to the bench. The kid looked beaten. He laid the bat on the pile, then turned and looked at Jim. His face twitched as if he were going to speak, but he remained silent. Jim reached out to pat him on the shoulder.

"'S all right, Johnny. Forget it."

Jim wouldn't have noticed it if he hadn't been looking right at him. Johnny jerked away from his hand. Then he reddened and went to his place on the bench. Jim stared after him, frowning. He could have sworn

Johnny thought he was going to hit him.

From the first, Jim had taught the kids to play to win, and his lessons fell on fertile ground. They got into the habit of winning. They won their league. They moved into the district tournament and won it. They fought their way through the state tournament and won every game up to the finals. And suddenly there they were, with only a single game with the Terriers standing between them and a state championship.

Jim knew the Terriers were going to be tough. The strong, rugged team from Tulsa had mowed down all its opposition throughout the season. You couldn't make mistakes and beat the Terriers.

THE final game was to be played on a Sunday afternoon. The Indians were on the road and had offered the use of the league park for the game and a capacity crowd promised to be on hand for it. Jim wondered if any World Series had ever meant as much to its players as the state championship meant to these orphan kids of his.

The night before the game, he talked with Miss Jennings in her office. She seemed worried. He wondered if she too had caught the fever.

"Do you think we'll win?" she inquired carefully.

"We've got a chance," Jim said.

"We've been winning quite often lately, haven't we?"

Jim nodded. She smiled and said, "No, I'm not going to scold you for teaching the boys to win. They needed a certain amount of that. And I think you've taught them the other things, too—the more important things."

"I taught them baseball," Jim said.

There was a silence; then Miss Jennings' face grew serious and she said, "I wanted to thank you for what you've done. It's meant so much to the boys."

"They're good kids," Jim said.

She nodded absently and kept looking at him. "I've got some bad news for you, Mr. Tracy," she said finally.

He suddenly felt chilled. He said, "Give it to me straight."

"We're going to have to let you go. We need you but we can't pay you. The teachers and older children will have to do your work. I'm sorry."

He thought of the months he'd looked for work before he found this job—sleeping in the car to save money, drifting from town to town, trying to give Sally the food and care a kid needed. *So it starts all over again,* he thought.

"I see," he muttered. "When do I get the gate?"

"In a couple of weeks. I wanted to tell you now, so that you could be looking around. Perhaps you can find something."

"Sure; I'll find something."

He got up to go, but she stopped him. "If—in case it takes longer than

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Our enemies have been getting ready for the past 7 or 8 years. Are you going to wait till they get *nearer* our kids?

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you expect, what will you do with Sally?"

"Take her with me, of course."

"Why don't you leave her with us?"

Jim caught his breath harshly. "She's my kid!"

"Of course. But we'd be glad to take care of her until you got located."

He turned away. "I—I'll think it over."

He went to bed as soon as he got to his room, but he couldn't sleep. He lay in the darkness, staring up at nothing, his thoughts going around in an endless grim circle. She'd be better off at the Home. But you couldn't just walk off and leave your own kid, not knowing when you'd find a job, not knowing how long it would be before you'd see her again. Still, you couldn't expect the kid to tag along with you.

HE was still wide awake at midnight when somebody knocked on the door. "Telephone, Mr. Tracy." Miss Jennings said. "Somebody's calling you long distance."

He put on a robe and went to the phone in the office upstairs. The operator said Dallas was calling. He told her there must be a mistake, because he didn't know anybody in Dallas. Then a brisk voice on the other end of the wire asked, "Tracy? This Jim Tracy?"

"Yeah," Jim said.

"This is Bert Leaming. Sorry to wake you up, but it's important. We had some bad luck down here tonight. Shortstop broke an ankle."

"What's that got to do with me?"

"I'm offering you a job. Fifty a week for the rest of the season and a full cut in the Dixie Series if we make it. What do you say?"

Jim gripped the receiver tightly. "Just a minute," he said. "Lemme think."

"I've got to have somebody to plug that hole in the infield," Leaming went on. "*Pronto.* You can hop the one-thirty train tonight and be in Dallas in the morning."

So they wanted him now, Jim thought. Last spring, when they had plenty of time to sort out the rookie crop, they wouldn't give him a tumble. But now—now that the blue chips were down—they weren't taking any chances on rookies. They wanted a cool head and a sure pair of hands—they wanted a veteran they could depend on.

"All right," he said. "I'll come. But not tomorrow. The next day."

"Hell, man, we've got a doubleheader on tap tomorrow. Look—I'll lay my cards on the table. I've got a deal on the string for a kid shortstop from Fort Worth. It's you or him. I'd rather have you, but if you can't be here for tomorrow's game I'll grab him instead. Now what do you say?"

Jim stared blankly at the flowered wallpaper above the phone box. The [illegible] left hand. He said, "My kids got a ball game tomorrow. I got to stick with 'em."

There was a long charged silence at the other end of the wire. Then Leaming exploded. "Do you mean to tell me you're such a sentimental fool as to turn down my offer just for a gang of dirty-faced kids?"

"Yeah," Jim said slowly, "I guess that's just what I'm trying to tell you," and hung up.

He went back to his room and went to bed. He should feel like the sentimental fool Leaming thought he was, he supposed. But he didn't. He felt good. That door in his mind was closed for good now.

THE kids were jittery next day. The big ball park, the smooth-turfed infield, the packed stands made them suddenly self-conscious. In the first inning they booted a couple and Billy Samuels served up a fat one at the wrong time and the

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

A performing athlete, having completely pressed the juice out of an orange, offered one hundred dollars to any one in the auditorium who could press even one drop out of the same fruit. Several strong men tried it in vain. However, a thin, small, weak man came onto the stage, and without much effort he succeeded in pressing out the last drop. Asked by the athlete about his profession, he answered: "I am a tax collector."

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

Terriers jumped into a 3-to-0 lead. Then the defense stiffened. Billy Samuels started bearing down. The game settled into a grim pitchers' battle.

Inning after scoreless inning went by. Jim could feel the tension growing, building up. He knew both teams were playing over their heads. Something would give; something had to give. He kept waiting for the blow-off.

It came in the last half of the seventh. With two out, Rusty McGinnis slashed a single to right. Jack Timmons caught a fat one on the nose and drove it high and far to a deep corner of right center for three bases. The stands came to their feet with a roar as the first run crossed the plate. The roar became one long reverberation of ear-pounding sound as Butch Peters drove a hard smash to the left-field corner.

Timmons trotted across the rubber with the second run. Peters took his turn around first and kept going. The play was close at second, but Peters went in with a fast twisting slide, and the base umpire spread his hands out flat.

There's the ball game, Jim thought. The tying run on second, and Tubby Manus, as dependable in the clutch as any hitter on the ball club, due at the plate.

He noticed suddenly that Butch Peters was still stretched out on the ground near second. The Terrier infield was gathered around him and the base umpire was waving at the coaching box. Jim went out and bent over the kid.

"It's my ankle," Butch breathed, his face twisted with pain. "Must have sprained it."

Jim helped him up. "Can you walk?"

"Sure. I'll be all right in a minute."

But Jim knew he wouldn't be all right. The ankle was swelling fast. He helped the injured youngster to the bench, then inspected the row of second-stringers sitting there. He knew how badly all those kids wanted to be in the game, but this wasn't any time to play favorites. Speed on the base paths was what counted.

He signaled to Johnny. "You're it, kid."

He stood in the third-base coaching box and watched Johnny take a lead off the bag. Tubby Manus glanced at him before stepping into the batter's box and Jim signed for him to hit away.

The Terrier pitcher was rattled. Tubby stood up at the rubber cool as ice and watched two fast ones sail wide for balls. He glanced at Jim again and Jim left him on his own. This next one would be fat. Let the kid take picks if he wanted to.

In it came, waist-high and big as a watermelon. Tubby was waiting. He swung, there was a sharp pleasant-sounding crack, and the ball sailed on a low line to left field. Johnny sprinted for third as if he had been shot out of a gun. Jim waved him in. He got a glimpse of Johnny's face, strained, white, intent, as he rounded third, then the kid was pounding toward the plate.

He crossed standing up and the stands went crazy. But Jim didn't hear it. He stared at the Terrier third baseman, who was standing on the bag, screaming for the ball. The blue-clad umpire was there, too, nodding his head vigorously. The ball came in, the third baseman took it and stamped hard on the bag, the umpire jerked a thumb upward.

Jim felt the sudden silence that blanketed the ball park. He didn't even make a routine protest against the decision. He'd seen it, the Terrier infield had seen it, anybody who had been watching could have seen it—Johnny had missed third base by a good three feet.

HE turned and walked toward the bench. It was just a boner, the kind any ballplayer might pull. But why did it have to be Johnny, and why did it have to happen at just this moment?

The kids stood in a knot in front of the bench, silent, stunned. Johnny was staring miserably down at the toes of his sneakers. Jim said, "Forget it, Johnny. It could happen to anybody."

Johnny looked up at him, agony in his eyes. He looked beaten. Jim

suddenly remembered the way the kid had flinched away from his hand. That was it, he thought. Sometime in the kid's past, sometime before he had come to the Home, he had been beaten when he made mistakes. It had warped something in him, made him expect blows instead of kindness.

It was too bad! More than anything else, Jim wanted to leave the kid in the ball game, to let him go out there and try to make up for his boner. But baseball wasn't that kind of game. You had to think of the team. The kid might boot another one and ruin what faint chances of winning remained.

JIM turned to the bench to signal a substitute into right field. But before he could speak Tubby Manus slapped Johnny on the back and said, with a grin, "We got two of 'em, anyhow. We'll get the rest later."

Rusty McGinnis grabbed Johnny's arm and pulled him toward the diamond. "C'mon and play ball. Wait'll we bat next inning!"

Butch Peters hobbled to his feet and yelled, "You can use my glove, Johnny! I left it out by the foul line."

Jim watched the kids—his kids—scamper out on the field. They didn't look like a beaten team. They looked like a gang of fighting ballplayers who didn't know when they were whipped. He smiled and sat down on the bench. It was their game now. Win or lose, this ball game belonged to his kids.

He let them play it their way. They blanked the Terriers in the first half of the eighth, but failed to threaten in their half of the inning. They set the Terriers down in order in the ninth and came in for their last chance at bat.

With one away, Billy Samuels drove a ground single through the infield. Rusty McGinnis moved him around to third with another. Jack Timmons struck out, but Rusty stole second while he was doing it. Johnny sprinkled dust on his hands and stepped up to the plate.

This is it, Jim thought. *Ducks on, tying and winning runs waiting at second and third, and Johnny up there with the pressure on him.* The crowd was on its feet. A roar came from the shadowed stands, echoing and re-echoing across the field.

Standing on second, Rusty McGinnis cupped his hands about his mouth and shouted something to Johnny that Jim could not hear. Johnny grinned and waved the bat around in a small circle above his right shoulder and waited.

The Terrier pitcher stretched, threw. Johnny seemed to unwind like a coiled steel spring. From the moment the bat cracked, there was never any doubt about it. The ball sailed high and far, bounced off the top of the left-field fence, and long before the outfielder picked it up the winning runs were across and the game was over.

Beside him, Sally's voice shrilled: *"Johnny! Johnny! Johnny!"*

He grinned at her and rumpled her hair. "Well, puddinghead, I guess you can pick 'em better than I can."

Later, after the excitement had died down some, after the park had cleared of spectators, C. R. Browne came to offer his congratulations.

"A fine bunch of boys," he said. "A fine ball club. Makes you miss the old days, doesn't it?"

Jim looked at him squarely. "No. Why should it?"

C. R. shrugged. "Maybe I've been hearing too many things."

"Such as—"

"That you were going to be out of a job soon. That you had a chance to get back into baseball and turned it down. Did I hear right?"

"I guess you did."

C. R. kept looking at him. "By the way," he said casually, "I've got an opening on the Times now. I'm looking for a man who's willing to settle down. I wouldn't mind taking on an ex-ballplayer if I thought he wouldn't quit me the first chance he got to get back into the game."

Jim took a deep breath. "Sounds like I'm your man."

"Then you're really through with baseball?"

"Baseball?" Jim said. "Hell, that's a game for kids. For kids like mine."

SALLY had supper ready when he got home from the office. They ate in the breakfast nook because it was cozier there. In such a small room you didn't notice the absence of the rest of the family so much.

Because he had something on his mind Jim ate absently, and Sally had to scold him once for putting too much sugar in his coffee. "Sorry," he said. Looking at her, he noticed the bright color in her cheeks and the sparkle in her eyes and he figured the letter must have come today.

"What's the news from Johnny?"

She had been waiting for just that question, and she told him about Johnny now and about the things he was doing. Jim listened long enough to find out that Johnny was all right, then his mind got to wandering again. He put another spoonful of sugar in his coffee.

Sally said sharply, "Dad!"

"Sorry," he muttered. "I was thinking. You see, I've talked C. R. into the notion of organizing a league of kid teams. The Texas League voted to disband for the duration, and I'd hate to see this town go without any kind of ball. If we could scrape up some old bats and balls and uniforms—"

"I've got a couple of your old uniforms in moth balls. They're pretty ragged, though."

"The kids wouldn't mind. And Johnny's—he wouldn't care if we used his." He smiled. "Bet some kid'll sure get a kick out of wearing a uniform that was in last year's World Series."

THE END

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PATTERN FOR VICTORY —ROUND-THE-CLOCK BOMBING

Continued from Page 19

is no longer true. American heavy bomber raids on Germany by daylight are increasing steadily in weight and frequency. Besides, this criticism completely ignored the fact that, with full British agreement, our big bombers concentrated at first almost exclusively on targets which it was vitally important to hit more accurately than was even theoretically possible by night. These targets are torpedo warehouses, power plants, rivet shops, and other port installations at the U-boat centers of Brest, Lorient, St. Nazaire, La Pallice, and Bordeaux. In addition, we struck heavily at French railroad division points, such as Rouen, through which supplies and repairs shuttle to the Biscay ports.

Our promised mass raids on Germany are now beginning to materialize. They were delayed simply because not enough American heavy bombers were available until recent weeks to bomb *both* Germany and the submarine targets in France. With some thirty-odd war fronts in desperate need of Fortresses and Liberators after Pearl Harbor, it was imperative that at least minimum forces of heavy bombers be built up in Alaska, North Africa, the Southwest Pacific, and other war areas. It is no longer any secret—least of all to the Germans—that last summer's announcement that we intended to bomb Germany in force by daylight was designed to pin down large numbers of daylight fighter planes on the western front, and thus weaken Nazi aerial strength in Russia. This maneuver succeeded so admirably that throughout the fall and winter from 1,500 to 2,000 of the Luftwaffe's most experienced pilots were held in the west by a threat which never materialized in force.

IT is likewise no secret that steadily swelling American plane production now makes it possible to send large numbers of heavy bombers to England, and that the summer daylight attacks on Germany are to be on an unprecedented scale. In fact, it is possible and even probable that before fall three 300-plane groups of American four-motored bombers may raid Germany and German-occupied France on a single day. Later, still larger bombers —perhaps double the size of our present ones—will go into action.

The strategy behind such raids can be summed up in a few words: *Gain undisputed mastery of the air by smashing German fighter strength; crush every vital industrial plant in Nazi Europe which can be reached by air.*

2. *Why we believe in daylight bombing.* A generation of American airmen have been taught that any bomb which does not strike a specific target point represents a bomb wasted. Repeated tests in Air Force bombardment schools have demonstrated that twelve bombers with an average bomb error of 100 feet can destroy an objective which would require *fifty* bombers with an error of slightly more than 200 feet. Even with all of America's productive genius, our bombing force must always have numerical limitations in respect to the number of targets to be destroyed. Therefore the American air force believes in bombing by daylight, when the target can be *seen* and bombing errors reduced to a minimum.

Certainly there can be little argument against the contention that 50 per cent of any given city may be completely destroyed by dispersed area bombing at night without a single vital objective being touched. In the great German raids on London in 1940, for example, one of the prime German targets was the enormous Battersea power station on the Thames Embankment. Although dozens of acres in near-by residential sections were razed, three months of incessant night bombing rewarded the Germans with exactly one hit on the Battersea station—and that bomb struck only a corner of the building. Repair crews patched up the damage in two hours.

Similarly, residential and commercial sections in Coventry were

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"That was a swell cake you got from your Mom!"

Every "Eveready" flashlight battery we can make is going either to the armed services or to war industries. Have you enlisted in this total war, too? Your local Defense Council needs your help. Volunteer your services for Civilian Defense today.

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EVEREADY

virtually obliterated, while factories suffered either no damage at all or damage so minor that the average time required to get *all* factories back in operation was but six days. The same general picture held true in Bristol and other English cities.

Contrast these night raids with the A. A. F.'s daylight assault, made on March 18, against the huge German submarine building yards at Vegesack, near Bremen. Reconnaissance photographs show that despite intense fighter opposition, approximately 100 of our big bombers destroyed or badly damaged Vegesack's power plant, its engine shops, its smith shop, its frame-bending shop, and its forge, lathe, and erecting shops. *And* seven submarines.

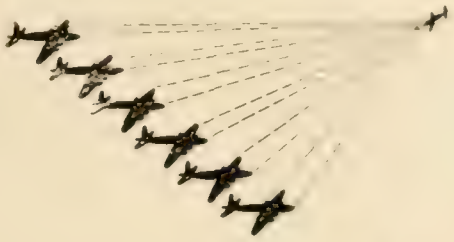
After studying its own reconnaissance photographs, the R. A. F. in an appreciative statement called the Vegesack attack the heaviest single blow of the war against U-boat production. It cost us two bombers.

3. *Reaching the target.* One of the most persistent arguments advanced against daylight bombing is that American Air Force planes cannot penetrate deep into enemy territory without excessive losses. In its first daylight raid in 1939, the R. A. F. sent twenty-nine of its best bombers against Wilhelmshaven. Only one returned. With that haunting experience in mind, many R. A. F. officers until recently were unable to shake off the conviction that *no* daylight bombers could operate against the Luftwaffe without heartbreaking casualties.

THUS, when the American Air Force first brought its big ships to England late last summer, R. A. F. officers were practically unanimous in the belief that we would lose 25 per cent of the planes sent on any daylight mission. Although only Intelligence knows the exact figures, our announced losses indicate definitely that the Luftwaffe was unable to destroy an average of more than 3 per cent of our planes sent out on our first forty missions—a percentage actually lower than that of the R. A. F. operating under the protection of darkness! Such results have stimulated a complete switch-over of opinion in the minds of both the R. A. F. and the British public.

Few laymen understand the highly successful tactics now employed in daylight bombing. The Fortress, for example, mounts thirteen .50-caliber machine guns. This gives it a fire power approximately double that of the Focke-Wulf, thus far Germany's best fighter. Even so, our bombers never meet Focke-Wulfs alone. The usual bombing unit comprises eighteen planes flying in tight formation. This means that as many as *fifty* guns can be brought to bear on a single attacker—under certain circumstances, even more. In addition, only 200-foot intervals separate adjacent squadrons, so that often, if a Nazi plane overshoots or attacks from the side, a following squadron's guns can go into action.

Intensive training has taught bomber pilots to shift their formation positions quickly in order to bring the greatest possible concentration of fire power to bear on any enemy pursuit. For example, when a Nazi fighter dives at one of our



formations in a head-on attack, the bombers immediately stair-step upward toward the rear in order to bring all nose and top turret guns into play:

The same planes, to meet an attack from the rear, reverse their

stair-step formation so tail guns and top turret guns will have unrestricted fields of fire:

Attacks from the side are met by similar quickly shifted stair-step formations.

Besides tactics of this type, our big bombers have other important advantages. One is the fact that upward of a dozen expert gunners—with no duty except annihilation of the enemy—can concentrate on a single attacking plane whose pilot must simultaneously fly and aim. Another is the extremely high muzzle velocity of our .50-caliber machine guns, with a flat trajectory which makes them deadly at 900 yards, compared to a maximum of 500 yards for the Focke-Wulf's cannon.

Even more important, most combats between Boeing Fortresses and fighter planes take place at around 25,000 feet. At such heights, pursuits literally *squash* in the thin, rarefied air. Experience has demonstrated that German pilots need nearly 5,000 feet to pull out of the dive with which they always end each pass at the bombers. By the time a pilot can pull out, climb, and get in position for another attack, the Fortress formation is twenty miles farther along its way and the Focke-Wulf's gasoline is beginning to run out.

Competent observers believe that the Nazis today simply do not have enough pursuit-plane strength to establish fighter airdromes in depth far back into Germany. American bombing formations usually meet a rim of fighter opposition only over the coast. If Germany should pull back its fighter formations for a defense in depth, our bombers would probably strike at coastal objectives until the fighter strength was drawn forward again.

For these reasons, already proved in combat, there can be little or no doubt of the Fortress' ability to fight its way through any foreseeable opposition without exhausting its ammunition and without excessive losses. Already the toll inflicted on enemy planes in single raids is stupendous—81 destroyed, probably destroyed, or damaged over Romilly-sur-Seine; 67 over Paris; 95 over Vegesack; 112 in the May 21 raid over Wilhelmshaven and Emden. The *worst* raid from the standpoint of American losses occurred last April 17 over Bremen, when we lost 16 out of 115 bombers, largely because our squadrons were unfortunate enough to be spotted over the North Sea, an hour and a half short of Bremen, by a German reconnaissance plane.

EVEN so, our big bombers knocked down 63 enemy fighters, scored 15 probables, and damaged 17 other Nazi pursuits. Counting half the probables as ships destroyed—a not unreasonable estimate—the score is 70 Germans destroyed compared to 16 American, a ratio of better than 4½ to 1. And while admittedly an American bomber costs far more than a German fighter, our Air Force officials rightly regard the destruction of enemy fighters as merely incidental to our primary mission of hitting the target. At night English bombers shoot down almost no pursuits at all, and yet suffer bomber losses as heavy or heavier than our own. Viewed in this light, our attrition of German fighter strength is pure velvet.

Actually, the average of less than 100 bombers which have participated in our raids to date is considered too small for the most effective saturation of enemy fighter defenses. With 300-plane raids, damage to fighter-plane opposition should be even more impressive, and our own losses proportionately less. Nor is American fighter-plane protection essential on our daylight missions. Over Wilhelmshaven in March, 1943, where we had no fighter escort at all, approximately 100 of our big bombers were attacked incessantly for nearly two hours by about 150 German fighters. We lost three bombers while positively destroying twenty-eight German pursuits, a ratio of nine to one. Over Vegesack, when roughly the same numbers clashed, the ratio was twenty-six to one! At this writing, thirteen of our daylight raids over Nazi-controlled Europe have been carried out without any losses at all.

It can be said, incidentally, that American claims of planes shot down or damaged tend to the side of conservatism and are most thoroughly checked and cross-checked.

4. *Hitting the target.* Various commentators have repeatedly argued that precision bombing is absolutely impossible except in occasional hours of widely scattered days, especially from November through March. In fact, it has been claimed that perfect bombing conditions cannot be expected in more than twelve days a year.

Yet during March—named as one of the worst months for precision bombing—the American air forces carried out *nine* highly successful missions from high altitudes, or an average of one raid every three and a half days. Nor are broken cloud formations or ground haze an insuperable handicap to precise high-altitude bombing. If the target can be seen at all, even for a few seconds, it can be hit. Some of our most successful raids have been carried out under such conditions. Actually, American air force officers estimate that there are at least eighty to ninety days a year when precision bombing is entirely practicable.

The fact that the American air forces are hitting their targets, and hitting them persistently and heavily, is proved by Germany's frantic attempts to knock our Fortresses out of the air by every conceivable type of tactics. These range from direct suicide attacks by fighter planes to efforts to *bomb* our planes from pursuits flying overhead. So far, no tactics have been more than partially effective.

Admittedly our bomb loads are smaller than those of the big British bombers, but obviously it is necessary to sacrifice bomb load for the overwhelming fire power needed to repel fighter planes. Moreover, bomb *tonnage* alone is never a criterion of bombing *effectiveness.* The American air force argues that 300 tons of bombs dropped accurately by daylight are easily worth 1,000 tons dropped by night.

RECONNAISSANCE has sustained this argument. The Focke-Wulf factory at Bremen, attacked in April, produces about 100 planes a month. Photographs show that in our single raid *five out of seven* of the factory's big buildings were destroyed or damaged, which meant that for months the factory would probably produce no planes at all. Similarly, in a recent routine raid on a Bay of Biscay port, less than 200 tons of bombs caused the following damage: 1. Roof blasted off a large shop. 2. A machine workshop damaged. 3. Sail loft and rivet shop destroyed. 4. A hit on a large unidentified port building. 5. Wharf shed half destroyed. 6. Hits on a roadway. 7. Hits on railroad tracks. 8. Direct hit on unidentified building. 9. Direct hit on a warehouse. 10. Passenger station and office damaged. 11. Coal dump hit. 12. A group of sheds destroyed. 13. Paint shop destroyed. 14. A floating dock hit and left half submerged.

Since last fall such raids have seriously impaired the enemy's ability to wage submarine warfare. While it appears that even the biggest bombs cannot penetrate the twelve-foot-thick concrete ceilings which screen the submarines themselves, blasting paint shops, power houses, rivet shops, torpedo warehouses, and other port installations makes it impossible to refit the U-boats in the pens until new installations can be built or the old ones repaired. In numerous cases aerial reconnaissance has shown one port so badly damaged that the U-boats must be shifted to another before any refitting could be accomplished. In fact, there are grounds for belief that some submarines have had to return all the way to Germany as a result of American raids, thus keeping them out of action in the Atlantic for even longer periods.

Certainly before fall the American air forces will have enough daylight bombers in England to permit sustained bombing of *both* submarine targets and industrial objectives in the heart of Germany. Night bombing has already shaken German morale and caused staggering damage. Day bombing has proved it can register repeated hits on the most vital targets selected—and can decimate Nazi fighter strength. Together, day *and* night bombing point the way to a crushing German defeat.

THE END

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made it possible for tired business men, and others with the means to accomplish it, to escape, so to speak, to their own private desert isle; to enjoy all the luxuries of the tropics with none of the disadvantages. For a time business had been excellent. But then had come the war.

It was not that Svend Christensen had any vast investment in the place. It was only the land that he had put up—he and Karen, his granddaughter, that is to say. The old Christensen family estate, Wheel of Fortune, had lain idle for more than a century when Eric Krause had come back to the islands, after completing his education in Denmark and Germany, and proposed the plan. Eric Krause, the son of the doctor's old friend, Halvor Krause, and scion of one of the islands' oldest families, had seen to all the details. Eric had gone up to the States and raised the necessary capital. Eric had drawn the plans and overseen the building. Eric had seen entirely to the management. It was a case of Christensen land and Krause labor. And stockholders' capital. There was the rub! Svend Christensen wondered how long the stockholders would care to maintain a place that no longer carried itself.

DOWN the gallery a door opened and a man stepped out. He was a slight man, a little above medium height and slender. His features were regular, his nose straight, the line of his chin clean. And yet there was something lacking in his face. His mouth seemed weak and his lips were a little too full, sensuous. His eyes were blue, pale, almost white, and hard as little marbles. His blond hair was soft and wavy, and it was only when he came near that you could see the faint streaks of silver in it at the temples. A little blond mustache made his upper lip seem shorter than it was. He wore a white silk shirt and lemon-colored riding breeches, and his riding boots were immaculately polished. He carried a short riding crop, which he waved at sight of the doctor.

"Good morning, Uncle Svend," he called.

"Hmmmph!" the doctor growled.

The younger man came along the gallery.

"What's the matter?"

"See here, Eric," the doctor blurted. "Do you think we should keep open in such times? It is expensive to maintain such a place with no business. What will the stockholders say?"

Eric shrugged.

"Don't worry, Uncle Svend. They understand the situation. Leave them to me."

"But without guests, Eric? We have had six since the New Year, and none at all in the last month, and now it is almost the end of May. We cannot keep open for such a trade."

"Nonsense!" Eric's gesture was impatient. "It costs no more to stay open and live here than it would to close the place. Leave the financial end of it to me, I say!"

The old doctor shrugged.

"Well—"

He broke off. The younger man drew the tip of his riding crop through his fingers.

"Look here, Uncle Svend," he said abruptly. "I want to talk to you about Karen."

The old man looked at him from under bushy eyebrows.

"About Karen?" he demanded. "Well?"

"I wish you would speak to her," Eric said petulantly. "She won't give me a chance. She keeps putting me off, though I'll swear she knows—"

The doctor wagged his head.

"I have told you, Eric," he said, "that I will not force her. She must make up her own mind. You must give her time. You must have patience. She is a good girl, and she will come around. You will see."

"I have had patience," Eric growled. "I have given her time! I—"

He broke off at the sound of a step on the gravel of the garden walk. Both men turned. A girl was coming up the path from the cottages, approaching the gallery steps; an exceptionally pretty girl, tall enough to have the slimness of a boy, yet short enough, at the same time, to retain all the gentle fullness of a woman. Her complexion had the glow of the sun and the color of fresh roses. Her eyes were blue as the waters of the bay were blue, and her hair hung in thick honey-colored waves about the nape of her neck. She, too, wore riding clothes, but her tawny jodhpurs had a well worn look, and the blue silk of her blouse matched the blue of her eyes.

At sight of her, Eric flushed, but if she had overheard what he had said, she gave no sign.

"Good morning, gramps!" she called as she ran up the steps. "Hello, Eric. You ready? Hans has the horses saddled and the lunches are packed."

SHE stood on tiptoe to kiss her grandfather's cheek, and the old man beamed with pleasure.

"Karen, you grow more lovely every day," he said. "When I look at you—that is when I wish I were young again! Where is it today?"

"Gramps!" she chided him playfully. "And to your own granddaughter, at that! We're going out the Northside to Cruz Bay and coming back by the Centerline."

The old man cast a quizzical glance at Eric.

"So?" he said. "Then you will be home late. Well, enjoy yourselves. Have a good picnic."

He watched them as they disappeared down the pathway toward the stables, then turned heavily and went back into the deserted lobby.

When they came down the last steep rocky pitch, where the Northside road dips from the craggy bluffs overlooking Jumbie Bay and levels out in the leafy straightaway that cuts through and over the woody tangle of Denis Neck, Karen was far in the lead. But she did not pull up and wait. Instead, she shook out the

HARDTACK

"I'll say you need sugar!"

"Stop asking why!"

reins and gave Grimalkin her head.

The little mare skimmed along like the witch cat for which she was named. Her small hoofs drummed in the soft sand of the bottom, and then clattered on the stones as the path began to climb toward the old ruined mill tower at the bend of the trail overlooking Hogsnest Bay.

Eric, following at a more leisurely gait on his heavy sorrel, was left far behind. But this did not disturb Karen in the slightest. Indeed, if the truth were known, it was exactly what she wanted.

KAREN CHRISTENSEN had no illusions as to what was expected of her. She had been perfectly aware of it since the day she had turned old enough to think of such things. To her grandfather, with his old-fashioned, sentimental ideas, it was enough that Eric came of a good family; that it was a suitable, politic match. In the old country, weddings were made by parents or guardians and a girl was expected to accept their decision. Love was an emotion, beautiful and fine, but it followed, not preceded, marriage. If it came to you, then you were lucky indeed. But not every one could have it, and if it did not come to you—well, one could still produce children and be a proper wife.

Karen knew how these things [illegible]

It was a thing inbred. She had no doubt that one day she would do as was expected. But it would be in her own time.

That, to tell the truth, was why she had insisted upon going up to the States to college. By that move she had gained another four years of freedom, though Eric had been furious. Even Grandfather Svend, lamb that he was, hadn't seen much sense in it. But he had agreed, as he always agreed in everything except one, and in the end she had gone. But now she was back, with the four years behind her, and no more ready than ever to become Mrs. Eric Krause. The worst of it was that she no longer had any excuse for putting him off. All she could do was to play such miserable tricks as this one, of going for a ride with him, and then letting her horse run far ahead so that she would not have to talk to him.

It was not really that she had anything particular against Eric. He was handsome. He was able. And when he wanted to put himself out he could be charming. But he was nearly twice her age, and he had an annoyingly possessive attitude. What was worse, when she looked at him she did not feel the least bit different, and though she knew that her grandfather, if she were to tell him, would only say that was silly, sentimental, schoolgirl stuff, still she could not help it if it made a difference to her.

Grimalkin flashed, clattering, up the last steep pitch of the long rise from the Neck and burst out of the shadow of the woods into the open sunlight at the foot of the old mill tower. As if a curtain had been snatched aside, the vista of the bay below was opened. Karen found that she could look down, over the tops of the scrubby brush, into the clear depths of the water and make out the shapes of the rocks on the bottom, far beneath the surface. Opposite her the steep flank of the mountain, dust green and thickly wooded, dropped like a plummet to the dark needle-sharp rocks of the point, while off to the left she could make out the wide white sweep of beach at the cove's head, overhung with a tangle of wild sea grape and fringed with nodding, bending coconut palms.

ORDINARILY Karen would have delighted in the scene. Now she saw none of it. Nor was it because she was thinking of Eric. Something on the beach caught and riveted her attention, and she pulled up Grimalkin so sharply that the little mare reared and pawed the air. Karen looked again, standing in her stirrups and leaning forward, the better to peer above the tops of the brush. Excitement gleamed in her blue eyes as she settled back and whirled Grimalkin, to send her clattering back once more to the edge of the woods. There she reined in again and called impatiently:

"Eric! Eric! Hurry!"

Something in her tone made him lift his heavy mount into a slow lope. He was rarely one to hurry.

"What is it? What's wrong?" he asked as he came out into the sunlight.

For answer she turned about and pointed down into the cove toward the beach.

With one hand brushing his almost invisible mustache, Eric let his pale eyes wander where she indicated.

"It's a boat," he said.

Karen jerked her head impatiently.

"I know it's a boat! It's a lifeboat! The point is it's drifted ashore here. Eric! Aren't you going to do something?"

He looked at her blandly.

"What do you want me to do, my dear?"

"But—"

"Nonsense, Karen!" he interrupted her. "It's probably been discovered and reported long since. We can't take it with us, you know."

"But you don't know," she protested. "You can't tell. I'm going down and see!"

"Karen! Wait!" he called, but it was already too late. She was gone, galloping down the trail at breakneck speed, regardless of danger, and there was nothing left for him to do but follow. Peevishly his underlip thrust forward in a pout, and with a shrug he kicked his nag into an ambling trot.

In the shadow of the big breadfruit tree in the bottom, where the trail to the beach turned off, he caught up with her. It was thicker going from there on, and they were

almost side by side when they broke through the last fringe of sea grape and came out upon the sand at the water's edge.

The boat lay a short distance up the beach, tilted over on one side. The life line with its cork grips ran in loops about its gunwale. The mast was stepped, and the gray weathered sail still hung from it, swung wide, the point of the light boom half buried in the sand. The boat was smudged, and caked with oil, and here and there, in great patches, the paint was peeling. Karen reined in and caught her breath.

"Eric!" she exclaimed. "Eric! There's a man in it!"

She was off her horse and running through the soft sand in an instant. Eric swung down more slowly and took time to tie the horses to a palm before following her. When he came up with her he saw that she was right—that there was a man in the boat.

That is to say, he had been a man. Eric was not sure that he was still alive. His eyes were closed and the lids were deep sunk in his head. His skin was drawn taut over the ridges

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The good citizens of Muskogee, Oklahoma, should be interested to know that their proposed bathroom tax of 1941, to place a tax of twenty-five cents upon each toilet seat, had its predecessor in England in William Pitt's time.

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

of his forehead and his nose, and even beneath his scrawny beard it could be seen that his cheeks were hollow. His hair was a matted tangle, and his lips were black and cracked and thickened. His clothing was in rags. He lay stretched out on the bottom of the boat on his back, his face staring up at the sun and one arm outstretched toward the tiller. The hand which drooped out of the sleeve, and the wrist above it, appeared to be little more than dried-out skin and bone.

"Oh, poor thing!" Karen breathed.

She made a movement toward the boat, but Eric grasped her arm.

"Don't touch him!" he commanded. "You don't know what—"

She jerked from his grip impatiently.

"Nonsense!" she flared. "We can't let him lie there. Here! Take his shoulders while I take his feet. We'll lift him into the shade."

Between them they moved the body, whose very limpness seemed an indication that there was yet life in it, and laid it on the sand in the shadow of the sea grapes. When they had done that, Karen straightened and turned to Eric.

"Fetch me your canteen," she commanded.

He did as he was told. When he returned she had scratched the sand into a pile to make a pillow of it for the man's head. Without looking up she took the canteen and, wetting her handkerchief, moistened the dry lips. A blackened tongue thrust out toward the moisture. Karen squeezed a few drops of water onto it. The man's eyes opened and he looked up at her. Gently she raised his head and let him drink a few swallows. His eyes lifted gratefully to her face, and she saw that they were young and gray. He tried to say something, but his voice was only a croak. After a moment he closed his eyes once more, and Karen let him lie back. She stood up and faced Eric.

"KAREN!" He seemed anxious to forestall whatever she might have to say. "This is a matter for the authorities. We've done all we can for the fellow. Come, let's ride on and report it to the commissioner at Cruz Bay. He'll send back for him—have him in the hospital in St. Thomas inside of twelve hours."

"And have him die in the meantime?" she demanded scornfully. "I should think not, Eric Krause! You know gramps is the nearest doctor! Now you ride as fast as you can to Duerloo's—that's nearest—and tell them we want four boys to help carry—"

"Karen!" He was aghast. "You can't take that—that scarecrow to Wheel of Fortune!"

"I don't know why not!" she snapped. "Now hurry! Do as I tell you, or I'll never speak to you again!"

Again his underlip thrust forward in that petulant pout, but with a shrug he turned to where the horses were tied, mounted, and rode away. As the sound of hoofs died away the man on the ground stirred. His lips moved. Karen dropped to her knees and bent to catch his words.

"That's telling—sister!" he whispered. Then, "Water!"

She raised his head and let another swallow trickle down his throat. When she removed the canteen he tried feebly to grasp it. But she held it away.

"Not too much all at once."

He tried to smile as he lay back.

"Goo' girl!" he whispered. "'M Alan Ken'—first off'cer—tanker Shoshone—torpedoed—Atlantic—twe'-six days 'go—others dead—all—all gone."

His voice was only a dry rasp in his throat at the end. Karen put her finger on his lips.

"Not now," she said. "Tell it later. Here! Take a little more water now."

Once again she let him swallow, and as she let his head fall gently back he smiled again.

"Goo' girl!" he said again. "Goo' girl—a—angel!"

Escaped from the perils of the sea, the young American meets new dangers on the lovely island of St. John. Their threatening shadows hover over next week's chapter.

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behind him. He was already out of the roadster, waiting for her.

"Well, here we are!" he said.

"Dan, you gave me your word—"

He smiled faintly in the moonlight. "I had my fingers crossed. There's no use trying to talk me out of it, Kit. I intend to have a look around."

"What do you hope to find?"

"Hand me one of those shovels and I'll show you."

"Shovels?"

"Yes, shovels! I'm going to find out who or what is hidden in that grave!"

He opened the door behind her. There was a muffled metallic clank as he picked up the spade, and then he closed the door again. It made no sound at all.

"Wait for me," she said. "I'm not going to stay here alone."

Off to their right somewhere a twig cracked sharply.

"Did you hear that?" she whispered.

He nodded and stood very still.

Minutes passed. Low rifts of cloud scudded west across the moon, obscuring it for a few seconds at a time. Finally Dan took a deep breath.

"It's nothing," he assured her. "Probably the branches scraping against one another."

Kit wet her lips and her heart continued to pound. It was too late to do anything now. Dan had moved away toward the graveyard. There was only one thing on Kit's mind. If she were going to be caught, she didn't want to be alone when it happened. Being with Dan would help. There was a quiet competence about him that was reassuring.

She caught up with him when he was climbing over the low stone wall. He did it without a sound, testing each stone with his hand, before stepping on it, to see whether or not it was loose. Then he pointed out to her exactly where to put her feet.

"It's the last grave on the right," he said. "I want you to sit in the shadow of the wall and keep your gun handy in order to cover me. Get down right here and move along parallel to me. If some one should come, they'll see only one of us. You're my ace in the hole."

She was about twelve feet away from him when he began to dig. The headstone was between them, and he stood with his face in his own shadow. The blade made a muffled sound as it was shoved into the ground. Dan had been right about the turf; he was able to pick it up in rectangular blocks without any trouble. They had been cut so recently, the soil hadn't had time to bind. Beneath the surface the earth was loose. Kit could tell that from the ease with which Dan scooped it up, and a mounting sense of excitement warmed her.

At the end of several minutes Dan had dug a trench almost two feet deep. Each time the blade went down, she held her breath in anticipation, expecting to see him withdraw; but each time he would follow through with the stroke, lifting out a mass of loose dirt, and discovery was postponed for still another few seconds.

Once again she heard the sound of a cracking twig. This time it came from the trees behind her. Instinctively she crouched deeper into the shadows, pressing against the rocks at her back. Dan didn't hear it this time, or if he did he paid no attention. Kit felt she had to warn him—but if there *were* some one there, it would be stupid to show herself; it was what Dan told her not to do. It wasn't repeated any more, and she felt easier.

The moment she had been hoping for and at the same time fearing came when Dan was up to his thighs in the excavation. He rose slowly, just as she knew he would, and spoke to her in a whisper: "I've got it. I'm standing on a box!"

"How do you know it isn't the original casket?"

"It's only three feet down and the top is loose. Just stay where you are."

"DID you hear that sound before?" she asked.

He nodded. "Don't worry about it," he told her, and then went on digging, loosening the earth around the edge of the box. He tossed his shovel away then, and bent down to lift it. It seemed an eternity to Kit before he rose again, this time carrying two long planks, each more than a foot wide.

"There is no box," he said. "Just these boards over the body—and you ought to be glad the wind is blowing away from you!"

It *is* Anna! she thought, growing sick.

Dan had bent down again. She heard him strike a match, and a reddish glow lit the walls of the pit he had dug. There was a sharp exclamation and the light went out. Slowly he stood up again.

"It's not Anna at all," he said, as if stunned. "It's a man. It's Kenton!"

"Kenton?" she repeated dully. "But Kenton is sick! I saw the butler prepare a tray in the kitchen—"

"Kenton is dead. He must have been the man you thought was Paul."

"Then I killed Kenton?"

"I don't know," he said slowly. "You said his back was toward you."

"He was facing the fire."

"Well, this man's throat's been cut!"

"Oh—"

"I feel the same way. But this is all I wanted to know. I was sure there was something fishy here all the time. And we still don't know what Duncan Thorne, head of the Franco-American Arts Foundation, is doing under the name of Kenton, or even why he's here with his throat cut. Paul has a nice lot of explaining to do, no matter what happens to either of us!"

This time there was no sound of twigs snapping. This time it was Paul's voice, as calm and friendly as usual.

COLONEL STOOPNAGLE'S FICTIONARY *(Unabashed)*

BAREBARIAN: A savage who wears only a nose ring.

CHAIRUB: An angel sitting down.

MA'AMOTH: A great big lady elephant of long ago.

UPITAPH: Tombstone on top of a mountain.

DARCTIC: When every day is all night.

TEPIDERMIS: Lukewarm skin.

FROWNTAIN: Most of them play; this one is sullen.

LACQUERDAISICAL: Shellack of ambition.

STEWPENDOUS: Enough food for an army.

PERPLEXICON: Another name for this column.

"What would you like to know?" he asked.

He was standing on top of the stone wall, a few feet from Kit's head. She could see him clearly in the moonlight—and a gun glinted in his hand. He glanced down at her, and she remained immobile on the chance that he couldn't see her in the shadows. Dan's surprise was not apparent. He climbed out of the pit very slowly.

"As long as you're here," he remarked, "you might as well—"

"Before I do anything," Paul said, interrupting him, "Kit had better throw her gun out where I can see it." He waited until she obeyed him. "And she might as well get up off the ground. She's always doing something stupid." Then he turned back to Dan. "And now perhaps *you'll* explain to me what you're doing burying people on my property!"

He gave the words a wry inflection, as though he were trying to remain good-natured in spite of an annoying imposition.

"Burying?" Dan said, really startled.

"Of course. You're not going to tell me that you were digging it up, are you?"

"That's exactly what I'm going to do. What are you trying to pull, Campbell?"

Paul waited until Kit got to her feet. She felt stiff from the bruises she had sustained in the fall from the ridge, and it was a painful effort to hobble across the short stretch of ground to where Dan stood. More than that, she was so exhausted that only the fear of Paul's gun kept her upright.

"I'm not trying to pull anything, Shay." Paul's voice was sharper. "I saw you and Kit drag Kenton's body from the woods and hide it in the grave."

DAN didn't answer.

"And that's the man Kit murdered. She cut his throat in my house, the day before yesterday. Then she dragged the body out and hid it in the woods. At that time, of course, I knew nothing about it, because I thought that Kenton was away on a short trip."

"You're crazy," Dan said. "Only this afternoon you said Kenton was ill upstairs."

"You must be mistaken," Paul said gently. "I never said anything like that. If necessary, I can produce witnesses."

"The baron and Manolo and the rest of your scout troop?"

"They're very respectable people."

"I'm sort of respectable myself," Dan reminded him.

"You used to be. As a matter of fact, your commanding officer Colonel Simon left me a short time ago."

"Simon? What was he doing here?"

"I had some information for him concerning you. He decided to come out and check up for himself on some rumors about the company you keep."

"Yes?" Dan said tautly.

"Yes. Well—before he left, I convinced him, that's all. So, you see, you're no longer so respectable."

"My Lord!" Dan sighed, almost laughing. "You're really good, Paul!"

"It's taken you a long time to realize it. I didn't expect you two back at all, and the fact that you did return proves you underrate me."

"But get back to this marvelous pipe dream of yours about us burying Kenton. I assume that this is going to be your version of the story to the police."

"Of course!"

"Can you tell me why we were supposed to have picked on this particular grave?"

"That's where you were very clever," said Paul. "You discovered who Kenton really was."

"Did we?" Dan asked slowly. "Who did we discover he was?"

"You discovered that he was really Henry Hutchins, the man who used to own this place, the man who was supposed to have died in prison in 1926 and was buried here. You discovered that Kenton—I mean Hutchins—never died at all, but was spirited out of jail on an arrangement with the medical examiner and his own lawyer, after he had made a will leaving an appreciable amount of money and this property to a nonexistent Franco-American Arts Foundation. An empty box was buried, and Hutchins went to Europe, had his face changed, and became Duncan Thorne, the head of the Franco-American Arts Foundation, in full charge of all its funds."

"We discovered an awful lot, didn't we!" Dan said.

"Kit did most of it when she was in Paris," Paul replied. "She blackmailed him, and then, when he had nothing left, she killed him. You helped her get rid of the body. I'm not implicated at all. I just happened to be passing by at the right time and overheard everything."

"And that's your story?"

"What's wrong with it? I think it's pretty good. This business about Kenton being really Hutchins would come out sooner or later, since a man may change his face but his fingerprints and dental records remain the same. I think it best to bring it out myself, before it's dug up for me."

"SUPPOSE you tell us the real story."

"Wouldn't that be silly of me?"

"Well, you'll have to explain Anna Mahler."

"No, I won't. I never heard of Anna Mahler. Of course she's lying in a room up in the house, and she'll continue to do so until we get all the information out of her that we need. But after that, no more Anna Mahler—not even a trace of her body!"

"Then it's Anna who is being taken care of upstairs, and not Kenton?"

"That ought to be obvious. As long as she's useful, she'll live. The same went for Kenton. When I picked him up in Paris, the poor

THE HOME FRONT

"Here's a pound of waste fat I drained off the last steak you sold me!"

slob was drinking himself to death and I found out who he was. He was very useful to me, and I even had him straightened out a bit. But I'm established here now, and since you never could tell what that idiot might say, he had become a liability. Therefore—no more Kenton!"

"And so you killed him!" Dan insisted.

For a moment Paul said nothing, but his mouth twisted into a smile of irrepressible mirth which broke out into mischievous laughter. He shook his head helplessly as he tried to catch his breath.

"I will never—never forget Kit tiptoeing into the room!" He went off again into a soundless spasm. "She almost collided with me, and if she had!" He shook his head once more, and it was a while before he could speak. "I had just finished with Kenton when I heard her come in, so I had to get out of the way. I tell you, the temptation to say something to her at that moment—"

Suddenly his voice stopped and a bewildered expression spread over his face as he stood above them on the wall. For a moment he seemed to be concentrating on something profound—and then he crumpled, very slowly, falling to the ground. Immediately behind him stood the figure of a man in uniform. The moonlight gleamed on military insignia.

"Colonel Simon!" said Dan. "The marines have landed!"

"Lucky Bill: Has the afternoon off!"

The colonel stepped up on the wall. He was carrying a cane by its shaft. "This man," he said quietly, "is probably the lousiest dog I have ever come across." Then he stared at the handle of his cane as though seeing it for the first time. "But he's got a very soft head. One tap did the trick!"

He stepped down again, and took the gun from Paul's outstretched hand. Then Kit found that she wasn't standing any longer; she had slumped to the ground.

"Listen," Dan said, his voice full of heavy sarcasm. "I knew it had to be you! I never saw a man who could find more twigs to stamp on in my life! I swore two years ago that I'd never go hunting with you again, and tonight you damned near fixed it! Little Goody Two-shoes. Couldn't you have been more quiet?"

"He didn't hear me," Simon said. "Nobody knows better than I that I'm no boy for woodcraft. I froze into place."

"You froze!" Dan mimicked him furiously. "What the devil are you doing here, after you turned in that charming report about me being a subversive element?"

"KEEP your shirt on," Simon said. "That wasn't my report. Major Riley did that little job."

"Who the hell is Major Riley?"

The colonel made a queer noise. "A new man with a head of solid brass—the kind of soldier who never recovered from West Point. He thinks the Army-Navy game is what people mean when they speak of starting a second front!"

"Where does he fit in?"

"He got that message you left for me, and since I wasn't around, he opened it and came out here on his own. This punk here"—he pointed to Paul's body with a shoe—"filled the good major with five single-spaced pages of hogwash, and since he didn't know you, he submitted it. He was all set to be made a lieutenant colonel when I picked it up. I told him he was crazy, and came out here myself to check up. I got the same story as Riley did. I just couldn't see what was up until you got him to tell the whole world how smart he was just now. I left him just a few minutes ago, and when I started down the driveway I saw two cars without lights pull up the road. That struck me as being odd, so I just let my own car roll off the road and came back to wait in the woods and watch."

"We'd better get Paul out of here," Dan said. "The house is full of his people, and then there are some others on the way."

"You're right. We'll take one of those cars and get some state troopers, so that we can come back for the Mahler woman upstairs. G-2 is looking for her."

"G-2? What's she got to do with Army Intelligence?"

"She's working with them, that's all. Come on, give me a hand with him. He's heavy."

Neither of them took any notice of Kit, and she was too weak and exhausted to get up. The two men disappeared over the wall, carrying Paul between them, and she sat there all alone, too tired to feel anything but quiet satisfaction that she needn't ever move again. Dan was safe, Anna would be safe in just a few minutes, and she didn't care what happened to her, as long as she didn't have to move a muscle.

SHE probably would have gone to sleep, but Dan came running back in alarm. "What happened to you?" he demanded, lifting her to her feet.

"I'm too tired to know. And too tired to care!"

He put an arm about her waist to keep her from stumbling as they walked toward the wall.

"I think we're going to Canada," he said. "I was talking to Simon, and he thinks your status can be fixed up. After all, you committed no crime against Canada by entering this country illegally, and Simon is sure that the United States won't prosecute you, after this. Your government can probably arrange it."

"When do I have to go?"

He carried her over the wall before he answered:

"We'll go just as soon as we get this cleared up."

"We?" She looked at him as he put her down again.

"Of course. I have some time yet before I'm to take up my commission. We can have a two-weeks honeymoon."

She shook her head slowly. "Now that it's almost all over, Dan, do you think it's wise for us to be married?"

"Don't you want to?"

"Of course I do, Dan! But you have the Army, and I have my work—there's the war to be won yet."

"Can't married people win a war? What do you think this war's all about? It's your duty as an anti-Nazi to marry me."

She smiled into the darkness.

"That's the kind of talk I understand," she said, and they got into the automobile.

THE END

PENICILLIN—MEDICINE'S NEWEST MIRACLE

Continued from Page 37

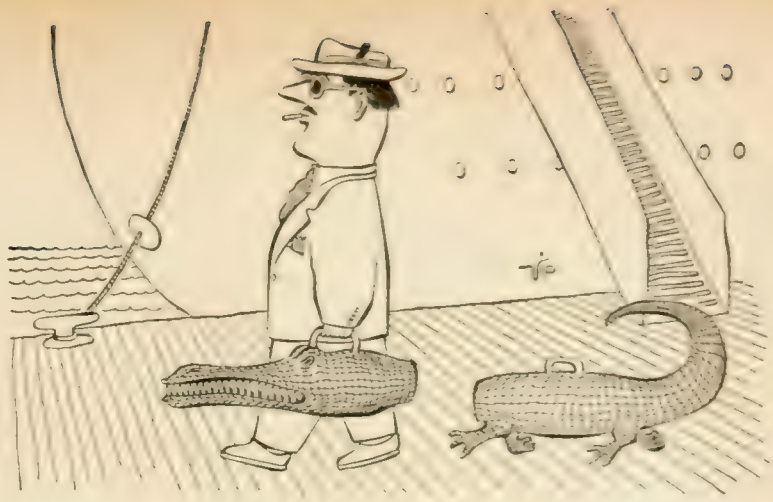
unaided defenses crumbling before the invading bacteria.

Scientists, doctors above all, are not given to emotional display, but here was a situation to "try men's souls." Stolid and unemotional as they were on the surface, there burned within these scientific workers a fervent conviction that they had scratched only the surface possibilities of penicillin, that the latent power of the drug would revolutionize the practice of medicine. Between conviction and proof lay only one obstacle—lack of supplies. Enlargement of their production facilities was all but impossible. In that summer of 1941 Britain was still grasping desperately for every material which would cure the anaemia caused by appeasement. Metals were going into Lancasters, not laboratories. The feeble voices that they could raise in Oxford would have been drowned in the general cry for guns long before they reached Whitehall. So Florey accepted the invitation of the Rockefeller Foundation to visit America.

On his flying visit he found little difficulty in working up the enthusiasm of American scientists to fever pitch, but more difficult was the task of persuading potential manufacturers to sink hundreds of thousands of dollars in equipment devoted to turning out a product which might still prove to be only a flash-in-the-pan remedy. Yet by the time he returned to England he had in his briefcase assurances of production in this country of at least sufficient quantities to prove whether penicillin was a miracle or merely a mirage. To make sure there would be no dawdling, his crack production man stayed on with the Merck Company to teach the personnel how to speed the stuff along. Slowly the wheels of American industry began to turn, but scarcely had production groped its way cautiously forward to pilot-plant scale when the United States went into the war.

FROM that moment secrecy wrapped penicillin like a shroud. The drug had become doubly precious, and the government clamped a demanding hand over all supplies. Research had to be speeded up. If penicillin turned out to be the magic healer that Florey claimed, the armed forces wanted it, and would brook no delay in getting it. To make sure that supplies went only to first-class research men, Dr. Chester Keefer, noted Boston specialist, was appointed to supervise the distribution for human trials.

All but top-notch specialists who could be relied upon to do a good job had to be turned down politely but firmly. As each case was treated, comprehensive reports were turned in to the newly appointed research boss. So far these reports have remained confidential, but it is common talk among the higher-ups of the medical world that before the onslaught of the drug pneumonia dissolves like a bad dream, the deep-set bone abscesses of osteomyelitis melt and heal, that even the almost invariably fatal blood poisoning with the dread staphylococcal germs is forced to yield.



YET, despite the secrecy, details of a few cases have come to light. One such which came into Rochester's Mayo Clinic illustrates the strangle hold with which penicillin chokes the life out of disease germs. The patient, a man in his early thirties, had a spreading carbuncle involving the nose and eyelids, the so-called "danger area" of the face. Sepsis was creeping along the orbit, slowly squeezing the eye from the socket and threatening at any moment to invade the brain. After thirty-six hours of enormous doses of the most powerful of the sulfa drugs, the second eye went blind.

If penicillin had not been available the patient would have been doomed to death, but as the drug dripped continuously into his veins the shadow which had hung over him began to recede. After only four hours his blood, which had teemed with organisms, was practically germ-free. Within a day the temperature had dropped to 100° F. and appetite was returning. In three days the sight returned to one eye. On the sixth day the patient was able to open and move the other eye, although it was still blind. From this point on recovery went so smoothly that the attending doctor might almost have become bored if he had not known that he was witnessing something akin to a miracle.

Penicillin cases are like that. The drug is given, and convalescence proceeds as smoothly as a stone slips across the surface of a frozen pond. A woman who had had a breast removed suddenly shot a temperature of 106° F. as virulent germs invaded the wound. After penicillin was given, the doctor in charge observed that convalescence was "uneventful." An elderly man suffering from empyema, pus compressing his lung, received penicillin injections directly into his chest. In four days his appetite was greater than the hospital menu could satisfy.

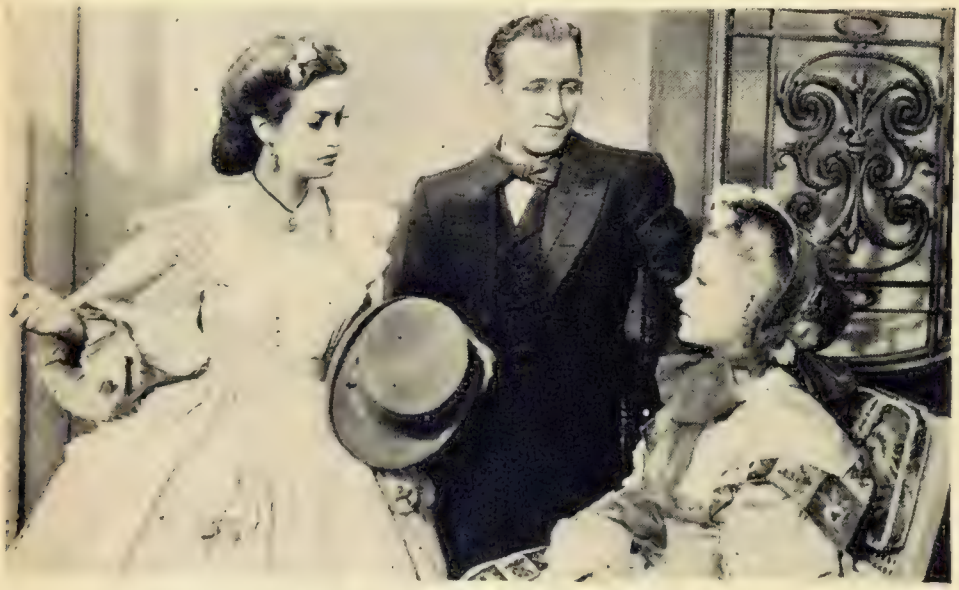
Because penicillin is not irritating to the tissues, it can sometimes be applied or injected directly into the diseased part. A patient with meningitis, for instance, who was believed to be dying, had the drug injected into his nervous system by way of the spine. His recovery was briefly described as "uninterrupted." Of nineteen cases of chronic infection of the eye, only one failed to respond to penicillin drops or ointment. Infected fingers, draining wounds, carbuncles, and skin infections have all responded to the magic touch of the newest wonder drug. Of course there are some cases that respond more slowly and a few in which damage has gone too far for any remedy to save the victim, but, by and large, penicillin for power, for rapid action, stands head and shoulders above its nearest rivals the sulfa drugs.

BUT, great as the scope of penicillin is, and fresh discoveries keep expanding its usefulness, it is not a panacea. In the germ world, as in the human world, what is one man's meat is another man's poison. Although speedily fatal to so many disease germs, there are still some, such as the bacterium that causes tuberculosis, that can withstand its onslaught. Nor is penicillin going to put the sulfa drugs out of business overnight, for there is not yet enough to go around. Though it is being turned out by Merck, E. R. Squibb and Sons, Charles Pfizer and Company, and the Lederle Laboratories, many difficulties of production have still to be ironed out. The experts are skeptical as to whether there will be any for civilian use at all for many months, perhaps not even till the war is over. There is only one way in which the drug may be brought to the public sooner—the remote possibility that an inspirational brain storm may lead the chemists to its synthesis. It is a million-to-one chance. But then, where penicillin is concerned anything may happen.

THE END

LIBERTY GOES TO THE MOVIES

Dorothy Lamour, boardinghouse keeper and shrew, locks out tenant de Wolfe and co-tenant Crosby.



Lamour, furious at Crosby for jilting her, calms down when she discovers his bride is crippled.

Aware that it won't be smooth sailing, Lamour "agrees" to marry the flirtatious Mr. Bones.

BY HARRIET GOULD

DIXIE

(Paramount)

Bing Crosby, Dorothy Lamour, Marjorie Reynolds.

DIXIE is full of innovations for Lamour fans. La Dottie does not get her man, she does not sing, and she is not on The Road to any place (unless it's perdition, judging by her forwardness with the boys). And—not only does she not wear a sarong—she's period-costumed until she looks like a fugitive from Gone with the Wind.

Crosby fans are in for a jolt, too. For the first time in his long career, Bing just doesn't register. Even his songs lack their usual lift. Blame it on the story, which never quite makes up its mind whether it will be the life of Daniel Decatur Emmett, the first minstrel, a triangle love story, or a standard Crosby musical.

Dixie purports to be the biography of Emmett, poverty-stricken composer of Dixie and the first of a fifty-year era of minstrels. It was in 1843 that the original Emmett (played by Bing Crosby) joined with three of his friends to form the first black-face team. In the film, Lynne Overman, who in his teens was an end man with the Ward and Wade minstrels; Billy de Wolfe, former night-club and musical star; and Eddie Foy, Jr., of the famous Foy vaudeville family, complete the quartet.

This movie version of the development of the art of minstrelsy starts with Bing bidding a fond farewell to his sweetheart (Marjorie Reynolds) as he leaves to make his fortune in the big city as a song writer. On the river boat card-sharping Billy de Wolfe fleeces him out of $500. When Bing finally catches on, they decide to settle the affair by becoming stage partners. They are offered a job—but because they both have black eyes and because Dorothy Lamour (their shrewish and flirtatious boardinghouse keeper) won't unlock their costumes unless they take two other dead-beat actors with them, all four black their faces, and that's Dixie's idea of how minstrels were born.

No matter how minor his pictures have been to date, Crosby has always been able to give them some sparkle with his lazy charm. But this one proves too much even for Bing. So much attention is paid to the Technicolor and the gaudy production numbers that the plot, characterizations, and continuity are just let slide. That, plus an overdose of "formula," results in Dixie being merely mediocre.

THUMBS UP

(Republic)
Brenda Joyce, Elsa Lanchester

ALTHOUGH Thumbs Up was made in America, it has the feel of a British film. Perhaps that's because it is so typical of those easy-going pictures about little people and their problems that the English do so well. Or perhaps it's due to the presence in the cast of several English favorites—Queenie Leonard, J. Pat O'Malley, and Elsa Lanchester. The story is concerned with the all-out war effort of the British people—clerks, salesmen, actors—who have given up their jobs and gone into armament plants for the duration. Brenda Joyce does a nice job as an American singer. Gertrude Niesen is on hand for one good song—Who Are the British? Thumbs Up gives the answer.

THE YOUNGEST PROFESSION

(Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer)
Edward Arnold, Virginia Weidler

THINK of all the silly embarrassing films you have ever seen—and then put this one near the top of the list. If it makes any difference, the youngest profession is autograph hunting! Virginia Weidler is the president of an autograph-getters club (and in spite of her red fingernails, she's still a brat). She and her cohorts fall on their silly faces each time they get a new autograph of their favorite idols—Metro's Greer Garson, Walter Pidgeon, William Powell, Lana Turner, and Robert Taylor. Of course each new autograph is an excuse for a little scene which illustrates the loveliness, charm, graciousness, and intelligence of the stars. The Youngest Profession is nothing more than an overlong (and not too subtle) trailer for a handful of Metro's high-priced properties.

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In "Cabin in The Sky" you have already heard and seen "Duke" Ellington and his Orchestra. In "Presenting Lily Mars" you have had two bands—Bob Crosby's and Tommy Dorsey's.

Tommy Dorsey and his Band will also be featured in the forthcoming "Du Barry Was a Lady" and in "Girl Crazy."

★ ★ ★ ★

His brother, Jimmy Dorsey, will lead his melodic cohorts in "I Dood It." Looks like a Dorsey season.

★ ★ ★

Harry James and Orchestra will hold forth in both "Tale of Two Sisters" and "Best Foot Forward."

★ ★ ★

Incidentally "Best Foot Forward" is considered the honey of honies. It will be beeg.

★ ★ ★ ★

Kay Kyser and Band is finishing "Right About Face." Vaughn Monroe—the handsome divvil—and his Band are doing "Meet The People."

★ ★ ★

We forgot to mention—and how could we?—that the Good Neighbor artist, Xavier Cugat, also does his stuff for Uncle Samba in "Tale of Two Sisters."

★ ★ ★

Last but not least come the ladies headed by a gentleman with a stick to make them behave. Our cryptic way of announcing Phil Spitalny and his All-Girl-Band in "Mr. Co-ed."

★ ★ ★ ★

So you see, whenever you're thinking of facing the music, go to an M-G-M picture.

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And the Maestro of them all is

—*Leo*

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PICTURES WORTH SEEING

FILM	GIST	LIBERTY SAID:
ABOVE SUSPICION (M-G-M) Joan Crawford, Fred MacMurray, Conrad Veidt, Basil Rathbone	*Spy thriller* (a honeymoon couple search Germany for a missing British agent).	Clues far-fetched . . . but story is excitingly developed . . . better than average spy stuff. (6-19-43)
ACTION IN THE NORTH ATLANTIC (Warners) Raymond Massey, Humphrey Bogart	*Drama* (the story of the valiant work of the merchant marine in this war).	Thrilling story of the men who sail the ships—deliver the goods . . . suspenseful . . . authentic . . . outstanding performances. (7-3-43)
BATAAN (M-G-M) Robert Taylor, Thomas Mitchell, Robert Walker	*Drama* (a group of thirteen "expendables" cover the retreat of our Army during the last days on Bataan).	Pulls no punches . . . starkly grim . . . exciting, dramatic . . . superb cast . . . don't miss this one. (7-10-43)
CABIN IN THE SKY (M-G-M) Ethel Waters, Lena Horne, "Rochester" Anderson	*All-Negro musical* (a fantasy concerning the struggle of good and evil forces for the soul of Little Joe Jackson).	Lighthearted fantasy . . . slow in spots, but has much to offer . . . lovely music and Ethel Waters' singing make picture worth seeing. (4-3-43)
HIT THE ICE (Universal) Abbott and Costello	*Comedy* (typical Abbott and Costello shenanigans—in a ski-lodge setting).	Eighty-two minutes of sheer nonsense . . . bound to please the most critical A. & C. fan. (7-17-43)
LADY OF BURLESQUE (United Artists) Barbara Stanwyck, Michael O'Shea	*Comedy-mystery* (comics, cold cream, and killers backstage at a burlesque).	A peep-show into the lives of burlesque folk . . . a bad whodunit but good entertainment . . . authentic. (6-12-43)
MISSION TO MOSCOW (Warners) Walter Huston, Ann Harding, Oscar Homolka	*Drama* (living history. Ambassador to Russia Davies' report on the Soviet Union).	Intellectual achievement . . . vital, gripping, dramatic . . . cast superb . . . a tribute to our ally. (6-19-43)
MR. LUCKY (RKO) Cary Grant, Laraine Day	*Comedy melodrama* (a gangster picks the perfect set-up, but a smart society girl sets him straight).	A lively mixture of comedy and melodrama . . . neat and novel twist makes for a surprise ending. (6-5-43)
MY FRIEND FLICKA (20th-Fox) Roddy McDowall, Preston Foster, Rita Johnson	*Drama* (the tender story of a ranch kid's devotion to his pony).	Frankly escapist movie . . . beautiful Technicolor photography . . . heart-warming, unsophisticated. (5-15-43)
PRELUDE TO WAR (OWI)	*Documentary* (part of the orientation course given the Army . . . the incidents of Axis aggression that led to war).	Provides a solid base for intelligent understanding of this war . . . vital, provoking . . . a must. (6-12-43)
REAP THE WILD WIND (Paramount) Paulette Goddard, Ray Milland, and John Wayne	*Melodrama* (the romances of the seagoing daughter of a salvage skipper in the days of sailing ships and pirates).	A De Mille super-spectacle full of excitement, color, and comedy . . . a fabulous historical show rather than co-ordinated artistic achievement. (4-11-42)
SPITFIRE (RKO) Leslie Howard, David Niven	*Drama* (the story of the Spitfire and R. J. Mitchell, the man who designed this plane, one of England's chief weapons).	Spitfire is a fitting final tribute to the skill of the late Leslie Howard, director and actor. (7-17-43)
STAGE DOOR CANTEEN (United Artists) All-star cast	*Revue* (romance at the Canteen plus a good sample of the entertainment given our servicemen there. Sixty-eight stars, six bands).	A glowing and exciting tribute to America's theater folk . . . jam-packed with entertainment . . . a little long, but solid entertainment. (6-26-43)
THE HUMAN COMEDY (M-G-M) Mickey Rooney, Fay Bainter, Frank Morgan	*Homey drama* (three days in the life of the Macauleys of Ithaca as seen by Saroyan).	Delightful and heart-warming film . . . no real plot, but each scene a gem . . . direction excellent. (4-24-43)
THE MORE THE MERRIER (Columbia) Jean Arthur, Charles Coburn, Joel McCrea	*Comedy* (jam-packed wartime Washington takes a good-natured ribbing).	One of the funniest pictures of the season . . . smartly paced plot . . . swell cast. (5-29-43)
THE OX-BOW INCIDENT (20th-Fox) Henry Fonda, Dana Andrews, Frank Conroy	*Drama* (mob hysteria in a Western town results in the lynching of three men).	An exciting, intelligent, relentless movie . . . tight direction . . . finely drawn characters . . . superb direction. (5-1-43)

WOMAN-TALK

by MARGARET FISHBACK

SUMMER RESORT: The head man at the One Two Three Club on East Fifty-fourth Street in New York City has an Idea, fantastic among night-club proprietors. It is that human beings not only thrive on fresh air—some of them actually like it. So instead of keeping the joint hermetically sealed, in approved night-club fashion, so as not to lose any of that tangy, deep blue, cut-it-with-an-ax cigar smoke, he periodically airs it out of an evening. Makes a point of it. He also lets paying guests alone, if they wish to be let alone. Some of them play gin

rummy, and even when they choose to go a long time between drinks, no high-pressure waiter lurks about to harangue them into ordering another round. Odd, but true. It is to be hoped that such methods won't put this benefactor of the human race out of business. It is only fair to warn him, though, that the next step will be a demand by regulars for rocking chairs and palm-leaf fans and an assortment of chilling detective stories to while away the long summer evenings in town.

ALL IS NOT OVER: The victory in Africa misled thousands of overoptimistic Americans who jumped to the conclusion that the Allied forces had polished off the Axis permanently. War Bond sales fell off, and donations of blood to the Red Cross dropped with a sickening thud. Unfortunately, the war is not yet won, and many American lives will be lost on battlefields to come unless a lot of patriotic, red-blooded human beings, equipped with hearts and heads as well as bouncing corpuscles, give that modest pint of life as fast as they can get to the nearest Red Cross donors' center. In New York City it's at Thirty-seventh and Fifth Avenue, where Tiffany's used to be till it moved twenty blocks uptown for more and better air.

WISHFUL THINKING: After careful consideration of the President's recently organized War Mobilization Committee, an irreverent cog in the dizzy wheel of government expressed the pious hope that Mr. James F. Byrnes, director of this newest super-agency, would not prove "just one more administrative eunuch—you know, one of those chaps who can tell other people how to do it, but can't do it themselves."

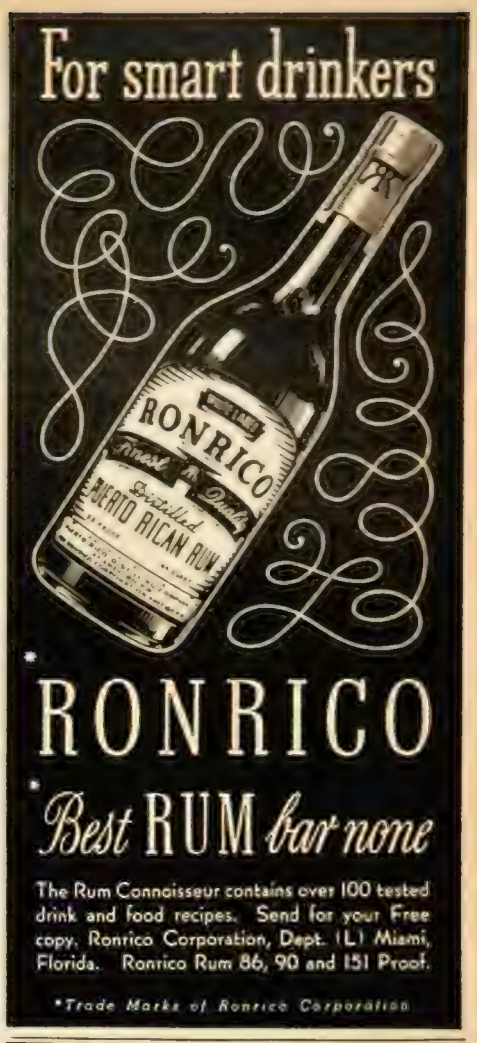
LEG SHOW: How about making the new improved liquid hosiery look even more realistic by simulating a slight run with a nail file after applying said war paint? As it is, the babes are painting flowers on their legs with water colors, or using decals from the five-and-ten. Actually, leg make-up this summer shows such marked improvement over last year's that stocking-shop and department-store managers are feeling pretty indignant. Rainy days brighten them up considerably, however, because muddy splashes on leg shellac can't be washed off without leaving pale paintless blotches. Thus many a shopper, caught in the rain, is forced to buy stockings and shift in the Ladies' Room, for it's impossible to paint on new hosiery without disrobing. Though easy to apply, the only convenient way to do so is in the nude on the home premises.

RALLYING TO THE COLORS: A dashing young girl about town went to Washington for the week-end and dined with Churchill and countless other bigwigs. After meeting the Admiral of the Fleet, she remarked furtively that he looked like the ribbon counter at Macy's.

New York's Leading Man

The well known mayor, Fiorello,
Is such a shapely little fellow
I'd like to have him for a charm
To deck the bracelet on my arm,
Although he'd not be pleased at all
To miss the spin to City Hall
In cars expending gas and tires
To check on air-raid drills and fires.

SUPERSTITIONS EXPLODED: Lightning never strikes twice in the same place because the same place isn't there. . . . The reason it is unlucky to walk under a ladder is that somebody on the top rung might drop a bucket of paint on your noggin.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FIVE BIG QUESTIONS

Will the Japs Quit?

What do the Movie Censors Cut Out?

How Will Baseball Carry On?

Will Public Works Give Johnny a Job?

What is a Naval Battle Really Like?

RATE FIVE ANSWERS

You'll find the answers in next week's Liberty—in articles by J. B. Bowell, Sam Wood, Bill Stern, Robert Moses and Earl Schenck. Reserve your copy now. On sale everywhere.

Keep Perspiring Feet Dry and Sweet

Excessive perspiration often makes your feet uncomfortable—socks or stockings damp, as well as causing disagreeable foot odors. Try dusting your feet and shoes with Allen's Foot-Ease. Easy—quick—convenient. It acts to absorb excess perspiration and prevent odors. If you are breaking in a new pair of shoes or if you are wearing an ill-fitting tight pair, there's nothing like Allen's Foot-Ease to relieve the friction that makes feet feel so uncomfortable. For real foot comfort, be sure to ask for Allen's Foot-Ease today!

THIS MAN'S WAR

CONDUCTED BY OLD SARGE

THE old question of soldiers and liquor keeps coming up. Dozens and dozens of the boys write me their complaints, sometimes in very strong language, about the rule against liquor being sold on Army posts.

In most of the letters the reasoning follows two patterns: 1. Soldiering and drinking have gone together since wars began. 2. If a man's old enough to kill, he ought to be old enough to drink.

All right, let's turn the searchlight on these two complaints. No. 1 is undoubtedly correct. It is particularly correct with regard to the old mercenaries, or hired soldiers, of the wars of long ago, who never had their hearts in what they were fighting for and would gladly change sides if the enemy offered higher pay.

Dutch courage

Soldiers like that needed Dutch courage. Because, all blood-and-thunder stories to the contrary notwithstanding, they were lousy fighters, if you'll pardon my language. We learned that in the Revolutionary War, when King George III's Hessian mercenaries turned out to be push-overs for our fightin' farmers. After the Battle of Monmouth, in 1778, these professional, hard-drinking warriors were so scared they deserted by the thousand from the British army of General Sir Henry Clinton.

Maybe I'm just a sentimental Old Sarge, but I like to think that a good long drink of the Four Freedoms gives our fighting men all the courage they need and that no phony pick-me-up is needed when the zero hour comes. As for a little drinking on the side, that's every soldier's own business and to my knowledge nobody's trying to tell him when, how often, or how much to drink when he's off duty and off post. The Army regulation pertains only to selling liquor *on Army posts*. If some of the boys want to do a little celebrating while they're out on leave or furlough, that's just as much their own business as in the case of a civilian.

But don't think a man can get away with all the drinking in the world just because he's a soldier. Alcohol has wrecked many a good soldier, just as it has many a good civilian. I suppose the soldier-drinking legend stems largely from General U. S. Grant, one of the hard-drinkin'est men in the Union. But even Grant didn't get away with it. In 1854, when he was a captain, the Army got sick and tired of his imbibing and told him to resign or stand trial. He resigned, and might have died an insignificant clerk in his father's leather store if the Civil War hadn't come along.

He came back to the Army and got down to business in 1861. That doesn't mean he was a teetotaler from then on, but a good many historians agree that his drinking never added to his generalship. If he had done less of it, he might have ranked with Napoleon.

Complaint No. 2, about being old enough to drink if you're old enough to kill, is just a little out of line. The ban against liquor on Army posts has nothing to do with age. It goes for the oldest as well as the youngest. In fact, just between us, I'd say—from observation—that most soldiers under twenty-five aren't the drinking problems that the older soldiers are.

Anyway, there's always 3.2 and a toast to victory, from

OLD SARGE.

* * *

I was born and raised in Missouri, and I used to think it was a pretty good state. But recently while on furlough I tried to get some gas coupons through the ration board—but no soap. Is that the way to treat a serviceman?

"Disgusted," Pecos, Tex.

Being from Missouri, you ought to have the answer to your own problem, now that you've seen for yourself. Gas rationing is ruled by the OPA in Washington, and your home state—which is a mighty good state, by the way—has nothing to do with it. Right now there's no provision for extra gas for servicemen. Sorry, but it looks like you'll have to keep on being "disgusted"—unless it would cheer you some to realize that the gas that's being saved goes for tanks and planes. They're important, too.

If a soldier is serving overseas, does he have to get approval of his commanding officer in order to have a package sent to him from home?

G. K. C., Philadelphia, Pa.

This used to be the case, but on May 10 the Army Postal Service rescinded this regulation and it will now permit the mailing of packages to overseas servicemen, provided that a request is received from the soldier and that the envelope showing the APO cancellation is presented at the time of mailing. Only one package a week may be mailed to a serviceman by the same sender. Packages must not weigh more than five pounds.

* * *

My husband is in the Navy, and he writes that they have beans every Saturday for breakfast. Can you tell me why?

Mrs. D. C., Auburn, Ind.

Sorry, Mrs. D. C., this is one question I don't know beans about. How about some of you sailor readers giving us the answer?

* * *

In April 3 Liberty I read in your columns that the Army does not allow nurses to "go out" with enlisted men, since nurses are commissioned officers. My wife is a second lieutenant in the Army Nurse Corps and I am an enlisted man in the Navy. Does the rule still apply, or is there a solution to this problem in my case?

F. B. R., New York, N. Y.

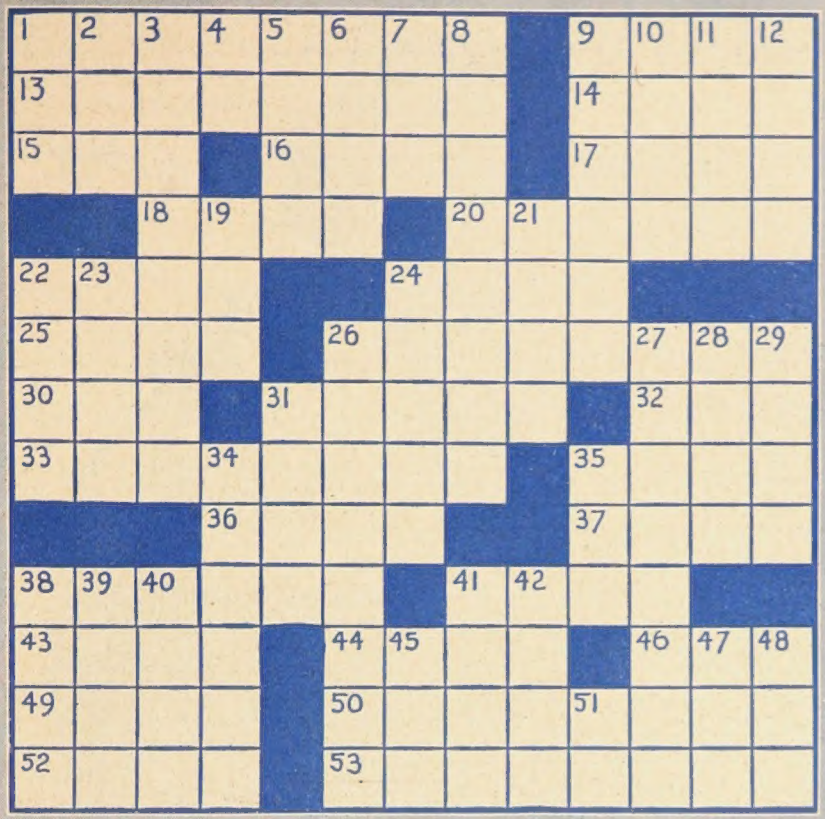
Yes, there certainly is a solution. Since you are already married, you and your wife are, first and foremost, man and wife, and that relationship takes precedence over any other. Therefore you are most certainly permitted to appear together in public, even though you are an enlisted man and your wife is an officer. But remember that rank and uniform must be respected even so, and you will be expected to conduct yourselves according to the rules of military courtesy.

Man and wife

This department of Liberty is for the men and women of the armed forces of the United States: Army, Navy, Marine Corps, and Coast Guard, also their families and friends. The identity of letter writers will not be disclosed without their permission. Address your letters to: "Old Sarge," c/o Liberty, 205 East 42d St., New York.

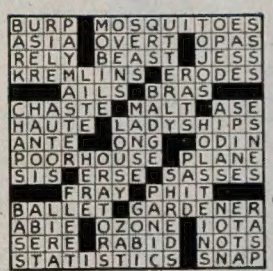
QUIZZ-ICAL CROSSWORDS

BY TED SHANE



HORIZONTAL

1 What President served only one month of his term?
9 The Siegfried Line's also known as the West what?
13 What do the Greeks call Asia Minor?
14 Pen name of an unrationed Lamb
15 What's probably man's earliest edible root?
16 Winchell, Disney, and Abel are what in common? (abbr.)
17 What particular year makes girlish hearts do this?
18 Baby Snooks is a what in your vocabulary?
20 Whales feed their young with what?
22 Cows' food is fermented in a what?
24 Pene'ope remained what to Ulysses?
25 Back when Hitler still spoke he usually did what?
26 From whom did Joe Louis win the heavyweight crown?
30 What can fish take only in water?
31 What were d'Artagnan's specialties?
32 What American author married a thirteen-year-o'd girl?
33 What's a former European coin? (pl.)
35 What is the light that has had more influence on our movement than any other?
36 What measures of length used to vary all over Europe?
37 Name a wet-dry measure
38 What word means to confuse or bewilder in provincial England but to take life in Brooklyn?



Last week's answer

41 What's fancy for phony?
43 What do English farmers call a dope?
44 Former Hollywood director
46 Which Gershwin's still alive?
49 Adduce
50 Fixation of the libido causes a what?
52 2,016 pounds of old hay equals one what?
53 What French patriot rallied France after the Franco-Prussian War?

VERTICAL

1 Who was Lincoln's ass't private sec'try and later was appointed Ambassador to Britain?
2 Lit'ry notes
3 What was the former nickname of the Notre Dame football team?
4 Name an abbr. football position
5 What's the Hawkeye State?
6 In slang a rib is called a what?
7 What's at its lowest level in Germany today?
8 7s, 11s, and extraordinarily fitting things are what?
9 Sewed a seam in the modern feminine manner
10 Out of the wind on a ship is where?
11 Compared to Goebbels, Baron Munchausen is a liar as a what?
12 What are the encirclements of a race track called?
19 In the wilderness, Moses changed what into a serpent?
21 After air raids what're unsafe to test with a hammer?
22 What's a smart sock?
23 What's either 4 or MCXI?
24 Flying snakes live in whats?
26 Death in the Afternoon is all about what? (two words)
27 What would you call a person who wears neither belt nor suspenders?
28 What's the saddest-looking dog in the whole world?
29 Retained possession of
31 What was the British version of Relief?
34 Stirred hay for drying is what?
35 Saratoga's also known as the what?
38 1250
39 What's the vaudeville part of a burlesque show called?
40 What's this Greek letter called: I?
41 What would a Brooklyn pirate have called a bum?
42 What's a cardoon?
45 Abbr. a news service
47 What musical sign means Reduce Speed (abbr.)
48 Who's erroneously known as Peer Gynt's father?
51 Two letters joined together

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

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MAKE THIS SIMPLE TEST TODAY

EYES OVERWORKED? Just put two drops of Murine in each eye. Right away you feel it start to cleanse and soothe your eyes. You get—

QUICK RELIEF! Murine's 7 scientifically blended ingredients quickly relieve the discomfort of tired, burning eyes. Safe, gentle Murine helps thousands—let it help you, too.

MURINE FOR YOUR EYES

SOOTHES • REFRESHES

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SORE FEET FEEL FINE

When You Do This at Night

For 10 minutes tonight, soak your sore, raw, itching feet in the rich, creamy lather of Sayman Wonder Soap—and pat dry with a soft towel. Then smooth on plenty of medicated Sayman Salve—over the watery blisters, the painful cracks, the sore, raw skin. Do this for 10 nights and shout with joy for comforting relief. Only 25c. All druggists. Ask for

SAYMAN SALVE

What is an obscene Movie?

Sam Wood (director of For Whom The Bell Tolls) has it out with the censors who live in an absurd world of their own and make you share it with them. In next week's issue.

Free for Asthma During Summer

If you suffer with those terrible attacks of Asthma when it is hot and sultry; if heat, dust and general mugginess make you wheeze and choke as if each gasp for breath was the very last; if restful sleep is impossible because of the struggle to breathe; if you feel the disease is slowly wearing your life away, don't fail to send at once to the Frontier Asthma Co. for **a free trial** of a remarkable method. No matter where you live or whether you have any faith in any remedy under the Sun, send for this free trial. If you have suffered for a life-time and tried everything you could learn of without relief; even if you are utterly discouraged, do not abandon hope but send today for this free trial. It will cost you nothing. Address

Frontier Asthma Co. **431-K Frontier Bldg.**
462 Niagara St. **Buffalo, N. Y.**

VICTORY THROUGH TRIVIALITY

THE Joint Committee on Reduction of Nonessential Federal Expenditures, headed by Senator Byrd (D., Va.), is of the opinion there are far too many people working for the federal government. In fact, the claim has been made in other quarters that there are so many employees they get in one another's way, and that cutting the federal pay roll in half would increase efficiency and enable the government departments to get a lot more done. We do not subscribe to this belief in its entirety. Lots of the folks who work for Uncle Sam are capable and keep the government bureaus functioning by working long hours at modest pay.

Still, it cannot be denied that many people on the federal pay roll don't belong there, particularly now, when the man-power shortage is felt everywhere. The hardest work some of them do is finding things to keep themselves busy.

The following is a case in point: About the time this issue of Liberty hits the newsstands a newly built cargo ship will be launched on the West Coast. A government agency, which shall be nameless, was asked to select some person to christen this ship.

Because it is to bear the name of a man who pioneered in electric power development, the idea occurred to some brilliant unknown in the government agency to find the farm woman who was using electricity most effectively and let her swing the bottle of champagne, or whatever it is they use nowadays.

The search was conducted through the agency's 800 branches scattered over forty-six states. Letters were sought from 1,000,000 rural users of electricity for the purpose of sorting out the farm woman to whom would go this signal honor. She was to be billed as representative of all farm women who use electricity and designated as "Mrs. Farm Woman of 1943."

It is this sort of sophomoric master-minding which forms the main occupation of far too many of the employees on our federal pay roll.

Why the farmers in a country at war who are busy day and night trying to turn out enough food for us to eat are asked to take time off to write letters for any such purpose is more than we can understand. How a presumably tightly staffed and busy government agency can turn its ponderous machinery to such a quest is, at the very least, a matter for wonder. How people who are needed elsewhere in the war effort can draw their salary checks with an easy conscience for such inanities as the above is beyond us.

With so many people on the pay roll n w, the government ought to hire a few more—a few hard-boiled efficiency experts—to weed out useless jobs and put the people who hold them in spots where they can really do something to help get this war over.

Paul Hunter

Liberty . . . FOR ALL

A GRAND OLD CANADIAN NAME

through four generations of stunts that made news

1859 Charles Blondin crossed the gorge below Niagara Falls on a tight rope, a sensational stunt that made front page news. One year before, Corby's started to make news as a fine whiskey.
1886 Steve Brody "took a chance" . . . leaped from Brooklyn Bridge into the East River, and survived to become a national symbol for taking a chance. By then Corby's had been a symbol of fine whiskey for 28 years.
1920 Human Fly walked up the face of the Majestic Building, Detroit skyscraper . . . another stunt that added color to the news. And Corby's was entering its 62nd year.
1940 Endurance Swim made news . . . two hundred ninety two miles, non-stop, from St. Louis to Carruthersville, down the Mississippi River. Today, Corby's has a non-stop history of 85 years.
BUY WAR BONDS
CORBY'S
Reserve
BLENDED WHISKEY
BLENDED AND BOTTLED FOR JAS. BARCLAY & CO. LIMITED PEORIA - ILLINOIS
PRESS
Now I'm on every Corby's bottle asking you to BUY WAR BONDS

PRODUCED IN U. S. A.
Under the direct supervision
Of our expert Canadian blender

Today the achievements of America and her Allies make the greatest news of all. Distilleries are 100 per cent devoted to producing alcohol for war chemicals and synthetic rubber... contributing to these achievements. Don't blame your dealer if you can't get Corby's every time. Corby's is well worth asking for a second or even a third time. Available supplies of the whiskey with the grand old Canadian name are being distributed as fairly as possible.

86 Proof—68.4% Grain Neutral Spirits • Jas. Barclay & Co., Limited, Peoria, Illinois

A is for Ancient . . . A is for Age . . .

A A is for the whiskey of the flavor years

Ah! Such whiskey as they savored back in those days of leisurely, ample living . . . whiskey that was made so carefully, so slowly . . . made back in peace-time* . . . whiskey that invokes the memory of another age in its distinguished and honorable bouquet and body! So, although it may at times be unavailable, you may always regard with fondness its "AA" symbol . . . the sign of . . .

Ancient Age

Ask grandfather, he *knows . . .about this cigar store Indian. Ask the cigar store Indian,* he *knows . . . about the quaint parade of high wheeled buggies, bustles, horse cars that crowded colorfully past him through the 1880's . . . that other grand and ancient age!*

Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey 90 proof. This whiskey is 5 years old. Stagg-Finch Distillers Corp., N.Y.C.
Tune in! Schenley's "Cresta Blanca Wine Carnival" every Wednesday evening, Columbia Broadcasting System.
*Note: *all facilities of Ancient Age are devoted to the production of alcohol for War. All Ancient Age Whiskey now available was made in peace-time.*